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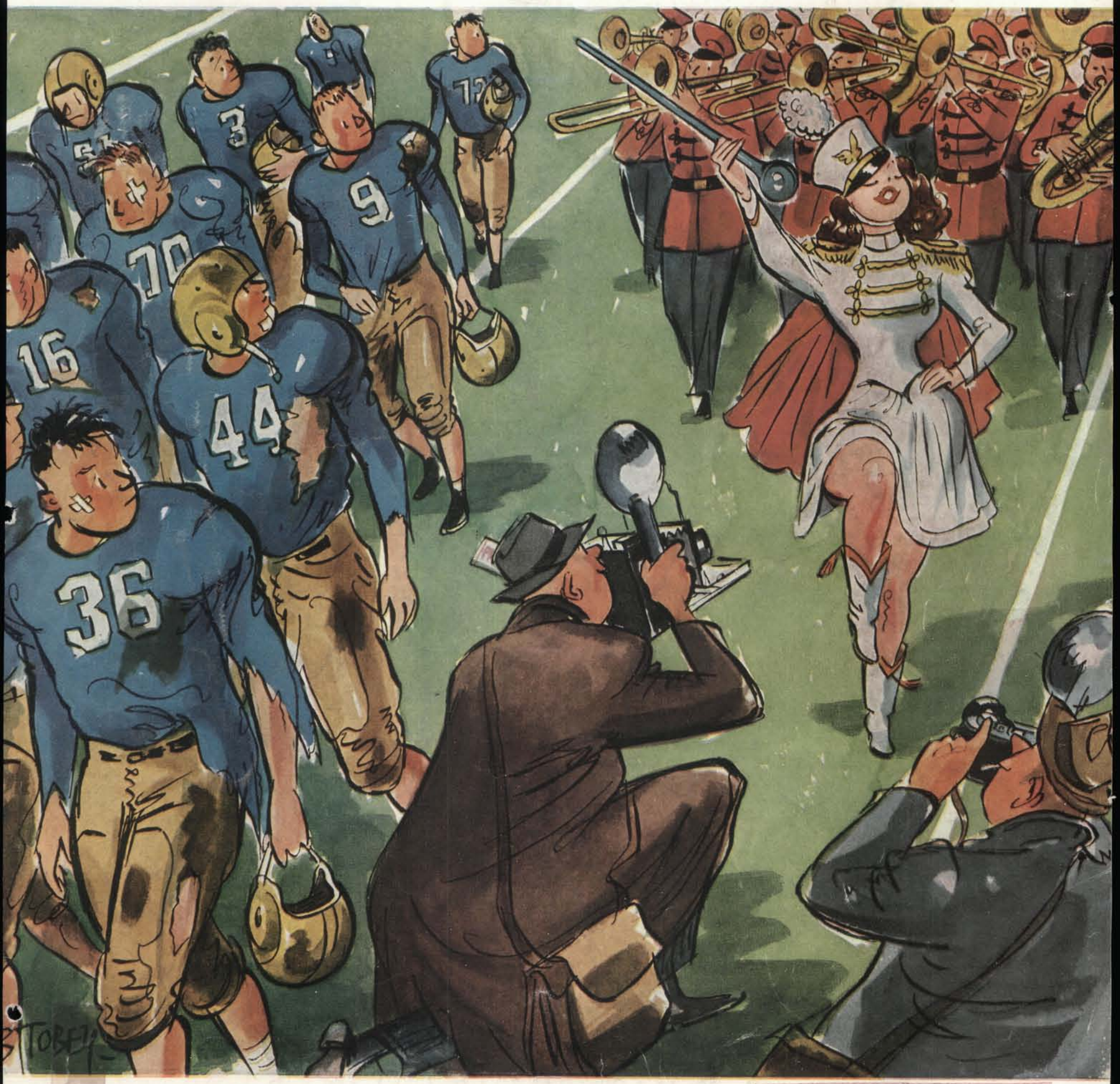

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What the prosperity of the Telephone Company means to thousands of people and communities

Your Bell Telephone Company does more than provide good telephone service. Directly and indirectly, it touches some part of the business life and prosperity of almost everybody in town.

It is essentially a local enterprise. It is managed by home-town people. Its employees are home-town people. In your neighborhood — perhaps on your own street — are also people who have invested their savings in the telephone business.

Matter of fact, about one family in every 35 in the country has someone who works for the Bell System or has money invested in it.

Many more people, outside the telephone business, also get some part of their livelihood from it. Not only do telephone people buy from local merchants but the company itself is a large purchaser of local materials and supplies. Last year, Western Electric — the manufacturing unit of the Bell System—bought from 27,000 different concerns in 2800 cities and towns.

Since the war, Bell Telephone Companies have put over $4,000,000,000 into new facilities. This money has been spent to improve telephone service and to meet heavy postwar demands. It has meant work and jobs for people in many lines.

Your telephone company wants to keep right on moving ahead . . . improving service, making an important contribution to prosperity.

Future progress depends, of course, on adequate telephone rates. Rates are still low. The increases granted so far, plus those now requested, are generally far less than the increases in most other things in recent years. They average only a penny or so per call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

GENE KELLY · FRANK SINATRA

BETTY GARRETT · ANN MILLER

in "ON THE TOWN"

JULES MUNSHIN · VERA-ELLEN

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by Adolph Green and Betty Comden
Based Upon The Musical Play

Directed by
GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra are footloose again in a Technicolor delight called "On The Town". Not since "Anchors Aweigh" has the audience been offered so good a treat. Kelly and Sinatra as gay gobs are a great comfort in this Atomic Age. They really put on a show.

We've seen everything now that we've seen "On The Town". In adapting it from a most popular Broadway musical, Arthur Freed, the producer of "Easter Parade", "Barkleys of Broadway", and a score of other glittering attractions, has done his best job. How he will ever top "On The Town" is a mystery to us.

Freed would be first to admit that tremendous credit goes to Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly (himself), who directed this dancing, singing, comedic carnival. The versatile Kelly knows the fitness of things in directing this type of festival.

Even though they should be enough, Kelly and Sinatra are not alone in providing the entertainment. There is, as well, Jules Munshin, who completes a trio which only God could make. The action ranges from the Bronx to the Battery, and gives us 24 hours in the lives of three sailors, the boys above named, on a brief shore leave. They are taken in tow by a female taxi-driver, none other than the inimitable Betty Garret, who falls for Sinatra.

The Dance and Romance Department is handled by Ann Miller and Vera-Ellen, two of the best dancers in show business.

So there you have it – a sextet, with the accent wherever you please to put it.

Adolph Green and Betty Comden, who wrote the original Broadway show, have quipped the screen play. M-G-M has equipped it with a spectacular M-G-M-ish production: We readily go to town for "On The Town".

P.S. Don't miss M-G-M's "Battleground", first great picture of the second World War!

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November 19, 1949

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The Cover

Although Cartoonist Barney Tobey's work has appeared most frequently inside Collier's during the past 15 years, this is his sixth cover drawing. Always for the underdog, Tobey feels sorry for the battered footballers and has little sympathy for the drum majorette. Incidentally, he has preferred baseball ever since he failed to make his own high-school football team.

Week's Mail

The County Home

EDITOR: Gordon Schendel's article, To the County Home to Die (Oct. 8th), illustrates admirably the need for *performance auditing*, a subject which escaped the Hoover Commission and almost all magazine and newspaper editors commenting on the Hoover proposals.

The county home's books were audited. Columns were added right, orders were legal and valid and, so far as the article tells, the starvers were honest. Yet the shocking conditions existed there. Analogous contrasts between professional audits and service rendered exist everywhere largely because our free press hasn't helped the public see that it needs performance audits.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN, New York, N. Y.

. . . In June, 1947, I was a member of the Cambria County (Pa.) grand jury. One of the duties of the jury was an inspection tour of the county institutions. The jury reached the county home just as the inmates were being herded into the dining room for their noonday meal—the main meal of the day.

It consisted of a sloppy soup made of pieces of beef fat, water and macaroni, two slices of bread each, and a cup of black coffee.

When we left that room, we went into the workers' dining room. They were eating steak, potatoes, string beans, good rich milk, cake, bread and quantities of butter. I could go on for pages, but just read Mr. Schendel's article and you'll see what I mean.

This country needs about 2,000 more writers with his get-up-and-go. We also need more publications like Collier's to bring these writings before the public.

MRS. W. EUGENE KIMMEL, Johnstown, Pa.

. . . Articles like Gordon Schendel's should be written. But why does he parrot-talk the old one about how reforms "won't come until an aroused public demands them"? He does not offer one single thing the public can do. Nobody else ever tells what to do.

Personally, I don't think it is the job of the public. We are pretty busy working for taxes that pay the salaries of those in charge whose duty it is to make these "reforms" and run all public institutions decently. We also pay for proper inspections, etc.

JANE CARTER, Seattle, Wash.

. . . Congratulations on your poorhouse article. I feel it is the duty of each county bar association to take an interest in the administration of justice to all, protect personal rights of the poor and the oppressed, and not allow the Communists to make an issue of it. SIDNEY KRIEGER, Gary, Ind.

Too Many Platoons

EDITOR: In your article Saturday Afternoon Meat Grinders (Oct. 1st) you said that "more than 2,000 boys play class and dormitory football at Notre Dame in the hope of going up to the varsity."

We object! We don't know where you received your figures, but we do know that they are somewhat high, about 1,800 too high, and would like to have it corrected.

In the first place, too many people are

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getting the idea that Notre Dame is a football factory. There are some 4,500 of us around here who aren't playing any kind of football, varsity or otherwise.

Between 150 and 200 men are trying out for interhall football. One hall on campus doesn't have any team at all as yet and another had only had nine men show up for practice at this writing. That leaves 11 remaining halls to account for 1,991 players (according to your account). Better than one third of the students in each hall would have to turn out; we don't even have that much student equipment.

Interhall football is not connected in any way with our varsity football. The interhall sports program is just one of the many phases of Notre Dame life that many people have never heard of.

BILL SAHM, DON RATCHFORD,
Univ. of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind.

Matter of Taste

EDITOR: Your "editorial" on pajamas (Bed of the Free, Oct. 1st) probably wasn't first submitted to Bert Bacharach, your associate in charge of fashions. He, very likely, would have differed with your purely personal opinion.

Ask him about the so-called blue-serged "conformity." Wanna bet on it?

As for pajamas, and some people not wearing them in bed, we also know some people who don't read Collier's. Does that make a point? M. J. LOVELL,
National Association of Shirt and Pajama Manufacturers, New York, N. Y.

That Misplaced Moon

EDITOR: The cover on your Oct. 1st issue is an excellent bit of art work. However, if, as you say, it represents an afternoon scene in Indianapolis, the moon is very badly out of place.

No one in these United States has ever seen a crescent moon in the evening either to the north of the sun or with the crescent appearing on the left side. What the artist has done is to place an Australian moon in the picture.

ALAN S. MOORE, Torrance, Cal.

. . . Indianapolis! Ah, what a city. Probably the only city in North America that has a moon in the north. Let me congratulate your artist. FRANK P. CORBIN,
Morgantown, W. Va.

. . . Your cover for the Oct. 1st issue presents three possible alternatives:

1. Indianapolis is in the Southern Hemisphere,
2. Our pigeon-feeding lady has her time of day mixed up, or—
3. Artist Fransioli also has a "sentimentally reconstructed" moon in the picture.

WILLIAM H. WELLS, St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. Wells is substantially right in point three. Says Artist Fransioli, "I wanted a new moon, and I wanted it just where it is in the picture. Art, these days, is having a hard time keeping up with science in creating wonders and unprecedented events and happenings. I feel that, in establishing a crescent moon in the northwest sky, I have got for the time being a slight jump on science.

"If I have made a few astronomers say, 'How strange, it never was there before,' then so much the better. For hardly a day goes by that I don't have to say, 'How strange, I never knew a thing like that could happen.' And it is always because of the doings of the scientific group."

Trotsky Timetable

EDITOR: Crack-up of an American Communist Family (Oct. 8th) contains at least two errors.

The Communist husband is alleged to have had Trotsky's works, including In Defense of Marxism, on his bookshelf prior to 1929. This book, however, was first published in 1940, and consists mainly of articles written in 1939 and 1940 in reply to James Burnham and Max Schachtman, members of the American Trotskyist movement who differed with Trotsky's attitude toward the Soviet Union, and who led a split in the party in that year.

Second, the Communist husband is alleged to have been an admirer of Trotsky prior to 1929, and at the same time an admirer of Jay Lovestone. This is also impossible for any party member loyal to the apparatus, because Trotsky was in disgrace after 1924, and the Lovestone group which took over the American party at that time was militantly anti-Trotskyist and was allied with the Stalinist machine against the Trotskyists.

This can be checked upon by studying the documents of the time or almost any work on the Communist party or the Comintern.

VIRGIL J. VOGEL, Chicago, Ill.

Nose Heavy

EDITOR: In Keep Up with the World (Oct. 8th), the X-ray view of a jeep shows clearly how and why every front-engine auto goes on having accidents because of incorrect and illogical weight distribution.

Take a look at the picture and note how the heavy part of the car, the engine, is well out over the front wheels, just where it will make the car front-end-heavy.

With the engine weight in this advanced position, when brakes are applied the car must "kneel," while the light rear end lifts, with consequent lessening or loss of traction by the rear wheels.

Under such circumstances when the car is steered in anything but a straight-line stop, the car tends to go into a skid and overturn.

The engine in front, with its high hood, obstructs the driver's view of the road. Furthermore, it generates its deadly carbon monoxide as nearly under the operator's nose as it is possible to misplace it.

Despite safety campaigns, this misplacement of the engine has been persisted in for some 60 years.

It is high time that the car should be rebuilt for safer driving.

ARTHUR W. STEVENS, President, Automobile Safety Association, Boston, Mass.

All About . . .

EDITOR: In Collier's of Oct. 1st (Nobody Talks Any More), Richard B. Gehman . . . I heartily agree with . . . A lost art that may never . . . Certainly Nobody Talks Any . . . But is it true even now that women . . . ? Let's not kid each . . . Anyway, no one wastes . . . And most talk is not only senseless, but . . . What do you . . . ? Well, enough of . . . !

TOM THANE, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Definitely Specific

EDITOR: The Vague Specific (Sept. 17th) should be explained or challenged by us ladies, as we appear rather stupid in this article.

The reason we appear to be so vague in our statements is because the husbands forced us to be. For instance, if I said, "Dick, fix the washing machine. It's not working," he would have turned over and gone back to sleep.

But if I said, "The thing on its side is acting funny," Dick would be so curious he would get up and see what the thing on its side was.

Being vague is simply shielding the little husband from the cool, hard facts of life.

We ladies take the hard blows of life and try to soften them before we pass them on to friend husband.

MRS. EVA COLLINS, Wichita, Kans.

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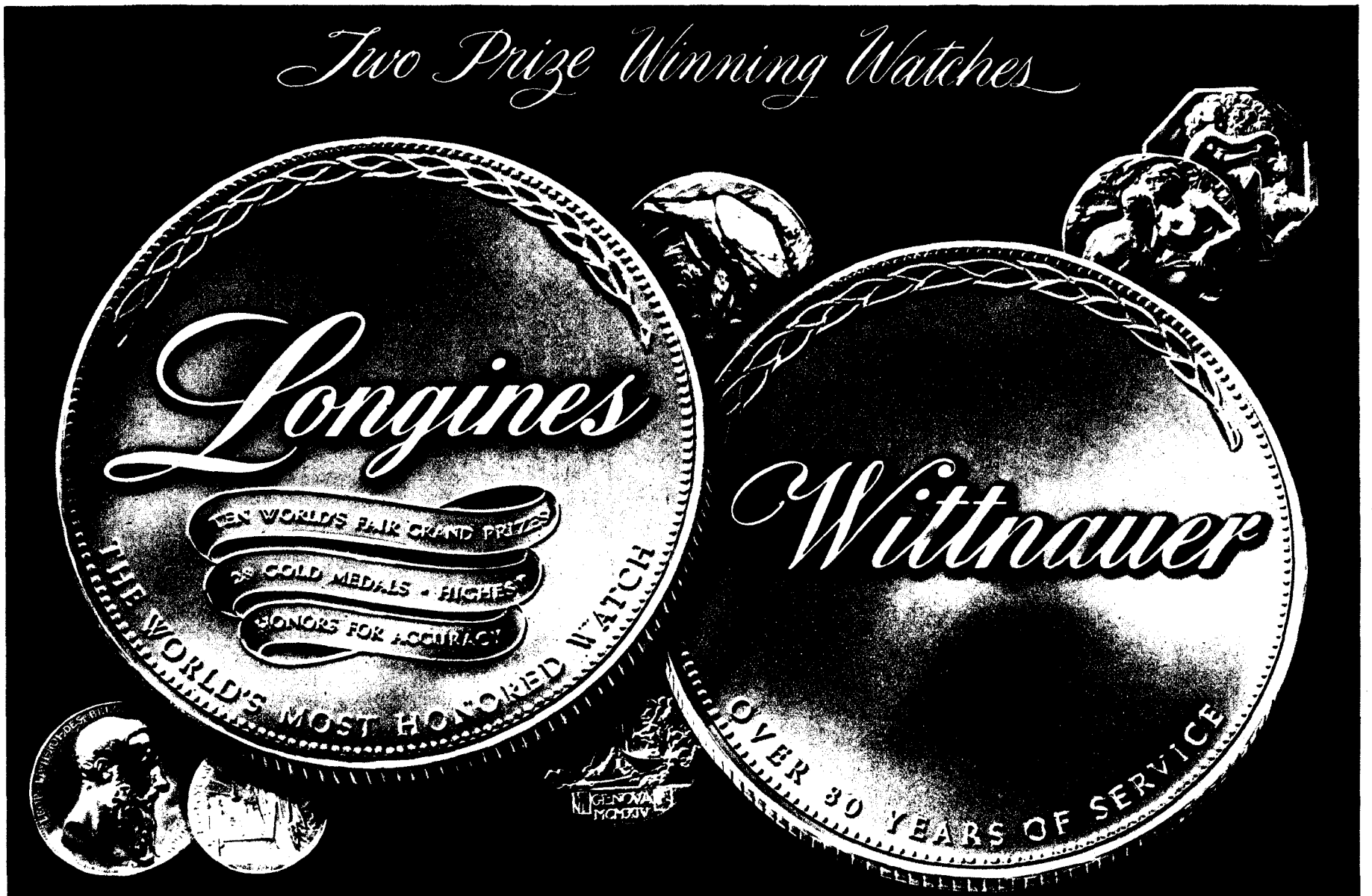
Two Prize Winning Watches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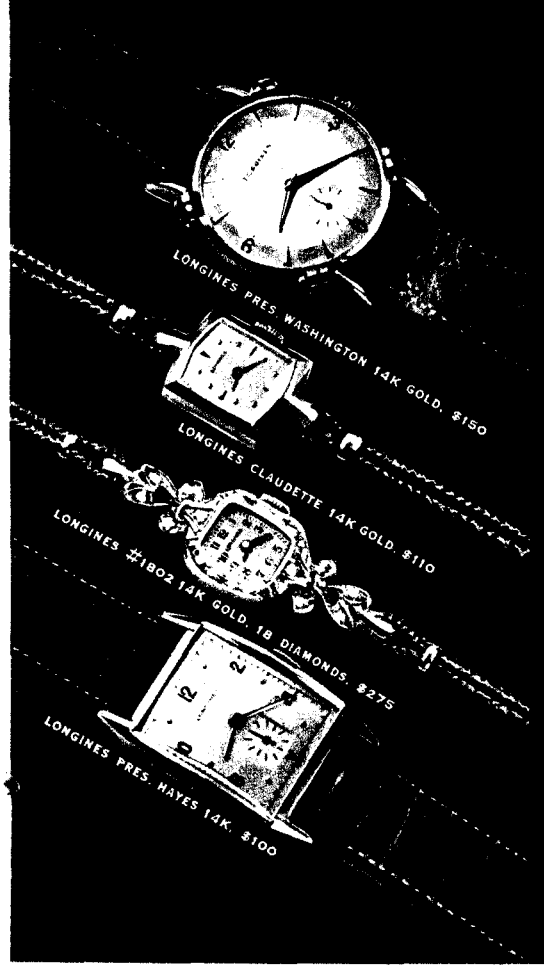
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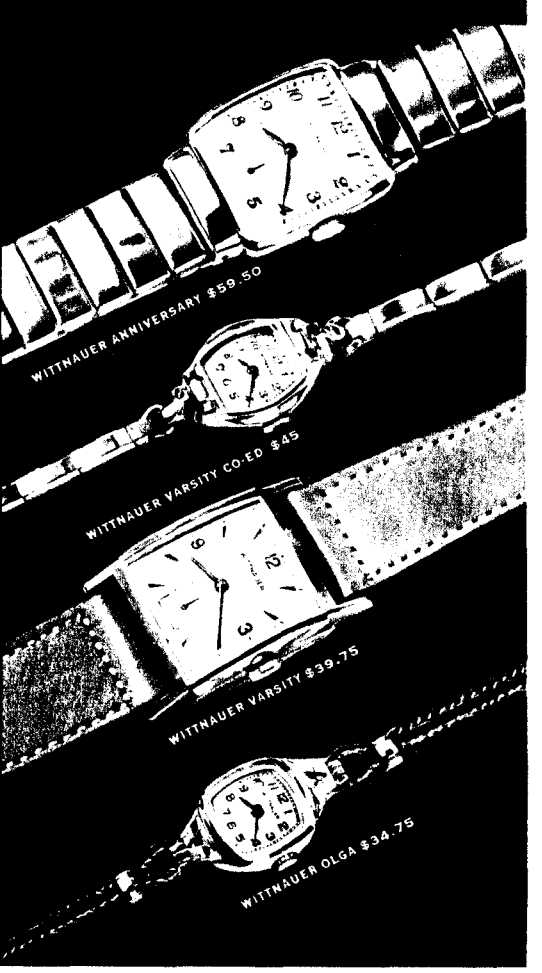

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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Devil's Island, where almost 75,000 convicts died, is now a tourist paradise

Devil's Island, the notorious prison colony in French Guiana, was in full service between 1852, when it was established, and 1938, when its slow liquidation began. During this time, France sent there some 75,000 of its convicts, virtually all of whom died of malaria or dysentery before they had served their sentences. Since 1946, those who survived have been returned to the homeland; and today, this debilitating and disease-ridden spot is being transformed, ironically, into a "paradise" for tourists.

* * * * * * * * *

One of the weirdest creatures ever taken out of the sea was the five-inch *living forepart* of a 13-inch trigger-fish caught recently in the harbor of Sydney, Australia. Evidently a larger fish had bitten off nearly 60 per cent of its body many years ago, but the part that remained was able to survive because its vital organs, situated close to the head, had been left intact. Now on exhibition in Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo, this 40 per cent fish can only swim backward—by tipping itself on end and moving a pair of unique fins.

* * * * * * * * *

On the night of March 3, 1901, in Denver, Frank Sposato was attacked on a dark street by two enemies, one of whom fired at him. He fired back twice, killing the man. When the police arrived they found no gun on the other assailant, Brindisi, nor on the dead man, whose wife had grabbed his gun and disappeared. Admitting he had fired the fatal shot in self-defense, Sposato handed over his gun. Three bullets had been fired from it. Since only three shots had been heard, he was arrested. He explained he had used the third bullet to kill a mad dog that morning, but he was not believed. At his trial, his case seemed hopeless until his lawyer, Hawkins, produced the true story of the fight, written and signed by Brindisi, the state's chief witness. Brindisi had been tricked by a woman crystal gazer whom he had consulted about the outcome of the trial. She happened to be a friend of Hawkins. She told Brindisi the crystal would not work unless he first wrote down all the facts of the case, which she promised not to read. When the paper was finished and folded, she pretended to burn it in a saucer and gave him the ashes. Then she read in the crystal what he wanted to know. Despite his watchfulness, she had slipped his paper into her pocket and burned a substitute.

* * * * * * * * *

About 50 years ago, the District Attorney of New York County, wishing to obtain information that would indict a certain corrupt millionaire, sought a man named Dodge who could help him. But Dodge had disappeared, having been persuaded by a large bank roll from the millionaire to go into hiding. As no trace of him had been discovered in a three-month search by New York detectives and the police of many cities, the D.A. hired a private detective who completed the job in less than a week. Going to New Orleans on a hunch, he addressed a number of sealed envelopes to "Mr. Charles Dodge." Then he began a tour of the city's hotels. He would drop one of the envelopes on the mail desk when the clerk was not looking and casually await the result. On the second day he found his man—when a clerk placed one of the envelopes in the letter box of a certain room.

* * * * * * * * *

A popcorn manufacturer who merchandised his product in a package distinctly labeled "popcorn" was convicted in the Middle West recently of selling a "misbranded" article, and the conviction was upheld on appeal. A pure-food law of the state defined as "misbranded" any package of food that contained a gift or prize. He had violated that law by enclosing in each bag of popcorn a tin butterfly.

* * * * * * * * *

Of the 40 or so impostors who have attempted to prove they were some well-known but long-dead American, more than 30 of the fakers claimed they were either John Wilkes Booth or Jesse James.

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How to Cook a Father

By DICK ASHBAUGH

PERRY BARLOW

For the table she made an oil derrick out of celery stalks

I WON'T charge insurance companies for this tip, but I believe they're overlooking a good thing. Good thing: a policy protecting fathers from eleven-year-old cooks.

Late yesterday afternoon I found the following note from my wife: SPENDING EVENING WITH MOTHER. MOLLY WILL GET DINNER WHEN SHE COMES HOME FROM GIRL SCOUT MEETING. P.S. STOP BLUBBERING. SHE'S PERFECTLY CAPABLE.

Just then the eleven-year-old whirled out of the kitchen. "What are the principal products of Texas?" she asked crisply.

"Forget the homework," I said. "You're supposed to fix dinner."

"I *am* getting dinner. We're having geographical dinner like we had at camp. You pick a state and cook the principal products."

"Oh, fine!" I said. "I prefer my petroleum at room temperature, and my cotton sunny side up."

"Marshmallows on toothpicks," she said thoughtfully, "could be cotton. What else?"

"Wait a minute, sis," I said. "Texas also grows beefsteaks, corn for corn muffins, and tomatoes and strawberries. The last surprise dinner we had turned out to be hard-boiled eggs and fudge."

"For the table decorations I'll cut Texas out of cardboard," Molly said. "Why don't you go for a walk?" . . .

Four times around the block and I found her sitting on the back step. "What about dinner?" I asked. "Why aren't you in the kitchen?"

"I will be as soon as the smoke from the corn muffins goes away. I had them in the oven with the Alamo, but it was too hot."

"The Alamo? What's that got to do with dinner?"

"I baked a cake that was supposed to be the Alamo but the roof fell in. Do you think sticky tape will make the celery taste funny?"

"Wait a minute. How did sticky tape get on the celery?"

The strawberries were Texas

"I made an oil derrick out of celery stalks for the table and that was the only way it would stand up. It wouldn't stick in the strawberries."

I sat down slowly. "Tell me about the strawberries," I said. "Don't hold back a thing."

"The strawberries are Texas," she said. "I put them on a tray in the shape of Texas. Good thing I didn't take the stems off. Looks just like grass."

"I can see it perfectly," I said. "Lush fields of waving strawberries, broken only by the stark lines of the celery derricks. Suppose we go in and broil the steak and get this over with."

She looked at me curiously. "Do you mean, Daddy, that you would actually prefer steak, after I've gone to all the trouble of grinding it up for hamburger? Actually, would you? Well, don't just sit there making those gurgling noises. Tell me."

See what I mean, men? THE END

The cake was meant to be the Alamo

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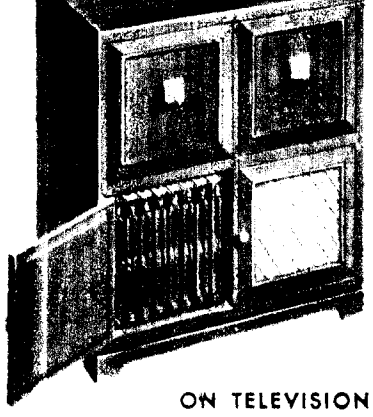
Admiral

first in television!

WITH BIG 12½" PICTURE TUBE

WITH BIG 16" PICTURE TUBE



Model 30F15 — Admiral's famous "Three-Foot Home Theatre" . . . now with full-vision 12½" television tube. Yes, a 60% bigger picture . . . at no increase in price. With triple-play phonograph, FM-AM Dynamagic radio in rich hand-rubbed walnut, mahogany or blonde cabinet with record storage compartment. In walnut only **$399.95** (Fed. Tax $7.75).

Model 25A15—Now, from Admiral . . . a superbly beautiful console with big 16" television tube. Superpowered to bring in pictures clear as the movies. Single knob station selector. Complete with built-in directional Roto-Scope Antenna . . . nothing else to buy. Hand-rubbed walnut, mahogany or blonde cabinet. In walnut, only **$399.95** (Fed. tax $2.00).

Prices slightly higher south and west . . . subject to change without notice

ON TELEVISION! "STOP THE MUSIC" BY ADMIRAL, ABC NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 8 PM, EST.

One out of every two Television Combinations sold is an Admiral

It's a fact! More Admiral television combinations have been sold in 1949 than all other makes combined! Here's why . . .

Magic Mirror Television!

Only Admiral has it! Superpowered by new and revolutionary chassis that assures outstanding performance even in outlying areas where ordinary sets fail. Pictures clear as the movies on new wide-vision screen. Single knob station selector. Complete with Built-In Directional Roto-Scope Antenna . . . the only built-in antenna that's directional! Nothing else to buy.

Triple-Play Phonograph!

First with Admiral! Plays all records (33⅓, 45, and 78 rpm) . . . all sizes (7, 10 and 12 inch) . . . all automatically. Up to 4 hours of continuous music with one loading. One tone arm plays all records.

Dynamagic FM-AM Radio!

Only Admiral has it! Never before so much power in so compact a chassis. Static free "ratio-detector" FM . . . perfected superhet AM radio. Ask your Admiral dealer for a free home demonstration. Admiral Corporation, Chicago 47, Illinois.

AMERICA'S SMART SET

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This is a ghost shirt

(but can you afford to wear one?)

IF YOU COULD HAVE peeked inside an Arapaho Indian teepee along in the 1890's, you might have seen the squaw—busy with needle, brush, and paint pot—putting the finishing touches on a garment like this.

And standing anxiously by, quite likely, would have been an Arapaho brave—telling his squaw exactly where to put the turtles, buffaloes, and other symbols on his ghost shirt.

Ordinarily no self-respecting brave would take such an eager interest in his squaw's sewing. But making a ghost shirt was different—a matter of life and death.

For the Arapahos believed that such a shirt, made according to the proper mystical directions and then worn in a ghost dance, would keep its owner from all sorts of harm—even stop an enemy's well-aimed bullet.

But before you come to the conclusion that the Arapahos were quite naive to put so much trust in this striking piece of rodeo haberdashery, may we ask you this question:

Aren't you about as trusting as an Arapaho in a ghost shirt when you get up, pull on your clothes, and step out of the house—*knowing full well that you have no accident insurance?*

Accidents (serious ones, too!) are happening these days at the frightening rate of one every three seconds.

And a serious accident not only can lay you up and stop your pay. It can whisk your savings right out of the bank, take your shirt right off your back—to pay your medical bills and keep your family eating while you're getting well.

So before you find yourself in such a serious predicament, isn't this the wise thing to do? See your Travelers agent. Let him show you how inexpensive this insurance is and how it greatly strengthens your whole life insurance program.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

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Collier's

NOVEMBER 19, 1949

TERROR in our CITIES

No. 1 - DETROIT

Put the Cops Back on the Beat

TO THE NATION:

The article on this page is in response to popular demand. Mr. Whitman's Stop Terror in the Streets, which appeared in our July 16th issue, was a survey of crime in Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago and other cities. For weeks afterward Collier's received scores of letters.

Some of the writers were women, who told their own stories of terror and attack. Some were men, who wanted laws amended so that they could carry arms to defend themselves and their families. They were hot, angry, indignant letters. And they echoed the demand which was the theme of Mr. Whitman's article: "Let's put the cop back on the beat."

So Collier's assigned the author to a detailed survey of *crimes against people* in America's big cities. The stories will appear from time to time. Philadelphia will follow Detroit—Philadelphia, just across the river from Camden where, not long ago, Howard Unruh walked slowly through the street of a neighborhood unprotected by a foot patrolman and methodically killed 13 people before the police finally arrived.

Mr. Whitman's series does not make pretty reading, but it is highly important reading. It is a tragic disgrace that in the great, proud, prosperous cities of this country many people should have to live in terror, dreading to walk the streets after dark, sitting fearfully in their own homes. It is a tragic disgrace that the carefully tended parks of these great cities should become the haunts of perverted depravity where children are not safe to play.

Collier's confidently hopes that these articles, by giving millions of Americans the facts about rampant hoodlumism in their cities, will provide ammunition for a campaign to put officers back on the beat, where they will have a better chance of stopping crime *before* it happens.

DETROIT TIMES

Ted Hilles, 19, who killed 6-year-old Georgie Counter when the child cried for his mother

TO DETROIT:

Collier's has not singled out Detroit as a horrible example. Your city is only one of several with bad crime records which we shall discuss. Its record is the product of a number of factors that have produced a complex and discouraging condition which differs from that of several other metropolitan centers in degree rather than in kind.

Your city has been appalled by crimes against children by sexual perverts. Detroit badly needs a sex clinic to treat the actual and potential culprits who are neither helped nor punished by a term in jail. Some of your officials know that. They wanted to go to New York to study what that city has done about the same problem. The cost would have been $172. But one of the men who hold your community's purse strings turned down the request and dismissed the trip as a "junket."

So Detroit, as Howard Whitman says, is $172 richer. But little has been done to free your children from the threat of terrifying, scarring experiences, and possibly death, at the hands of degenerates.

This is not a unique example. Other cities can present the same picture against the same background of feuding, willful ignorance, misguided economy and fumbling confusion on the part of their officials.

The editors of this magazine know that the people of Detroit have not remained passive and indifferent to the threats against their lives, safety and happiness. Individual citizens and civic groups like the Economic Club are working with enlightened police officials to fight their way through apathy and red tape. Collier's intends, through these articles, to help Detroit and other cities by a candid discussion of the problem, which must precede any effective solution.

By HOWARD WHITMAN

"PUT your clothes on, Ted. You've got visitors." The naked boy had his arms outstretched above him, clinging to the iron bars. I first saw him from a distance, through a geometric forest of bars and crossbars—clinging there like a wraith, his body haloed by smudged sunlight. Responding to the turnkey's call, Theodore Hilles, aged nineteen, weight 125 (he looked like an emaciated kid of fourteen) slipped on a pair of jeans and came to the visitors' cell at Detroit's Wayne County Jail.

"Why did you kill him?" I asked.

"He was crying for his ma. I was afraid we'd get caught," Ted replied.

A few hours earlier I had stood in the furnace room behind the Murry Hall Hotel on Third Avenue. In the gagging heat, with the crackle of small coal underfoot, I had seen where six-year-old Georgie Counter was murdered. Behind the smaller of two furnaces—the one that was heating water for the hotel, hissing a little beneath the munch of an automatic stoker—was the spot where Georgie's body was crammed.

"I never meant to kill him. He was a nice little kid. I just carried him on my shoulders—like a baby—down to the boiler room," Ted Hilles said.

"The kid saw what I was going to do, and when I started doing it he began yelling and crying for his ma," Ted related. "So I put my hand over his mouth and held it. Then I smashed him on the side of the head with a shovel. Then I stuck the poker in him."

At 825 Merrick Avenue, Georgie Counter's black and white Teddy bear was still on the front porch. His father, John L., sat deep in a rocker with the drawn, white face of a man torn between sorrow and rage. His mother, Aurlie, had spilled enough tears for a lifetime. She wanted to move out of the house, though they had just finished rebuilding it.

"She can't stand the memories, that's one thing. And she's afraid of more sex maniacs like Hilles—that's another," John L. Counter said.

The Hilles case sent a terrible tremor all through Detroit. For weeks after Georgie Counter's body was found on April 20th parents dared not let their

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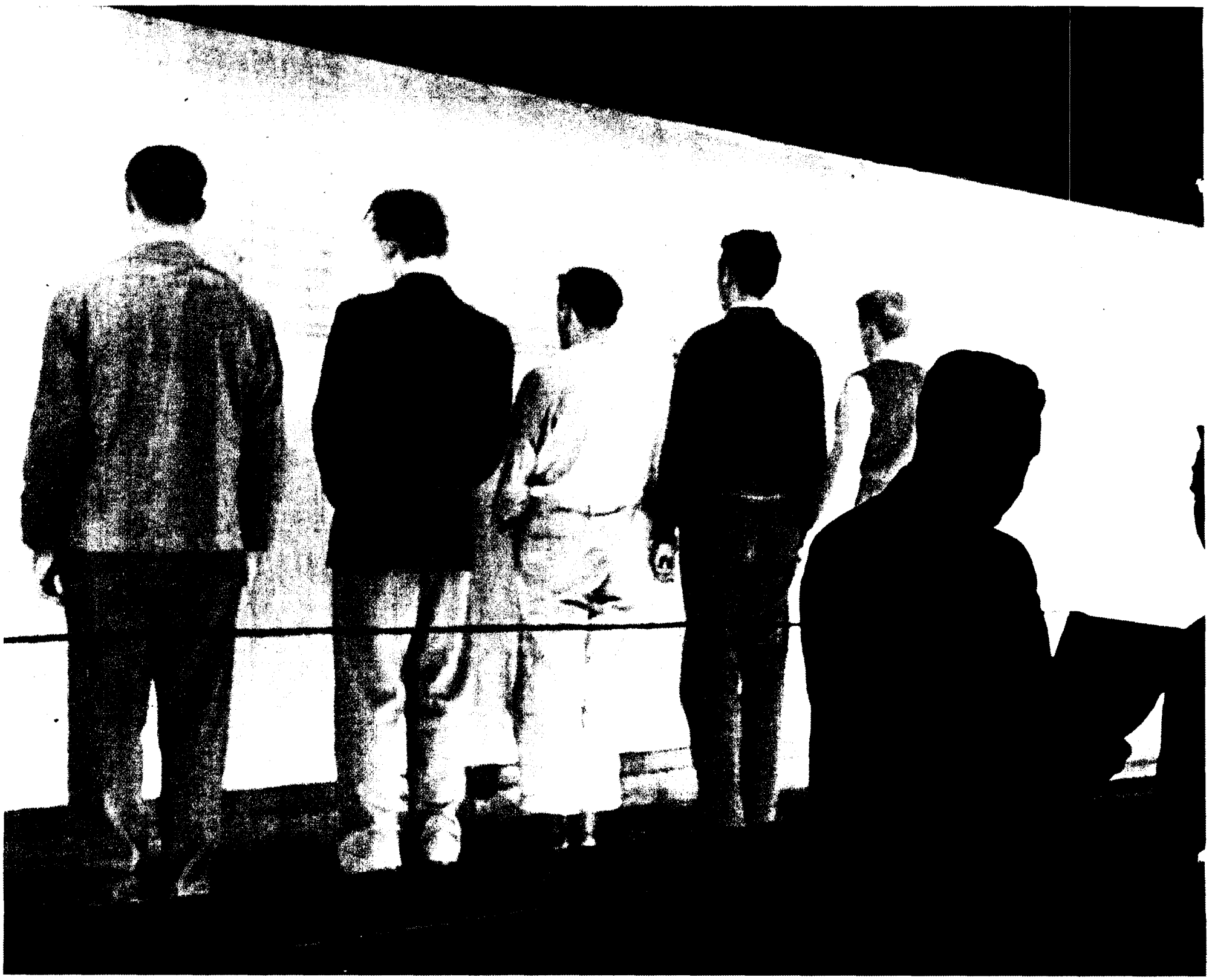

children out of their sight. Alarms clanged through the newspapers and public officials broke out in a rash of quotation marks. All summer and into the autumn, while the case moved ponderously toward trial, Detroit wrangled with the problem: "What shall we do with Hilles?" Should he go to a state hospital as a sexual psychopath, under Michigan's Goodrich Act? Should he go to life imprisonment (Michigan's maximum penalty) as a first-degree murderer?

Regardless of what becomes of the spare bag of bones that is Ted Hilles, a sickly boy since babyhood, Detroit still must face up to the larger issue. It still is terrorized—and is becoming increasingly terrorized—by crime.

Sex crime is a big part of it. The number of molestations, rapes, gang rapes, homosexual maraudings, abuses of children, and psychopathic episodes which police carry as "indecent liberties" is to the outside observer shocking and ominous. To the Detroiter it is something more. "I've never felt in such a state of absolute terror about my wife and children," one businessman declared.

Police Commissioner Harry S. Toy reports that every sixth call on the police radio—which sputters almost continuously night and day—is a sex call. "Man exposing himself" is the customary terse language for episodes which would interest psychiatrists almost as much as they frighten and dumfound women and children.

"Terribly serious" is Commissioner Toy's estimate of the situation. At Belle Isle Park and Palmer Park Woods the city has pruned down shrubs around the women's rest rooms. "We had to do it to keep sex offenders from hiding in the bushes and accosting women or performing indecent acts," Toy declares.

Crimes against children under ten years old have increased 50 per cent in the last four years. In River Rouge Park, in the broad light of day, middle-aged men have been involved in "indecent liberties" with children. They have tried to "buy off" little girls for a quarter, or a bag of bubble gum.

"Candy store operators have taken children into the back rooms of their stores for immoral purposes," reports Marian C. Hunter, chief of the Woman's Division of the Detroit Police. "We have found men hanging around playgrounds showing obscene pictures to boys and girls."

The situation has forced upon the police department a new definition of "safety." Safety for children used to mean safety from automobiles, streetcars, fires and drowning. "Today," says Mrs. Hunter, "we must stress safety from sex attack." To this purpose, the Woman's Division has distributed 246,000 circulars to Detroit school children warning them in text and picture: "NEVER take money, candy or treats from any stranger," "NEVER play alone in alleys, or in deserted buildings," "NEVER let strangers touch or fuss with your clothing."

Detroit is plagued, too, with the sex deviate: the man who accosts other men, who makes a flagrant and revolting display of himself in public lavatories. Police know such men are dangerous—that, when trapped, they may kill.

Yes, they can be collared by vice-squad techniques. They can be jailed for 90 days. Accomplishing what?

One judge remarked, as he refused to send a sex deviate to jail, "I *would* send you to jail, but that's paradise for you!"

With Patrolman Jack West, a veteran of vice and cleanup squads, I toured the downtown section. What we saw in Grand Circus Park, in Cadillac Square, in Capitol Park, was both pathetic and horrible. We saw aggravated, unabashed cases of sex deviation. We saw the prowlers and the exhibitionists, the blatant accosters looking for pickups.

Along Woodward Avenue, toward the river, we saw shifty men tarrying in the shadows and the doorways. They were dressed a little too nattily. Their hair was freshly wetted and slicked back a little too well.

"We call those fellows 'hawks,' " West explained. "They're not sex deviates themselves. They just prey on the others. They let themselves get picked up. Then they beat up and rob the other fellow, or roll him, or perhaps engage in blackmail."

In Grand Circus Park a hefty six-footer dressed in a flowered shirt was prowling when West and I strolled through. We watched his antics for half an hour. Other deviates met and paired off, but this fellow stalked and hunted without success. He grew

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

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The showup at Detroit police headquarters: in the lighted half of the room stand five young suspects of sex crimes

a little panicky. He finally took off at a long stride down Woodward Avenue.

"He's off to another hunting ground," West said.

We followed the burly fellow to Cadillac Square, where, as West had predicted, he took up the hunt again—the same sordid cycle of exhibitionism, search and enticement. We saw him disappear down the steps of the latrine. . . .

"That fellow is at large on the town. Who knows what he might do?" said West resignedly. Suppose he got more panicky as the evening wore on? Suppose he finally snapped up a child? In an alley somewhere. Or a basement. And if the child screamed or threatened to tell . . .

I remembered the hissing furnace against which Georgie Counter's body was crammed.

Many Attacks on Women Unreported

Women in Detroit are virtually curfewed by their own fear. Some would just as soon jump in the river as walk alone down a dark stretch at night. Rape has increased 27 per cent in the last five years. That is *reported* rape. Police know that much, and maybe *most,* rape is never reported because women fear publicity and families want to cover up.

Complaints have poured in from the vicinities of Woman's Hospital, Harper, Grace and Children's Hospitals—nurses terrorized on their way home from night shifts, visitors subjected to indecencies by sex neurotics in the bushes. At Russell Street and Milwaukee, a busy transfer point, women going to and from the auto factories have been accosted and molested. Even in the millionaires' Sherwood Forest women have been terrorized on the shaded streets. Families in residential Redford on the northwest and the fast-growing Denby community on the northeast fear the sex marauder as they have learned, from bitter experience, to fear the housebreaker and burglar.

Look at the records. Pick a handful. They run into hundreds (560 *reported* rape cases last year):

November 25th—An eleven-year-old girl raped on her way home from baby sitting. Forced into an alley at knife point.

January 17th—A twenty-six-year-old woman assaulted as she went into her own back yard to dump the rubbish.

March 1st—A fifteen-year-old girl raped by a man posing as a detective. (He ordered her into his car on pretext of arrest. Attacked her in a vacant lot.)

March 21st—An eighteen-year-old girl raped by a masked man who forced her boy friend from their parked car, then drove her to a woods.

March 28th—A nineteen-year-old Wayne University coed assaulted in her home, choked with a belt, by a man posing as a gas serviceman.

August 11th—A forty-three-year-old woman stalked by a marauder in an automobile, knocked down, dragged into a vacant lot, her face beaten to a pulp.

Hoodlum crime—successor to gangsterism—is the most vicious kind of crime we know. It is crime against *people.* Not only women and children. The businessman, the head of a family, is a target, too. He can be jumped for whatever is in his wallet, massaged with a lead pipe or a brick if he resists. They call it "mugging" in New York, "strong-arming" in Detroit.

There's an ugly quagmire along Michigan Avenue in the Second Precinct where strong-armings are routine. Yet patrolmen are as scarce as summer snowballs. It took me half an hour to find a cop on the beat.

"Anything doing tonight?" I asked.

"Just an hour ago—a man was walking along one of those little streets back of Michigan," he replied. "Couple of strong-arms worked him over with a brick. Got $13."

Routine stuff.

"Funny the weapons these hoodlums use," the policeman added. "Tire wrenches, beer bottles—anything that can bash a fellow's face in."

Delivery men and cabdrivers, tough hombres themselves, admit that the hoodlum maimer and killer is too much for them. One milkman got a four-inch blade in his neck for resisting a strong-arm holdup when he was starting on his route at five o'clock in the morning. A 14-inch lead pipe was bent over his head—for good measure.

Cabdrivers have been held up so wantonly that delegations have met with the police. They want to know what to do when a fare orders them to drive to some remote part of town, then barks from the back seat, "Hand over your dough, buddy—unless you want to drive home dead!"

Commissioner Toy has suggested a purple light on top of the cabs, a sort of holdup alarm to be flashed in case of trouble. Or perhaps a rear light that can be turned on by a touch of the knee, flashing, "Help! Police!" The cabbies are thinking it over.

What about a man's home? Is that his castle? Is a Detroiter safe at last when he gets under his own roof and locks the doors and windows? You wouldn't want to ask those questions of Mrs. Anthony Michalowski. . . .

The Michalowski family lives in the Fifteenth Police Precinct—the Conner precinct, it's called—a sprawling area of 20 square miles with a quarter of a million people living in it. It never has been properly policed, not since it began growing and spreading in the last decade. Honest, hard-working citizens have put up attractive brick homes in the area. They've made gardens and shops and new enterprise. Life has been good in the Conner precinct—except for the hoodlums. Housebreakers have turned the community into a veritable no man's land.

Last winter there was a wave of 80 burglaries, sometimes three or four in one night. Stores were broken into, merchandise briganded by the truckload. Residents learned the terror of coming home to see a light on that hadn't been on when they left, or a pane of glass smashed out near a doorknob.

One night in December, Anthony Michalowski and his wife returned home at 11:30 P.M. They found the telltale broken glass, the calling card of a prowler. Michalowski entered the house and found the intruder in a bedroom. There was a chase—out of the house and through the neighborhood. The prowler turned and fired three shots. The third smashed into Michalowski's head.

So you don't want to ask the Widow Michalowski just how safe a man is in the Conner precinct these days—even in his own home.

"BURGLARY-MURDER TERRORIZES AREA" cried the neighborhood paper, Community News. It reported on December 16th: "All week we have been receiving telephone calls from housewives. They are genuinely and deeply afraid . . . afraid to go into their homes and afraid to venture out of them."

Citizens Demand Gun Permits

Finally a delegation from the Denby neighborhood, part of the precinct, went downtown to police headquarters and asked for gun permits. Two housewives were in the group. These citizens were ready to protect themselves with firearms if the terror continued. They were sent home without gun permits, but with promises of greatly increased police protection. Indeed, one new foot beat was established in the Denby area. But the precinct is still drastically vulnerable. It is still 42 men short on foot patrol.

On March 16th when a spot check was made, the entire 20 square miles was being patrolled on the night shift by only nine men.

With a note of frustration, Cass Puchalski, president of the Outer Harper Businessmen's Association, told me, "All we really got was buck passing. The common council passed it to the police department. The police department passed it to the mayor. And the mayor was out of town."

Hoodlumism in Detroit has reached a level of bravado that's almost incredible. Talk about the rats of Hamelin! The hoodlum rats of Detroit are equally vicious and twice as bold.

Two of them, for example, tried to rape a woman in the *vestibule of a church.* They gagged her, tied her hands, and were stripping her clothes off when the church service ended and departing worshipers put them to flight.

Along Michigan Avenue a strong-arm man knocked down a passer-by in the full light of mid-afternoon and calmly ripped his pockets open while six people stood by in impotent terror.

At a penny arcade two brigands walked up to a shooting gallery, grabbed the proprietor's money and shot him with one of his own rifles.

Officers don't dare park a police car unguarded. They've come out to find the tires deflated or the spark-plug wires crossed. The hoodlums are turning the tables—they're stalking the police!

Girl hoodlums defy the police to pick them up. If a male officer takes a girl into a car, she gets to the station and screams, "He made a pass at me. He tried to rape me!" A shyster lawyer can make a wonderful show of such blatherings in court.

It may embarrass them to say so, but in many parts of Detroit police officers are just plain scared. Commissioner Toy himself can tell you why. When asked, as the city councilmen always ask, "Why not one man in a police car instead of two?" Toy replied, "Because it would be murder, that's why!"

He described what sometimes happens in the no-man's-land areas when a policeman goes out to make an arrest: "Immediately a crowd gathers, shouting 'Kill him!' You see men brandishing bottles and clubs. The officer who is making the arrest will have to draw his gun and back up. He has to keep the crowd off; he has to hold the arrested man. To send out a man alone is equivalent to sending him to his death."

On August 5th, Mariann K. Wells, a rookie policewoman, was baptized in action of the hoodlum era. She had to draw her snub-nosed revolver and hold a hostile crowd at bay while a patrolman arrested three hoodlums who had tried to overpower him and snatch his gun. For a while it was touch and go whether the police would get their prisoners or the crowd would get the police. Rookie Wells got a citation for preventing "what might well have become a riot."

To Police Superintendent *(Continued on page 64)*

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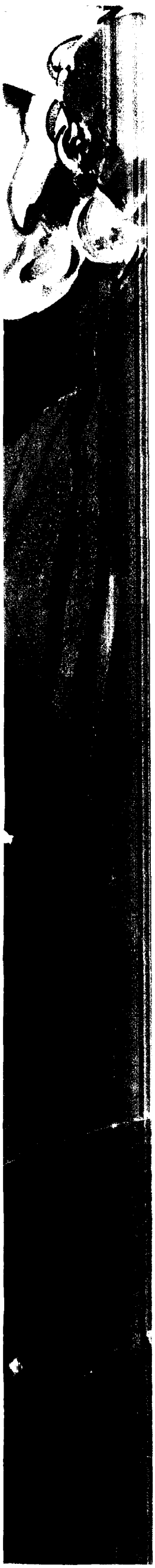

I Hate a Dumpy Woman

By MARGARET CHASE

Another adventure of De Lucie, the Iredales' incomparable cook. This time she's having a harebrained fling at being a career girl

Wednesday

Dear Miss Pupke:

Will you please let me know by return mail why a fella loses interest in a girl.

It is over a year now since I graduated from the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls and went to work for the Iredales. I was seventeen then, and you were my favorite teacher.

All summer long I enjoyed the gayest social whirl of any cook in Westchester County, but now I am put aside like a cup of empty eggshells. If the two Iredale children, Cherry and Stuart, did not keep me company in the kitchen, I would feel quite lonesome. Rocky the cop does not call me up any more, and he never drops in when he is passing by.

Rocky taught me to swim, and every Sunday evening that he was not on duty he invited me to supper at his mother and father's. His father is a wealthy garbage collector named Frank, who owns two houses. Rocky has black eyes and is handsome and quiet. But what a smile!

He used to tell me about his ambitions, and that made me ambitious too. He intends to be a sergeant of police, then a lieut, and that isn't all. He hopes to be a chief of police someday. He studies things and is serious in spite of the big smile. So I am studying too. I am taking trumpet lessons at the music store.

This morning when I took Mrs. Iredale's breakfast tray to her room at nine o'clock I asked her if she would teach me one French word a week, because Industrial Home girls are strong on American cookery but shy of foreign charm. "Certainly, De Lucie," she says. "Fetch me a clean mush-war from my dresser. Mush-war is the French word for handkerchief and you can memorize it." That is a hard word in French, mush-war, but handkerchief is a hard word in English.

Mrs. Iredale had her bedside radio turned on so we could catch the Mister's early program. "Everybody likes to listen to the Mister because he knows so much," I said wistfully. "How can I improve myself, Mrs. Iredale? I want to be as fascinating as a movie star or artist's model."

"Well, you have a pretty nose and teeth, De Lucie," Mrs. Iredale told me. "Your only drawback is that you are five feet nine. But don't forget what Lord Byron wrote: 'Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.'"

"Is Lord Byron a radio commentator like Mr. Iredale?"

"Well, no. You'd better read more, De Lucie." So when the Missis went out to play golf, I figured I would read what the Mister reads, and I went to clean his room and started the book which he keeps on his bedside table now. It's called War and Peace and has 1,387 pages. I got to page eight where it says the pretty little Princess has a slight perceptible down on her pretty upper lip, which means a slight mustache, and that stopped me cold. I was all tired out reading to where the Princess had the mustache so I let that go for now and rested myself by waxing the furniture.

I concocted a filling out of the stuff we found on a shelf. There was no more cream to whip, but Cliffy found a tube of shaving cream and we used it on top

Last time I saw Rocky was one afternoon a few weeks ago, and I looked terrible. I had been teaching Stuart to ride his two-wheel bike and Cherry to roller-skate at the same time. First I would run the length of the block at top speed, holding the saddle of the bike while Stu tried to balance himself; then when Cherry's yells for help got too loud, I would ask Stu to rest while I ran, pushing Cherry along, wobbling and squealing on her roller skates.

I must have covered around forty miles and was hot and wet and tired and my white uniform was messed with axle grease. We had to get home before four because Stu had a piano lesson then. I was just carrying the bike down our basement steps when Rocky came along the alley on his way to four-o'clock duty and he says, "Hi. Let me do that for you." Both kids swarmed all over him and he put them up on his shoulders.

The kitchen door opened and Miss Bennye Mae Benson, Stu's piano teacher, came out on the back porch, as cute as a dolly in a pink wool suit. She is not as pretty as Mrs. Iredale, but she is sweeter-looking, with a sweet, sweet voice and curly hair. She has a Southern accent. She asked Mrs. Iredale to call her Rebel.

She didn't glance at me carrying the bike, but she cooed to Rocky, "I've been waiting just hours for this bad child Stuart. Oh, you great strong Atlas, you! I bet you hold up the sky on those tremendous shoulders of yours on your day off."

"Oh, come now," says Rocky weakly, trying to lift Cherry off his head. What else was said I don't know because Rocky beat it while I was putting away the bike, but when the Mister came into the kitchen later to make his highball I asks him, "What's an Atlas?"

"A book of maps," says the Mister. "Mrs. Iredale wants me to offer Miss Benson a glass of sherry. The Southern chick is going to play Bach for us."

"I like bop," I said.

"No. Bock. Spelled B-a-c-h," the Mister explained.

Stu had come into the kitchen for an apple. "Know what, De Lucie?" Stu said. "Miss Benson asked Rocky to meet her at the movies and walk her home when he goes off duty at twelve o'clock, because she's afraid in the dark. I bet he won't. I bet he hates her. You heard what she called him. Anybody called me a big Atlas, I'd bust him one."

I listened a little while to the Bach, but it's just like arithmetic—goes on and on. I picked up Miss Benson's handkerchief *(Continued on page 57)*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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NO 'T' FOR ME

By GORDON MANNING

When Coach Carl's UNC Tar Heels meet Leahy's lads from Notre Dame it'll be a battle of gridiron perfectionists and a supreme test between ranking exponents of single-wing and T-formation attacks

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGH MORTON

SURPRISING, perhaps, but it's true that a few top football coaches persist in thinking of the T-formation as something less than touchdown dynamite. These coaches stubbornly stick to the good old black-and-blue single-wing attack, though the quarterbacks in the stands consider Pop Warner's system quite as obsolete as the flying wedge and moleskin jackets.

One of those who won't have any T, thank you, is that pretty successful football operative at Chapel Hill—Coach Carl Grey Snavely of the University of North Carolina. For those who hoot at the single wing, the fifty-five-year-old coach of Charlie Justice, Art Weiner and the rest of the hefty Tar Heel gang has an argument he can prove with figures.

"The single wing," says Snavely with emphasis and a little justified pride, "scores more points than the T-formation."

What's that? More points, say, than the explosive T attack of the Notre Dame Irish who meet the Carolinians at New York's Yankee Stadium this month in what will be one of the big games of the year?

"Notre Dame is usually the exception," Snavely admits. "But the average over the country favors the single wing. I've made a careful study of scoring by college teams during the past 10 years, and over that period the single wing has consistently produced from two to six more points per game than the T.

"Take last year. Among the top 10 teams ranked in each of the five major regions, the college squads using the T averaged 21.5 points a game. The single-wing clubs averaged 23.4 points. When statistics prove the T can get more points, I'll switch —and switch fast."

"The Big Game" between Notre Dame and North Carolina was scheduled by the Irish to replace their annual New York battle with Army. It not only will present a classic clash of the T and single-wing formations, but also will pit two exacting and very similar masterminds of the game—Carl Snavely and Frank Leahy—against each other for the first time in their coaching careers.

Aside from age and physical appearance, Carl and Frank are professional twins. Although their squads may not be evenly paired off man-for-man this fall, there never has been a football game in which two coaches have been more perfectly matched.

Leahy's ceaseless efforts to improve Notre Dame football have been well publicized. Much less is known of Snavely's year-round slavishness to the game. No man ever lived who devoted more time to football than Carl Snavely. The sport is his whole life. Outside of a little golf, which he plays occasionally in the summer, he has no recreation. He has spent nearly every waking hour on the pigskin pastime since he took his first coaching job 35 years ago.

His attention to detail is phenomenal. For instance, student manager Henry Moore is required to pack and ship 10 large trunks of gear for the team when it plays away from Chapel Hill. Among this paraphernalia are dozens of pairs of pallbearers' gloves. These thin white cotton formalities are not intended for rites involving Carolina victims. Oh, no. Snavely's ball handlers wear them, dusted with rosin, to prevent fumbles in wet weather.

Snavely is even equipped to do something about the weather. His assistant athletic director, C. P. (Chuck) Erickson, acts as his meteorologist, relaying daily weather reports from the Raleigh-Durham airport. If rain is predicted for game day, Snavely runs his daily two-hour practice while student managers stand by in a water-bucket brigade. Each ball used in the drill is soaked every few minutes to accustom the players to handling slippery leather.

The grass on the field must be just so tall for the kind of play the Tar Heel coach expects. One inch is about right. So, on the eve of every game in Carolina's beautiful pine-fringed Kenan Stadium, there is serious consultation between Snavely and the head groundkeeper, Raymond Hutchins, to decide for or against a mowing.

The classroom marks of each of his players are known to the Grey Fox on almost a day-to-day basis. Peter Lavin, a second-year law student, sees to that. Because his men must maintain a C average or better in their studies to remain eligible to play, Snavely hires Lavin to keep tabs on the classroom

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standings of squad members so that he can tutor laggards before they are axed.

Are practice workouts too strenuous? Snavely doesn't guess. Head trainer Percy (Chuck) Quinlan weighs in every one of the men after each day's session. When the weights fall too far, the coach slows everything down.

All of Snavely's assistant coaches report regularly on their reading of 25 daily newspapers to which the office subscribes from September 1st to January 1st. This list includes papers from those cities where his opponents are located, as well as from the larger towns in North Carolina and a sprinkling of places in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, West Virginia and Ohio. In these seven states most of UNC's football recruits are found.

But these are the minor details in building a winning football team. Snavely is just as thorough when it comes to the major elements. He uses the movie camera, the Dictaphone and the blackboard with equal frequency and intensity to drill his system into the players.

The gridiron's Grey Fox looks more like a college professor than a top-flight coach. Erect and dignified, with deep-set blue eyes, shaggy eyebrows and a deliberate manner of speech, the scholarly pink-faced mentor has none of the "git in thar and fighhhhht!" bluster usually associated with his profession. He once taught prep-school mathematics and chemistry, and brings the precise mind required for those studies to the game of football.

This approach has paid off, too. Through 1948, in 22 seasons as head coach in terms at Bucknell, Cornell and North Carolina, Snavely's teams won 133 games, dropped 53 and tied 14.

Early Athletic Successes

Son of a Methodist minister, Snavely was born in Omaha, Nebraska. At an early age, though, he moved East with his family and spent his boyhood in various Pennsylvania towns. In 1915 he graduated from Lebanon Valley College where he excelled as a three-letter athlete.

After that he played professional baseball in the Tri-State League for two seasons as a first baseman at various times with Chambersburg, Wilmington, Trenton and Lancaster. Meantime, he had started his football coaching career, holding six successive jobs at preparatory schools, high schools and small colleges in Pennsylvania and Ohio from 1915 to 1927.

In 1927 he moved to Bucknell to take over his first collegiate head-coaching job. He also coached baseball there, but his love of the grid game was so strong that he made sure that every one of his football stars made the diamond squad. Then, when they had to make road trips, they killed time before baseball games by running through signal, passing and kicking drills on the diamonds as bewildered bleacherites looked on.

It was at Bucknell that Carl first started using motion pictures to help him spot flaws in his offense and defense. Even today, when movies are common coaching aids, no mentor uses films as extensively as the Dutch Master. He now uses up some 40,000 feet of celluloid annually and spends about $5,000 to photograph games and drills.

"I didn't really know a thing about football until I started using films," Carl says.

For the 1934 and 1935 seasons Snavely moved to Chapel Hill for his first stay there. His Tar Heels won 15, lost two and tied one before he moved on to Cornell. What made him leave then is the same thing that brought him back to Carolina in 1945—the threat that his stream of player talent would be shut off by a reduction in athletic scholarships.

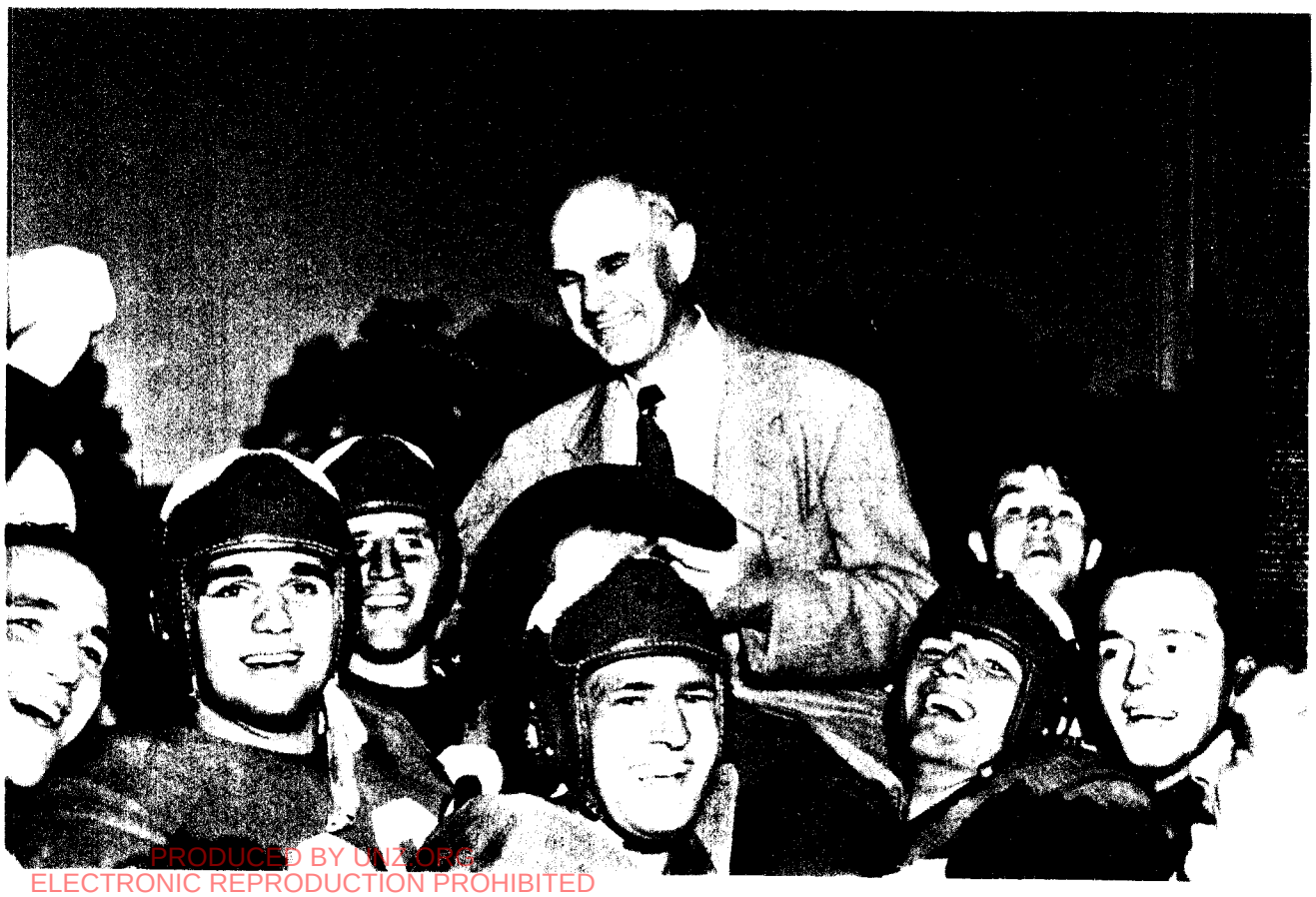
Frank Graham, then president of UNC and now a United States Senator from North Carolina, proposed a "Graham Plan" for the Southern Conference which virtually eliminated all subsidization and put athletics on a simon-pure basis. When Snavely heard of this plan he began shopping around.

When it was adopted by the conference, he fled to Ithaca where an attractive offer plus the guarantee of some scholarships was made. The Graham Plan fizzled out and was revoked two seasons later, but by that time King Carl had climbed to the top trellis of the Ivy League by producing some of the finest football teams in the nation.

Snavely started at Cornell *(Continued on page 61)*

Carolina's Charlie (Choo-Choo) Justice, All-America tailback, takes a breather on the bench with Snavely

Snavely notes every game detail from the sidelines (top) as Don Hartig, quarterback last season, maintains telephone contact with a spotter in the stands. The Tar Heels win and carry the happy coach from the field



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A good clean-cut AMERICAN BOY

By HARLAN WARE

George's growing pains were sheer anguish—especially for his father

FOR several months before our trouble began George would yawn when Dad asked him a question. Where's your report card? Have you mowed the lawn? What made you so late? Yawn. Sometimes he'd delicately cover his lips with his big soiled fingers; other times he wouldn't. Dad was getting pretty irritated with him.

The night the trouble actually started he was scratching his leg and yawning and squirming around in his chair.

"I think I'll sleep in the tree tonight," he said.

Dad was reading, Mother was knitting, and I was lying on my stomach under the floor lamp thumbing through a comic book.

George got up, still scratching.

"Poison ivy?" Dad asked, without looking up.

George just grinned, shook his pant leg straight, and ambled over to kiss Mother good night. He gave me a nudge with his toe and said, "Good night, Eddie, old bean, old bean," in his high thin voice. George was a soprano in the children's choir at St. Stephen's and spent two nights a week practicing at the parish house. It was worth it, because he could go on hikes with the choirmaster.

"Phil," Mother said, "see that he gets up in the tree all right."

Dad put down his paper, lighted the stub end of his cigar and sighed the way men do when women are nervous. I went out with him.

There was a bare overhead bulb in the tree house and George's arms made queer darting shadows across the lawn. He was singing O Come, All Ye Faithful in his high beautiful voice. It was a sweet sound in the night, with the crickets chirping and the whole street quiet. He snapped off his light.

Then it happened.

A deep baritone voice came out of the leaves.

"Good night, Dad," the voice said. "Good night, Eddie!"

I could feel Dad stiffen. He threw away his cigar and ran to the screen door.

"Vivian!" he cried. "Come out here!"

Mother was afraid George had broken his elbow again and came at a trot.

"What is it? What's happened?"

"Sh," Dad whispered. "Say good night to George."

"I did. I kissed him."

"Never mind, Vivian. Say something now."

Tremulously, Mother said, " 'Night, Georgie!"

The heavy voice came out of the leaves again. " 'Night, Mom."

Mother rested her head against Dad's chest and began to weep. "Oh, Philip! Oh, *no!*" We could hear George clearing his throat up there in the darkness above us.

"Isn't that something?" Dad said. "I'll be damned! I never knew it to happen between one word and the next. Well, what d'you know!"

Then the voice that came out of the leaves was the same old soprano. "What're you people talking about?" George asked, sleepily.

"Never mind," Dad said. "Never mind, son. Good night."

That was the beginning of the trouble, though nobody realized it then. I went into the house bubbling with questions, but all their answers seemed rather vague. George's voice was changing, that was all. George was growing up.

"Gosh, I wish mine would change," I said.

"Don't say such things, Eddie!" Mother cried. "It'll be years yet. Three or four years." . . .

When George came down the next morning he was aware of the voice himself and, though he couldn't depend on it, the deeper notes pleased him so much that he talked all the time. If he cracked into a higher register he just cleared his throat and went ahead. From then on, we couldn't hear anything but the sound of George talking. He began to tell Mother how to organize her housework, and he explained to Dad how to get more efficiency down at the store.

I couldn't understand what was happening in our house. We had been what Mother called a closely knit family, but after George's voice changed we started to fray loose at the ends.

George broke things—plates and bric-a-brac and the arms of chairs, everything he touched. And he couldn't take criticism; at the slightest reprimand he'd fold his arms across his chest and look pained and bored.

"Did you hear me?" Dad would yell at him. "Have I reached your mind?"

George stopped calling the folks Dad and Mom. They became Father and Mother. He treated them with a distant sort of dignity, and every now and then Dad would blow his top.

Once, when George explained the law of supply and demand we thought Dad was going to have an apoplectic stroke. He hammered both fists on the dinner table and got up and raced around the room, shaking his finger at George, trying to tell him he had the whole thing wrong. George just yawned. And when George said naturally he was going to work for Socialism or some kind of a new world order as soon as he was twenty-one, Dad got a nosebleed and Mother had to take him to the bathroom and hold a cold wet towel on the back of his neck. I heard some of the conversation from the alcove in the hall.

"I can't reach his *mind!*" Dad groaned. "I'll just have to *hit* him."

"This is the sort of attitude that starts wars," Mother said. "Hold your head down, Philip. Aren't you ashamed!"

He was ashamed all right because when he came back to the dining room he treated George with exaggerated courtesy—only George accepted it literally and gave us quite a talk on the dangers of hypertension.

A year or so went by in there, a year where even I had hypertension.

Then George became a loudmouth. There is no other way to say it. He became a loudmouth in cafeterias, at church, at the movies and out in the car.

"Louder, dear old boy," Dad would say when George's voice had topped all the clatter in the Y.W.C.A. cafeteria where we ate Thursday nights. "Speak up, son. Let people hear you. You're too modest."

Then George would look pained. He'd sit with his arms tightly folded across his chest and refuse to eat.

Once I heard Dad say, "I can't even bear to look at him."

Mother caught her breath.

"Philip Warren, shame on you!"

By then, you see, his complexion was gone. When he'd been in the choir, women talked about his beautiful complexion and only wished they had it, but now there were days at a time when George didn't look wholesome. Women at the church, and even the neighbors, seemed to avoid him; he'd approach groups of people and the groups would just dissolve. I avoided him myself.

GEORGE was fifteen, I suppose, when Wyatt Emerson moved into the house next door and Dad began to wish he had Wyatt for a son, instead of George.

Wyatt was a tall, slim, handsome boy, about nineteen; he was a sophomore in City College, and he had a pleasant, easy way about him. A good clean-cut American boy, Dad said. He had *manners,* which was more than you could say for some people. The night the Emersons moved in Dad came to the table more cheerful than he'd been in a long time.

"Mr. and Mrs. Emerson are mighty nice folks," he said. "And, Vivian, have you met their son?"

"Yes, indeed!" Mother said with enthusiasm. "Isn't he polite, though?"

"A good clean-cut American boy."

They looked at George who was eating with both elbows on the table, one hand at his forehead, scooping up his dinner with the other.

"George!"

George put his fork down and folded his arms across his chest.

We went through the *(Continued on page 53)*

George sprawled on the couch, looking at the ceiling bitterly. Mother took Dad to their room for a talk. I studied George

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VAN JOHNSON
as Holley

MARSHALL THOMPSON
as Jim Layton

JOHN HODIAK
as Jarvess

GEORGE MURPHY
as "Pop" Stanak

DOUGLAS FOWLEY
as "Kipp" Kippton

RICARDO MONTALBAN
as Roderiguez

DON TAYLOR
as Standiford

JAMES WHITMORE
as Minnie

BRUCE COWLING
as Wolowiez

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SCRIPT

By DWIGHT WHITNEY

This big studio boss has taken on the job of helping Hollywood grow up. And he is making good at it

COLLIER'S PHOTO BY BOB LANDRY

M-G-M's Doré Schary, one of the busiest men in Hollywood, is also one of the friendliest

WHEN Doré Schary became production chief of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he made a speech wherein he said it might be possible to alter the popular conception of Hollywood. To leave no doubt of his meaning, he pointed out that the town was known as a place where "half-dressed executives jump into swimming pools with a Martini in one hand and a blonde in the other."

His hope, he indicated, was to make the movie capital conscious of that phase of human activity which occurs above the ears.

"People are demanding more searching, vital, realistic films," he said. "Movies must reflect what is going on in the world."

This had been stated before, by larger men with louder voices.

But Schary meant it.

Within a year, he bought no less than six stories dealing with racial minorities and announced plans for 67 pictures—many dealing with "adult" subjects—to be completed before June, 1950.

Schary actually was setting to work to turn out movies which would afford movie-goers the opportunity to use their minds!

Because the man who runs M-G-M might be rated as Hollywood's unofficial spokesman, Schary is regarded as a trail blazer for the industry. His attitude may foreshadow change. But he should not be mistaken for a revolutionary. He makes just as many musicals as any other producer charged with turning out 50 films a year. Although he has the aspirations of an artist, he is essentially a businessman. He must be to survive.

As head of the M-G-M studio, Schary is responsible for everything in every M-G-M picture. Considering that each film has a producer, a director, several stars, from one to four writers and several dozen other equally temperamental artists directly connected with its creation, and that each one of these has new problems arising almost daily, the fact that a studio head can keep them straight at all is miraculous.

Not only must Schary keep tab on some 20 or 30 separate scripts constantly in the works, but he must also be familiar with half a dozen others currently shooting, as well as untold numbers of novels, plays, magazine stories and originals which the studio may be thinking of buying. But his main worry is this: M-G-M will spend $60,000,000 to make 50 pictures this year, and he must be sure that at least 110 million is realized in return.

Schary is sometimes referred to as the most important man in Hollywood. But he is an easy, pleasant person—a thoughtful, big-boned, forty-four-year-old man who looks something like a jolly bloodhound with glasses. He differs from other Hollywood executives in that he makes a determined effort to see anyone who has a halfway plausible excuse to take up his time. When he became head of RKO studios, in January, 1947, he instigated what was facetiously called the "Open Doré Policy." This merely meant that his co-workers could get in to see him at any time, but it was considered such an extraordinary occurrence that a Hollywood trade paper ran a page-one editorial expressing amazement over the fact.

The ordinary Hollywood mogul has no time for such niceties. Schary has. He makes time if it kills him—and, by his own admission, it may kill him. For example, every studio head must keep close tabs on the day's rushes (i.e., rush film of scenes shot the previous day). Quite frequently he encounters something which is clearly in bad taste and must be changed or eliminated. The customary procedure is for the executive to call the producer. Their one-sided conversation goes something like this: "Ned, you're out of your mind. The scene is no good. What d'ya think we're running around here—an *art* theater?"

Schary is constitutionally unable to work that way. His conversations begin on a high level of Old World courtesy. "Ned," he says, "I saw the rushes last night . . . Let me tell you, Ned. They're generally very good. But don't you think you went a little overboard when the girl loses her bathing suit? . . . You don't? Well, think it over for a day or two." The following day he calls back only to discover that conveniently Ned has forgotten all about it.

This time he makes his point a little stronger, and the producer agrees to "look at it again in the morning."

On the third day Schary confronts the producer with the bitter truth. The bathing-suit sequence must be deleted. It has taken him three days and as many phone calls to do what other movie executives accomplish in two sentences. But Schary always thinks it was worth it. "Doré," says a leading screen writer, "is the only man in Hollywood who can cut you up in little pieces and make you feel as if he's done you a favor."

Schary's enemies maintain that this is "affectation" and he does it for show. Actually, Schary's desire to be of service and to make movies which reflect good will on an international scale is genuine.

"Doré is a sentimental realist," observes an old friend. "He's bright and he's literate and he knows what's going on in the world. But he's also the most falsely optimistic rainbow chaser I ever knew. He wants to believe the best about everyone, and cringes every time the world gets out of line. What really drives him crazy is waking up in the morning to find that 'those Russians' are cutting up again."

This duality does much to explain Schary's presence at M-G-M. Doré is like the schoolboy who was awarded the gold *(Continued on page 77)*

The gallery of mud-grimed, unshaved Joes on the opposite page is from the cast of Battleground—Doré Schary's latest tradition-smashing film. The picture, almost sexless, belongs to the dogfaces

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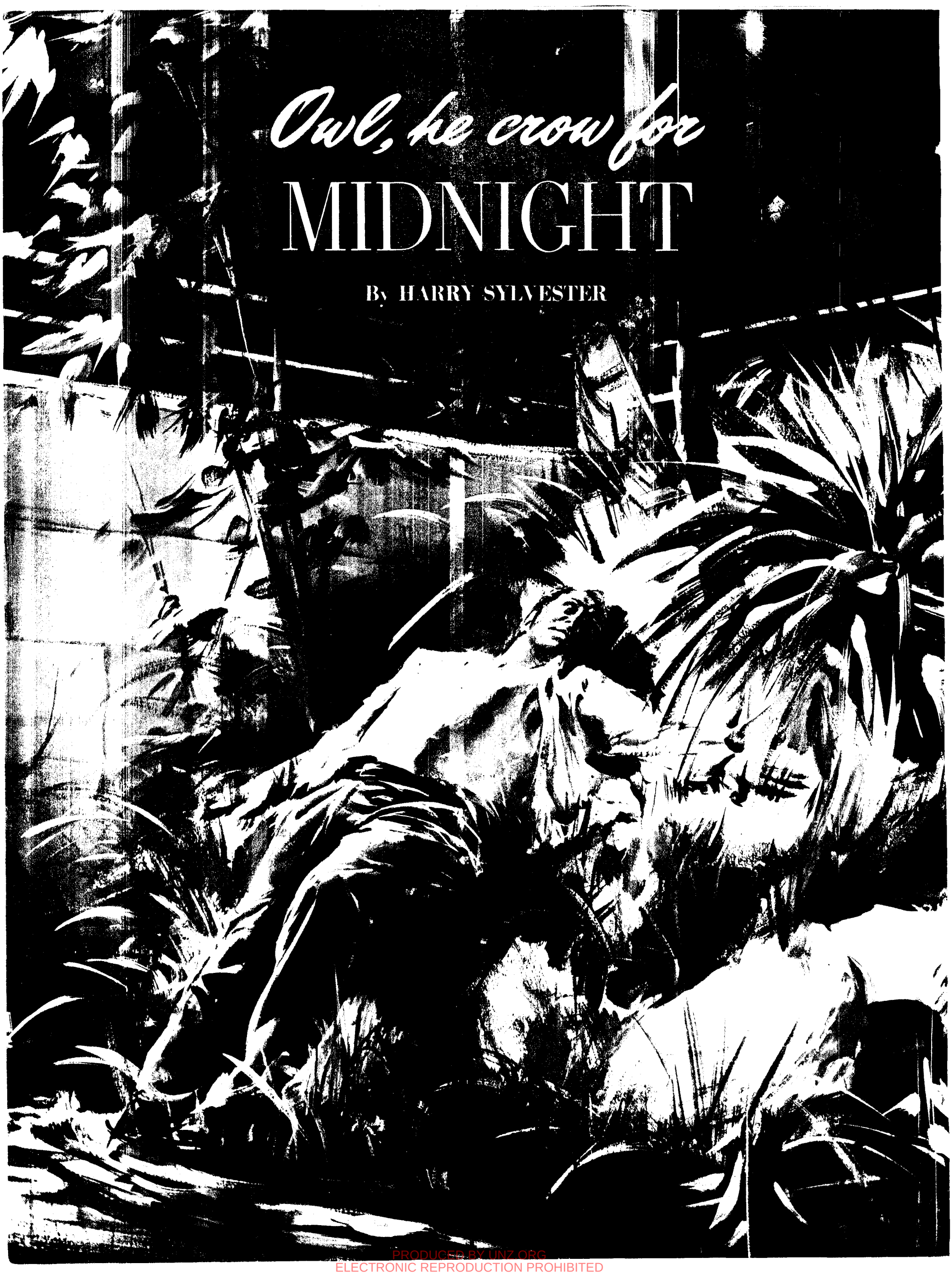
Owl, he crow for
MIDNIGHT

By HARRY SYLVESTER



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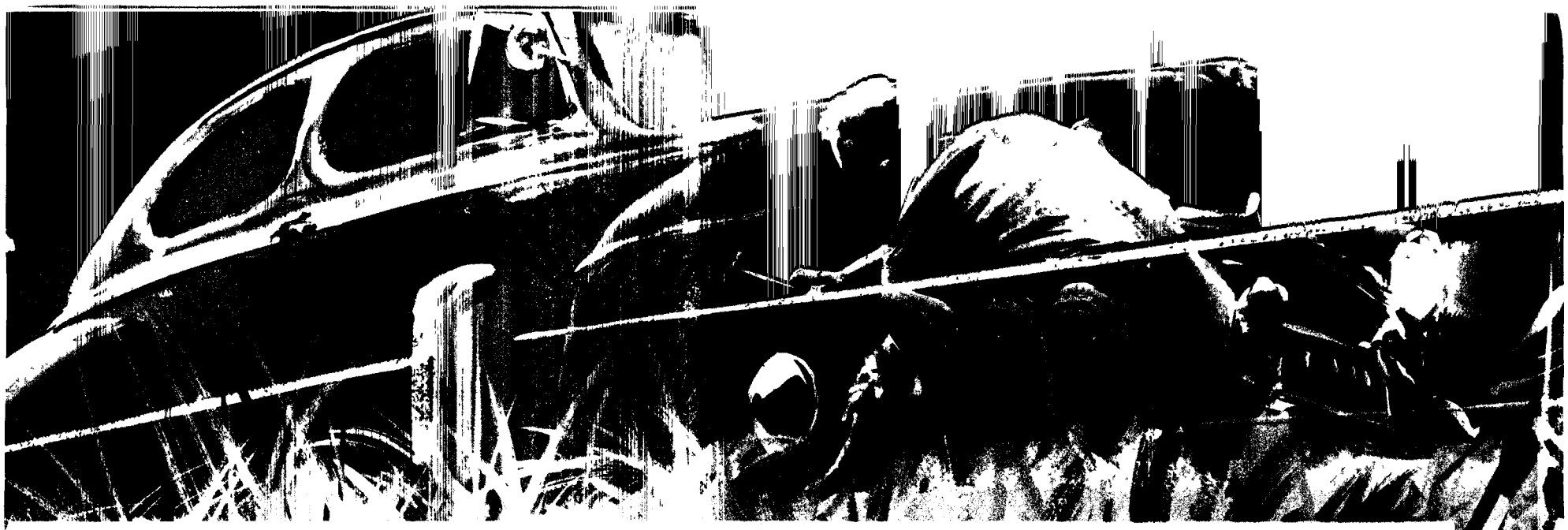

When he saw the pointed guns, Landis knew that now at last he was facing danger by choice and not by chance

NOW they were out of the mountains that ring the Tamaulipas plain and nearing the long, straight stretch of thirty miles that led to Nuevo Laredo and the border. The two children drowsed in the back seat of the sedan; and Landis' wife, sitting beside him in the front, grew troubled again at his silence. "Tired?"

He shook his head. "No more than usual at the end of a long day's drive."

"You didn't have to go at it quite so hard. You were really tramping on it."

"I want to get out of this country and into the States," he said.

By the time they could see the lights of the border cities, the mountains were almost out of sight, a black rugged edge against a wash of orange sky. Then the lights were coming at them across the plain and a darkness covered all the east. But Landis felt his spirit lift. Sensing the stir and change in him, Ruth said, "If you're still bothered by the publicity I think you're crazy."

He shook his head. "I don't think about it much. After all, if they want to give their correspondents publicity, who am I to stop them?"

"Who, indeed?" It was a feeble sarcasm, which she repented as soon as it was spoken. "I'm sorry," she said.

"I'm sure you are," Landis said. "It's nice to know how you feel about it, though."

After passing the customs, they drove through Laredo. The boys complained that they were hungry. "All right, we'll eat here," Landis said. "Then I think I'll drive on to San Antonio before we put up for the night."

"Do you really think you ought to?" Ruth said. "That's another hundred and fifty miles, which will make it about six hundred miles in one day. It's too much."

"Oh, all right," he said. "I suppose I just wanted to get as far as possible from the scene of my triumph."

Ruth didn't answer as they drove out of town. Tourist courts winked neon signs and Landis pulled into a small one because the night wind had brought from it the scent of some flower. They fed the children in the little restaurant there and got them to bed.

It was almost nine o'clock and he took a shower and put on a robe. A small kitchen divided the two bedrooms and when he came into it Ruth was sitting there reading a newspaper. Glancing over her shoulder, he saw it was one of the papers subscribing to the wire service for which he worked. He sat in a chair across from her and said, "I've been thinking maybe it would be a good idea for you and the kids to take a train or plane from San Antonio tomorrow and let me drive the rest of the way alone."

Stooping with the hammer in his hand, he thought he heard some change in the tone of the water in the ditch beside the road. He started to whistle

She hesitated before answering him. "It's going to cost more—for one thing. You mean you'd be happier?"

He shrugged. "I wouldn't have used that word exactly. It's only that we seem to be irritating each other and I don't think it's a good idea for it to go on in front of the kids. You could get home before me and have the house open. And you wouldn't have three or four days of cross-country driving."

"I see what you mean." She knew he sensed her acquiescence and deliberately she took advantage of whatever gratitude or satisfaction he might feel. "Tell me," she said, "just what happened that day in San Luis Potosí. You never did tell me, you know. You just said that you were mistaken for a peacemaker when you weren't, and your office made the most of it."

"Oh, hell!" he said. "It went like this—you are going to go by train, aren't you?"

"Yes." She almost smiled.

"It went like this. I was driving a Mexican army jeep through that back country with the U.S. cattle decontamination unit that was operating there. We'd heard there'd been trouble but we thought it was a long way ahead of us—you know how vague about distance they always are down there—and we weren't expecting much of anything when we drove out of one of these sort of glorified cowpaths—really just two ruts in the clay—into a clearing by a river. What we saw first were the government troops on the *other* side of the river and it wasn't until the soldiers began to shout to us that we saw the farmers. They were all around us and they were armed with just about everything, from single-shot rifles to machetes and pitchforks. It took me a little while to realize what they were.

"I sat there in the jeep and kept looking at them and my attention fixed itself on one thing and maybe that was what saved me, what did it. I kept looking at their faces and the surprise in them and thinking that they were as surprised as I was. And then I knew what had happened. I had stumbled into this group of armed farmers, the people we were supposed to persuade or coerce and who weren't being persuaded or coerced, but who were resisting the units and had even killed some of them.

"I knew I should be afraid and in a way I was but I just sat there, and one of them, some kind of *jefe,* came over and looked in the jeep and asked me where my gun was and I told him I was a newspaperman and didn't carry a gun and besides he should know by now that none of the decontamination units ever went armed. So he pointed to the soldiers across the river and I said that was something they'd brought on themselves in a way, and there were no soldiers in the decontamination unit I was with. So he said they were only defending their homes and their cattle because they'd heard the decontamination units were killing off their cattle to keep the price of beef high in the States.

"So I went into a long spiel—I guess I knew I was talking against time to save my own skin—about how the cattle were sick and they were going to be paid for them. I told him someone had lied to them. And then I noticed they were all standing around me and something had happened—I'm still not sure what—and the faces had relaxed. The *jefe* said they believed me because I'd come there unarmed and they'd go back to their villages if the troops would leave them alone.

"I started to say that my coming on them was sheer accident and then I realized that wouldn't help anyone. So I asked if the troops had fired on them at all and they said no and I said that the troops hadn't done much firing anyplace. And since they seemed disposed to believe me I told them about the lieutenant and the six soldiers who died in one village because the villagers, ignorant of the real purpose of the decontamination unit, had set on the seven men when they came into the village and the lieutenant and his men died without firing a shot because the lieutenant kept saying to his men: '*No tiré. No tiré.* Don't shoot, don't shoot.'"

Landis stopped talking. His eyes, which had closed while he spoke, remained closed and Ruth said, "First you were talking about some mythical 'us' and then you started talking about 'me.' You mean you were driving the jeep alone?"

Landis nodded. "I got lost from the unit. I didn't want to tell you."

She was silent and he opened his eyes to look at her. "I don't see what you're so ashamed of," she said. "It seems to me you did a brave thing."

"Only a woman could miss the point so badly," Landis said. "It was an accident. The whole damn' thing was an accident that happened to turn out well. When the wire service got hold of it they made it out to appear that I'd done what I did deliberately. I remember the Chicago headline: REPORTER ACTS AS PEACEMAKER; QUIETS INDIAN RISING. They left out that the reporter was scared to death and talked because there was nothing else he could do."

Ruth was silent for a moment. "Oh, you're a very pure guy," she said.

He reached over and kissed her. Ruth smiled and said, "You still want to go north alone?"

He hesitated hardly at all. "I think so. It'll be better for all of us."

"Okay," she said. "Whatever you say. Now you'd better get some sleep."

THEY were in San Antonio before noon the next day. Ruth and the two children left on a late-afternoon train for St. Louis and New York. Landis walked out of the station and into the yellowing sunlight. He got into the big, dust-stained sedan and without pausing or stopping for anything but traffic lights, went out on the road to Austin and Marshall.

He drove hard on the wide, almost empty roads and after dark stopped to eat a late supper. He was still not tired and he told himself that if he waited and tried to sleep he would *(Continued on page* 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KING

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Now that the businessmen work the year round at the business of spreading joy, they often visit crippled kids at the Shriners' Hospital

Clowns after Hours

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Businessmen in Minneapolis fairly jumped at the chance to play the part of clowns in the city's annual Aquatennial festival. That's how the Aqua Jesters, 100 strong, got started

AT SHRINERS' HOSPITAL in Minneapolis last year, ten-year-old Timmy remained completely paralyzed after a spinal operation that should have enabled him to walk. A "psychic block" the doctors called it; they couldn't cut it out of his mind.

Even when the clowns tumbled into the ward for their regular Christmas Eve show, Timmy stared rigidly at the ceiling. On their way out, the funmakers gathered around his bed.

"Look," said one, loosing a bunch of helium-filled balloons to soar to the ceiling.

Then, ever so slowly, he pulled them down by their long, floating strings.

At first only Timmy's eyes moved, then his head. When he finally managed to turn his body and reach for the balloons, a grin spread over his face.

"Betcha you aren't real clowns," he said, studying their faces, " 'cause real clowns wouldn't cry."

Timmy was at least half right. The clowns who bring holiday fun to invalids, old people and shut-ins throughout Minneapolis are not professionals but the town's leading business and professional men.

The Aqua Jesters, they call themselves. In clowning they have found a sure-fire way to take the puff out of stuffed shirts and to get rid of inhibitions—personal and civic. An after-dinner speaker who gets long-winded in Minneapolis is likely to be confronted by a hobo clown who wordlessly grabs his tie and snips it off just below the knot with a 15-inch shears.

When the master of ceremonies tries to intervene he runs headlong into a custard pie which another clown tips deftly into his face. Dignitaries who rise from the speakers' table in indignation or

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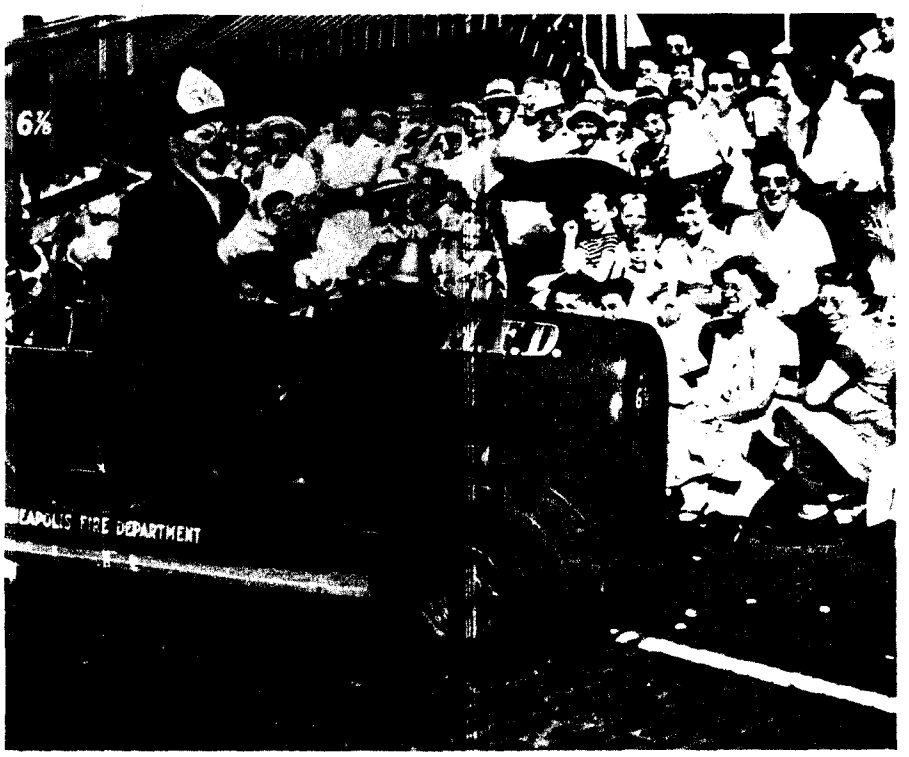
Pretty Minneapolis majorettes head up the band in the Aquatennial parade



Each year the Aqua Jesters give their big performance at the Aquatennial celebration. One of the "hick" clowns regales the crowd on the sidewalks

At luncheon Aqua Jesters meet to discuss stunts: (l. to r.) Elmer Anderson, John Louis, Hal Anderson, Paul Segner, Chief Jester Al Benzick (at window)

alarm are picked off by streams from water pistols.

Along about this point a six-foot-four-inch "beauty queen" with red wig, high-heeled shoes and a hairy patch of chest above "her" low-necked evening gown seizes the occasion to deposit a wet and crimson kiss on every bald head in sight. Just in case anybody's foolhardy enough to go on with the prepared speeches, he's quickly discouraged by a posse of clown constables who charge into the hall banging away with six-shooters loaded with blanks.

By the time the smoke clears away, the meeting has usually turned into a party and even total strangers feel drawn together in a common bond—"like survivors of a shipwreck," Vice-President Barkley told his luncheon hosts last summer after being doused by spray from a trick umbrella.

The idea of making clowning a civic enterprise was originated three years ago by editors of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune who were bent on figuring out a new stunt for the big parade which opens the city's annual Aquatennial celebration. The festival is a kind of midwestern Mardi Gras, with canoe derbies, water carnivals and fancy-dress balls.

There were plenty of bands, floats and pretty girls each year, but very little that appealed specifically to kids. This was an oversight they wanted to correct, so Bill Steven, managing editor of the Tribune, suggested circus clowns and elephants. But a little research revealed that, even if the talent and the animals were available during the summer months when the circuses are on tour, the cost for rental would have been high; and prohibitive if the city were to hire a large enough number to make a splash in the four-mile-long parade.

"Why not develop clowns of our own?" asked Gideon Seymour, the Star and Tribune's executive editor.

Cautiously, Steven, Seymour and Lloyd Borg, the papers' public relations director, sounded out the local businessmen, who jumped at the chance and turned out to be the hit of the parade.

Too Many Wanted to Join Jesters

After that there was no stopping them. So many wanted to join that the Aqua Jesters incorporated themselves as a club and limited membership to 100, of which 85 do the actual clowning while the others help with costumes, gags and equipment. Nobody gets paid. The Star and Tribune underwrites expenses, which run around $3,500 a year.

Clowning, like ballet dancing, is an ancient and complex art that requires more than youthful exuberance to put it across.

Frank Cary, a local insurance man with years of experience as a professional clown, got the Jesters off to a good start with advice on costumes, make-up and stunts.

The job of whipping tired businessmen into a company of seasoned troupers was handed to community chest public relations director John Louis, the former stage director of the University of Minnesota Playhouse.

At monthly meetings where the Jesters try out new stunts on one another, the only rule Louis insists on is:

"Keep it clean and uncomplicated."

It's up to the Jesters to create their own clown faces, costumes and personalities, and they're always on the lookout for new ideas. When the circus comes to town, they go backstage to talk with the professionals and study their techniques. The public library and the one at the university have obligingly compiled a special clown bibliography and borrowed rare books on the subject from other libraries.

The Jesters haven't invented any new clown types. They say you can't. But they haven't neglected any of the old stand-bys, either.

The most common basic types include the "neat" clown, whose make-up traditionally consists of straight black and white paint with a few touches of red; the "august" character, whose trade-mark is arched eyebrows; the "tramp" or sad sack; the "bucktooth" or moronic *(Continued on page 60)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

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Champion of Sonora

By MATT ROBERTS

The first and only time in any ring! In this corner—El Supremo, the spider big enough to attack a horse. And in *this* corner—a horse

HE average Mexican, if asked, would probably point in the general direction of west and say that Sonora is out toward where the sun goes down. And this happened in Sonora in that late summertime when the birds and insects seem to be going through a sort of annual migration. Actually, they do not really migrate; probably they just are looking for a new home in which to spend the unpredictable winter that falls on that part of Mexico.

In any event, there were myriads of the large spiders known as the *araña pica caballo*—the "spider that's big enough to attack a horse"—scurrying around; and that was a good sign because, as is well known, a large movement of these spiders means a wet season, fat and healthy cows, fat and healthy babies, and plenty of green grass.

The stranger clutched a tin can—carrying it as though it held TNT

Two other rather related incidents can also be used to define the time when this occurred. First, it was then that the bandit known as Juan Largo was operating in those parts; and it was about that time that the stranger rode up to Rancho Mi Cielo Azul—or My Blue Heaven Ranch, and a blue heaven it certainly was.

The stranger, or El Extranjero, as this one continued to be called, was first noticed from afar by the ranch owner's wife, Buenavista, because of the peculiar way in which he sat on his horse. It definitely was not the careless but graceful posture assumed by the born rider, either American or Mexican. When he got closer it was seen that the stranger had his left arm outstretched, and when he was still closer the interested observers at the rancho saw that he had a large tin can clutched in his left hand. He gave the impression that the can was packed with TNT and that he didn't want it any closer to his body than necessary.

The ranch hands held their breath and took another look at the stranger. He could have been fifty or sixty, and he was wearing battered chaps, faded dungarees and shirt, and a sombrero that had seen much better days. But one quickly skipped over the clothes; it was the face that held the interest—lean, gaunt, with a curved nose, and a grayish-tan mustache, drooping at the corners. His eyes were black and squinted and burning and they seemed to look right through and past the gathered *vaqueros*, whose immediate impression was that here in person was the bandit, Juan Largo. This was furthered when they saw a pair of shiny gun butts protruding from his holsters.

But Don Francisco, the owner of the ranch, was completely fascinated by the can. Still looking at it, he asked: "Pray be so kind, stranger, what is it—dynamite?"

The stranger nodded under his dirty sombrero. "*Sí, señor,* in a sense it is dynamite—and his name is El Supremo."

"Eh? What is this you say?"

"Ah, yes! El Supremo himself. Champion of Sonora and of northern Mexico—in fact, champion of the world."

The cowboys were curious; Don Francisco snorted in a disdainful way, and the visitor slid his long, lean frame off his horse without releasing his danger hold on the can. The hands crowded up for a closer look and then drew back. The owner snorted again, defiantly. The tin can seemed to be about as full of *araña pica caballo* as it could be. There was nothing else to see. He was a great, brownish fellow with a stripe of darker brown down the middle of his back.

"The champion of the world, gentlemen—if I may say so with modesty," said the stranger.

And that's how it started. Don Francisco, himself the owner of champions, could of course allow no claim of championship to go unchallenged. He reached into his pocket and brought out a large roll of Banco de Mexico notes, from which he extracted five twenty-peso bills. The underpaid ranch hands breathed a long sigh.

"With your permission, *señor,*" said Don Francisco, "I would challenge your statement that this fellow is truly the champion of the world, or even Sonora. Furthermore, I will back my belief to the extent of a wager of one hundred pesos."

"I will cover you, *señor,* as the *Americanos* say," was the answer of the stranger. So saying he took out a roll of his own and peeled off a hundred-peso bill. Don Francisco raised the ante fifty pesos and sent the cowboys to hunt up some big spiders. When they returned bearing specimens, the largest, most vicious-looking one was chosen as the representative of Rancho Mi Cielo Azul. Gordito, the cook, brought a washtub from the cookhouse and both spiders were forthwith dumped into it. The excitement of battle and the fever of gambling were in the air. The cowboys were making fifty-centavo and one-peso bets among themselves, the money being about equally divided between the two contestants.

But there wasn't any fight—at least, not at first. Then El Supremo wheeled around, walked over casually, and looked at the challenger with what was probably contempt. The other spider having never been in a contest of this sort, seemed to have stage fright or buck fever or both, but in spite of it he took a decided interest in El Supremo. He circled cautiously and maneuvered to the front where he could gaze into his opponent's multifaceted eyes.

It began to look like no contest.

AT THAT point Don Francisco took hold of the edge of the tub, lifted it up, and banged it on the ground. This move lifted the big spiders into the air and crashed them into the side of the tub. Each blamed the other and they came out fighting.

The action was too fast to follow by eye except as a series of blurs. At times there seemed to be just one big furry ball rolling around in the tub. The fight lasted for a full two minutes and then, suddenly, all was quiet again. El Supremo walked to the side of the tub, casually, and began scratching his forehead with his left hind leg. The challenger was in several separate pieces. The stranger reached for the money.

"You see, men," he said in a gloating tone, "it is as I said. It is with good reason that my little pet is called El Supremo." He paused for a moment. "By the way, *señor,*" he added, turning to Don Francisco, "my eyes rest easily on this beautiful rancho and I was thinking in *(Continued on page 74)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT J. LEE

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The spiders were dumped in the tub and the cowboys watched the fight, after making bets among themselves

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SOVFOTO

Marshal Zhukov (arrow) watches stiffly as British infantry pass in review during the Allies' Berlin parade celebrating Japan's defeat

My 4-YEAR WAR *with the Reds*

By BRIG. GEN. FRANK HOWLEY with COLLIE SMALL

Being the account of the running battle of Berlin with our "Red ally" which opened with the close of World War II

Under joint Allied control, war-weary Berlin again took on the aspect of a battleground. General Howley, former American commandant in Berlin, reports the amazing developments of 1945 which revealed the Russians, not the Germans, as our enemies. The shooting began on the streets, tension had reached the breaking point at the council tables of the Kommandatura; the city faced a hungry winter, with food suddenly becoming a pawn in the Soviet Union's political game. General Howley's dramatic account throws new light on this shocking chapter of the world's history

PART THREE OF FIVE PARTS

IN THE dossiers which the Russians keep on their "enemies," I am listed as "moody." I am not exactly sure what the Russians mean by "moody," but I think they should also classify me as "long-suffering." It took four years of dealing with them in Berlin to reconcile me finally to the absolute futility of trying to be friends with them. Nevertheless, I will confess that mine is a dubious brand of patience and I will also confess that it almost gave way on the afternoon of August 9, 1945.

Three days before, on August 6th, the United States had dropped the first atom bomb on Hiroshima. Two days later, with monumental hypocrisy, Russia declared war on Japan, already a hopelessly defeated nation. The following day, August 9th, there was a meeting in Berlin of the Allied Kommandatura, the four-power council which governed the city. Somewhat witlessly I suggested to General Floyd Parks, then the American commandant in Berlin, that he congratulate Colonel General Gorbatov, the Russian commandant, on the Soviet declaration of war.

Parks agreed. The temptation to be caustic was great, but the remarks he addressed to Gorbatov at the beginning of the meeting were typically gracious. Gorbatov's reply was typically Russian.

"Russia always lives up to her agreements," he said, smugly ignoring both the compliment and an impressive string of his own broken promises in Berlin. "Declaring war on Japan was simply one of the agreements we have with our Allies." Gorbatov then turned to the papers in front of him, indicating that he had nothing else to say.

Parks and I looked at each other and gritted our teeth. Mentally we chalked up another error for even trying to be nice to a Russian.

Several weeks later the incomparable General George S. Patton echoed the thoughts of nearly everyone in Berlin. This time Parks had proposed that a big international parade be held to celebrate the victory over the Japanese. The Russians, as usual, suspected political maneuvering on our part and so referred the suggestion to Marshal Zhukov, their supreme commander in Germany. Zhukov fairly leaped at the idea.

Zhukov, in fact, felt the parade was so important that General Eisenhower, France's General Koenig and Britain's Field Marshal Montgomery should come to Berlin for it. Zhukov also suggested that someone should make a speech—and, having proposed no one else, finally consented to make it himself.

There were irritating delays and petty squabbles, but the details were finally ironed out. The parade would be held in September, down the Unter den Linden. Each nation would limit itself to 1,000 soldiers and 100 vehicles, the type of vehicles not specified.

There may have been other parades like it, but I doubt it. Few Berliners, of course, felt equal to digesting an Allied victory parade at that dismal moment in German history, but thousands of Allied soldiers lined the boulevard as spectators. Although Eisenhower, Koenig and Montgomery were unable to attend, Zhukov was there in all his glory.

The Russian commander wore new robin's-egg blue trousers with yellow stripes, topped off with a dark green blouse and a bright red sash. A complete collection of Soviet medals dangled from an immense brass plate which gave the appearance of having been riveted to his chest. The medals, which hung down to his waist and jingled musically when he walked, took up so much space that in the emergency he hung one decoration, a gold saucer affair, on his right hip.

Standing next to Zhukov and representing General Eisenhower was General Patton. Patton was dressed in a simple battle jacket with only a few ribbons, but his gleaming boots and helmet outshone all Zhukov's medals. Zhukov stood in the center of the platform, jealously guarding his position, and each time that Patton shifted his feet, Zhukov eyed him nervously and moved nearer the front of the platform. In the end his rather expansive stomach was hanging indelicately over the rail.

The less said about the speech, the better. Zhukov was never drearier, and that is saying a lot. The only bright spot in the entire monologue was offered by Margaret Bourke-White, the photographer, whose flashing skirts and silk-stockinged legs completely distracted the *(Continued on page 70)*

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So You Had a

By HANNAH LEES

It's become fashionable for folks to say they've been ill with "a virus infection," but when they use the phrase, most Americans are really saying they don't know what hit 'em

SOONER or later, as winter creeps on, you'll meet someone you haven't seen for a while. When you ask where he's been keeping himself, he'll tell you with proud pathos, "I've been really sick. The doctor said I had a virus."

If you don't value his friendship you may reply this way: "Too bad; what was it? Hydrophobia, mumps, measles, pneumonia or fever blisters?" And you'd be accurate, though tactless, if you went right on: "Or was it hepatitis, shingles, smallpox, trachoma, polio, influenza or just a bad cold in the head, old man?" By then you'll have named a good many of the known virus diseases, and your erstwhile friend will have moved on to tell his troubles to someone more sympathetic and less informed.

Any attempt to be informed about virus diseases has admittedly been uphill work until just recently. A virus was, practically by definition, the little germ that wasn't there. So doctors got into the bad habit of calling any transmittable infection for which they couldn't immediately find the cause a virus infection, or more cozily sometimes, merely plain "virus." Easy? Sure; and impressive, too. Only it doesn't mean anything.

Just this fall, baseball star Joe DiMaggio's picture was on the front page of a number of newspapers because he'd just been "Stricken," said the headline, "with a Virus Infection." His doctor "did not identify the virus infection but merely said it should run its course in about a week."

So what did Joe have? "Mumps, measles, pneumonia . . .?" It later developed that he did, in fact, have a mild form of pneumonia.

Too many viruses can be called by name today—a family name if not a first name. And the experts know enough about some to write detailed biographies of them. A lot of what they know almost anybody can understand. Want to be a virus expert and embarrass your doctor? Just keep reading.

Everybody knows what bacteria are. Bacteria give you boils and whooping cough and scarlet fever and typhoid fever, among other things. You can see bacteria under a microscope, so *they're* not mysterious. And viruses are no more mysterious than bacteria, really. Most of them are just too small to be seen under any ordinary microscope; and many are too small to be caught in any filter; so small, in fact, that they have to be measured in millimicrons. A millimicron is a millionth of a millimeter, and a millimeter is a twenty-fifth of an inch. Pretty small.

Viruses aren't all the same size. Some of them are 50 times as big as others. But even then they're smaller than anything else that can make you sick. A lot smaller. Most of them have never been seen at all, but a few of the bigger ones have been photographed by the electron microscope and have turned out to have as much individuality in shape as in size.

The smallpox virus, which is large as viruses go —measuring some 250 millimicrons—is shaped just like a piece of candy-coated gum. The flu virus is smaller and looks like pearl tapioca. The mumps virus resembles tapioca too, but it's a little larger. Other viruses, ones you're not so likely to harbor, look like grated coconut or tadpoles or little cubes of crystal.

All viruses are parasites. Any lab worker can grow bacteria in gelatin or broth, the way you'd grow ivy on your window sill. But not viruses. They only grow luxuriantly if they get right inside the cells of some living tissue. And once they've burrowed into a cell, they settle down and become part of the cell.

This presents a pretty problem to both doctors and research workers. It's hard to find a drug that will kill the virus without killing the cell. And since viruses not only demand living tissue to grow but are extremely choosy about what living tissue they'll grow in, they haven't been exactly easy to study in the laboratory.

The cold virus is a fine example of this. A cold in the head is the very commonest virus infection you can have, though you'd sound pretty silly calling it that. And the reason we still know so little about it isn't that no one has bothered. It's that the only experimental animal who seems to catch cold is the chimpanzee.

Chimpanzees are both scarce and expensive, about $600 a chimp, so most of the work has had to be done on human volunteers, who are both cheaper and more plentiful. But you can't cut them up, or put them in cages and isolate them. And it's almost impossible to do a useful experiment on any animal if it's around being exposed to all sorts of other germs at the same time.

England Tries Out a "Cold Camp"

Maybe you've heard about the way the National Research Council in England has tried to solve this little problem by establishing a honeymoon camp. They've been offering a free week of luxurious solitude to any couple willing to substitute for the chimpanzees. All the couple has to do is stay shut up by themselves and catch cold by carefully controlled methods. This has proved to be an attractive offer in austerity-ridden England. The research council has had plenty of experimental material, but all they've found out so far is that the common cold is caused by a virus, which they already knew, or maybe by several different viruses, which they already suspected.

A much bigger though infinitely less romantic step toward licking the common cold has been made during the last few months at the National Institute of Health in Bethesda, Maryland. They've managed there to grow the cold virus in chick embryos.

You may not find this hot news, but virologists do. It means that, for the first time in virus history, research workers will have all the pure, fresh cold virus they need to experiment with. It means they can stop worrying about expensive chimpanzees and uncageable humans. It may actually mean the beginning of the end of the common cold in the human head. Meanwhile, of course, you and I and everyone else will go right on catching our two and a half colds a year and wishing when we do that we were some lower, but more immune, form of animal.

The chances are that most people who have "a virus" have something a little more exciting than a cold in the head—probably flu, because flu can make you very sick indeed. But why don't they call it that? Any virus diagnostic laboratory in the country will be glad to study a specimen and tell a doctor for free whether his patient has flu or not, and usually what type of flu besides.

To virologists it's almost as loose lingo just to say you have "flu" as to say you have a "virus." To you and me, when we're aching in bed with fever, it doesn't matter, maybe. But it does to virologists, it does to our communities, and sometimes it does to the whole world. Here are a few of the reasons why.

Flu Epidemics Can Be Predicted

Influenza always is potentially epidemic. Virologists have learned when to expect these epidemics, and can even predict them. If they find a good many isolated cases of a certain kind of flu cropping up in the spring and summer, it's almost sure to mean at least a mild epidemic that fall.

In the summer of 1943, scientists working in the laboratories of western Army hospitals found an unusual number of cases of flu, all of the same type. They reported this to the Surgeon General in Washington and word promptly went out for the entire Army to take flu shots. As a result, the Army had practically no flu, while the rest of the country had a good-size epidemic.

There are two common types of influenza virus which virologists catalogue as A and B. They act alike in the laboratory and make you sick in very much the same way. But being immunized to influenza A doesn't make you immune to influenza B, nor vice versa. Both types have to be included in any vaccine. And what makes flu such a particular headache is that new strains of either type are constantly cropping up.

One of the more famous Eastern boys' schools had a bad epidemic three winters ago. Two hundred and seventy boys out of some 520 came down within a period of two weeks with what acted just like flu.

This was very discouraging to the school doctor because that fall he'd given practically all the boys flu shots, including both types A and B. Either the epidemic wasn't flu or the flu vaccine wasn't any good.

He sent some specimens to the virus diagnostic laboratory of the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia to try to find out. There are some 10 or a dozen labs in the country devoted exclusively to the work of identifying one virus from another, but the one at the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia is where most of the information in this article comes from.

In two days the lab was able to tell him it was flu all right. There was nothing wrong with the vaccine. This was just something new in flu virus, a subtype of A which had better be added to standard flu vaccines from now on. The school found the information very interesting, but decided, if that sort of thing could happen, what was the use of giving flu shots? They didn't. And the next year they had no flu.

But flu only reaches epidemic proportions every two or four or six years. The following year, when they again didn't give flu *(Continued on page 80)*

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Valley of

Continuing the story

The Story: Young JOHN MARLAND came to the rich Mother Lode country of California under the shadow of an old mistake. A brilliant engineer, the handsome Marland was blacklisted on most dam projects because of a scandal involving a woman. In spite of this, he had been given a job by ROGER HEATH, chief utilities engineer for the city of San Francisco. Heath hired him as a levelman and sent him to the Tom River Valley, where surveying for a multiple-purpose dam was under way. But Marland's real job was to find out what person or persons were trying to sabotage the building of the dam. LON BROCK, Heath's chief survey engineer, had reported that the damsite the city wanted was unsuitable—and Heath knew that the report was falsified, since he himself had tested the site. Heath suspected that Brock had been bribed. Under the name of JOHN LYNCH, Marland went to Tomtown, a village that had been a notoriously lawless mining camp during the gold rush of 1849 and outwardly had changed very little in a hundred years. Marland met WARNER LYONS, the richest and most powerful man in the valley, and won his friendship by helping him out in a brawl with racketeers at Foothill House, a gambling saloon owned by Lyons. Marland got a lift out to the surveying camp in a car belonging to SHERMAN ARMSBY, JR., whose father owned most of the land in the valley, including the damsite. Also in the car were JANET ARMSBY, Sherman's beautiful sister, to whom Marland was strongly attracted; and yellow-haired VIRGINIA KANE, a friend of the Armsbys. From their conversation, Marland learned that the Armsbys were hard up, and that Sherman hoped to persuade Lyons to finance the reopening of the Magyar, the mine which had created the original

Marland pulled Janet to him again, holding her forcibly and kissing her once, hard

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the TYRANT

By DICK PEARCE

of a man's fight for his career and the love of a headstrong girl

Armsby fortune. At the surveying camp Marland reported to Lon Brock, who—merely to assert his authority—picked a fight and knocked Marland unconscious. Some days later, Marland went "prospecting" with AIREDALE JOE, the camp cook, who amused himself by trying to pan gold in the Tom River. Wandering away from Joe, Marland began using his engineer's skill to test rocks. Just after he had broken a rock, he looked up to see Janet Armsby watching him.

PART TWO OF FOUR PARTS

RETURNING his stare, Janet waited for him to speak. Marland turned away from her deliberately and squatted to examine the rock. The boulder he had dropped had chipped away some of the surface weathering, showing the lighter green of the hard meta-andesite. No other result of the blow was apparent. He retrieved his frying pan and walked up the slope toward Janet. His eyes appreciated the walking skirt that wrapped her hips snugly and showed the flat leanness of her stomach. Her hair was caught up in a band of something bright red. Her gaze, meeting his steadily, was curiously intent.

"What were you doing?" she demanded.

"Playing forty-niner."

She indicated the frying pan. "With a skillet?"

He raised the frying pan, studying it as though he had never seen it before. "It does look a little like a skillet, doesn't it? But it's really a miner's pan, you know."

Her eyes showed no answering amusement. "Were you panning that big rock you were trying to break?"

"In a way, yes. I found some rich colors in the river straight below there, and I thought they might have come from a pocket up on this slope somewhere."

"If there were any gold here, my great-grandfather would have found it," Janet pointed out. "And if he missed it, some one of ten thousand other men would have found it."

He shrugged. "It's good exercise."

"Does Lon Brock know you're doing this?" she asked.

"I didn't ask him."

"Then perhaps you had better."

"Why?"

"We had to give the city an option on our property, Mr. Lynch, because we had no choice. But the option certainly doesn't say that every workman the city sends up here can wander over it as he pleases."

The tartness in her voice made him wonder fleetingly if she were just bad-tempered and small. But then he realized that she was speaking out of an underlying discord of mind that held her before she came upon him. Behind it, he thought, was an uncertainty of some kind; it was almost like fear. Then she added, "If you *are* a workman. And if your name *is* Lynch."

He made a rueful face. "My disguise has been penetrated. I'm really a game warden, taking the black bear census."

This time she smiled, too, but not with humor. "I was looking right down at you when you were on the river, and you didn't use that—that miner's pan. I watched you go back and forth when you were climbing up here. You were looking for something, and it wasn't gold and it wasn't black bears. Just what are you?"

Her blouse was unbuttoned almost to her skirt, as though she had grown warm while walking and opened it for coolness. She saw his eyes go there; her fingers quickly found the buttons. He said, "No harm in looking."

"You can stop that right now. I don't scare, and I can yell loud enough to raise my house. Besides, Warner Lyons didn't include that in his orders to you, I'm sure."

She was watching him closely for a reaction, and he wondered if he showed one. If he did, it was surprise, and that perhaps was just what she might expect.

He said, "Were you headed toward your house?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall walk part way with you." Without waiting for her assent he took her elbow and turned her firmly, feeling the momentary rebellion before she moved out. He said, "What makes you think I'm working for Warner Lyons?"

"Aren't you?"

He grinned. "This will get us nowhere, Miss Armsby. I asked first."

She was silent for a time, then burst out, "It has to be him. There isn't anybody else."

"Yes, there is. The city of San Francisco."

She misunderstood him as he had intended that she should. "You're not a levelman," she said confidently. "I saw the man who had your job before you, and heard him talk. He would never have told me to give 'the sharper aspect' of my tongue to Sherman. That gave you away the first time I saw you."

"Levelmen are not illiterates. I've even been to college."

"I know."

"So you've talked to Brock about me. Did you tell him I'm working for Lyons?"

"No, but I think I shall."

"Let's assume you're right. What is Lyons interested in here?"

She stopped and faced him. "That's what I want to know from you. You're taking his money for a dirty job. You'll take mine for a dirtier job. How much"—she faltered, then went on strongly—"how much do you want for telling me what he's really after?"

"How much do you have?"

"Not much."

"How much?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"You live in that mansion and own this whole river valley and you can raise only five hundred dollars?"

He saw the hotness come again into her eyes. She bowed her head. When she raised it again her gaze was steady, her voice *(Continued on page 45)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BRUSSTAR

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A GAME of SKILL

By MACK MORRISS

Any man, Ed thought, wants to get out of the house sometimes, even if he loves his home and loves his wife

ED KEOGH brushed the lock of hair from his eyes again with his left hand. It was a gesture of nervous concentration. Then he rifled the fifteen ball into the side pocket. Charlie grinned, flipped a dime for the game onto the green table and turned to the cue rack.

"That's enough of that," he said. "I know when I'm outclassed. For a comparative beginner, you're about to become the village shark."

Ed racked his own cue and with unconscious motion ran both hands through his hair. Then he dusted his palms, slapping them together carelessly.

"It may not be as elegant, but pool relaxes me more than golf," he said. "After we shoot a while I'm all right, but I come in here so keyed up sometimes that I have to use a fistful of talc to get the stick sliding between my fingers."

Charlie looked at his watch. "It's after twelve," he said. "We been in here three hours and a half."

Ed did not speak at once. Then he said, "We really shouldn't have played so long. I told Meg I wouldn't be late. She won't—"

He did not finish the sentence. There was no point in discussing family affairs in a poolhall, not even with a man's closest friend. There was no point in it at all, when the difficulties were as submerged and unfathomable as those between himself and Meg. "Good night, Charlie," he said abruptly.

Charlie grinned. "If I ever get back to Naples, they'll never believe what I'm going to tell a couple of young ladies about you."

"That was my brunette period, dogface," Ed said. "This is a blonde. And she's for keeps. That's what we promised the man, anyway, if I remember."

As he walked home, deliberately without haste, he went over it all again. It must have been six months ago when, after the kids were in bed and asleep, he had suddenly wanted to be alone for a while one night. Any man, he reasoned, wants to get out of the house sometimes: it's not a question of enjoying home life or loving his wife. It's just that a man likes to get out, to think about other things, or about nothing at all.

For a long time there had been nothing to think about but the mechanics of living—the job during the day, the house and its functions at night. Saturday afternoons, of course, there was golf. But it seemed that Meg resented even that, as an encroachment of some kind on her rights as a wife. There was always a pressure, unspoken, always a silent unwillingness to let him go his own way, even for a little while.

It had not been there at first, Ed remembered; but now he felt it strongly, as if a band had been tightened around his body and its tension slowly but inexorably increased.

His mind suddenly returned to the fifteen ball and the shot into the side pocket, hard so that the click of the ivorylike balls was loud and the sound of the heavy ball against the leather padding was solid and forceful. It was satisfying, the sure path of the white cue ball toward the maroon-striped fifteen and then the *thwuck* of the leather at the pocket. There were no submerged issues here—the ball pocketed or it did not. It was a matter of the relative positions of the two spheres, and the skill with which one was directed toward the other at precisely the correct angle of approach. Pool was a game of skill, no question about that; skill producing definite, tangible results.

But it was late.

MEG was in the kitchen, reading at the breakfast table. Why is it, Ed wondered with sudden tenderness, that a woman who spends so much time in a kitchen will sit there when there's nothing else to do in the house?

Ed walked into the neat, clean-smelling room, feeling the new wax on the linoleum under his feet. He bent and touched Meg's face, holding her chin up in the cup of his fingers.

"I'm sorry, honey," he said. "I didn't realize it was so late. I was down at the Palace with Charlie again, and—"

He did not realize at once that she had slapped him. Then he did not speak.

Meg spoke very softly. "Please don't come close to me," she said. "It's nauseous—it makes me positively sick."

Ed stared at her, silent. He stood erect, gazing stupidly at her colorless face.

Her voice changed then. It cut. "Don't you realize," Meg said, "that the odor of cheap perfume lingers for hours, even when it's been rubbed off on somebody else? I must say, I can't congratulate your girl friend on her taste, whatever her other virtues may be."

"Meg!"

"Please, Ed. I know. I've known for months, for six months—from the first night. 'I won't be late,' you say. 'I'll only be a little while, with *Charlie*.' And when you come home you reek. I can even smell it in your hair, when you've gone to sleep. Do you hold her face in your hands, Ed, the way you used to hold mine? And does she rest her cheek on your forehead, the way I did?"

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

Ed felt the beginning of a smile, and Meg saw the beginning of it.

Then she sobbed.

"Ed, Ed. I thought we were always going to be in love. With the children I was sure of it. I've done everything I could—everything—to keep you interested in us, in the house, in living a happy married life since you came back. It must be my fault; I guess I haven't been a skillful wife. But I couldn't have believed it would be like this—with you and some cheap little—"

He caught her as she started past, not wanting to laugh now. He looked down at her, small in a maroon-striped house coat, and spoke with concentration.

"I guess I haven't been very skillful myself, honey," he said.

She did not answer.

From the nursery came the first hesitant sounds of a child's night-crying, and he felt Meg move in response to it. He released her and ran a hand through his hair.

"Meg!" he called, and she stopped at the sound of his voice. "Meg, when she's asleep again, do you think it will be too late for you to give me a shampoo?"

She looked at him quickly, eyes dulled with crying.

"What was the old arrangement," he asked, "one shampoo from you for one night's doing the dishes from me? Wasn't there some kind of bonus for the broiler? I can hardly remember. Surely that thing's not as hard to scrub as it used to be."

SHE turned toward the nursery without answering. Ed spoke again. "I'm not being very skillful now, either, am I, honey? I need more practice, that's all. But I want to explain something to you, about that stuff you mistook for perfume—"

"You can get it at any ten-cent store, Ed," Meg said wearily.

"Yes, honey. But I get it from a dispenser on the wall, like soap. It's just a low-grade talcum powder we rub on our hands. It dries the skin so the cue won't stick to our fingers when we shoot."

Meg was silent for a moment. Ed waited for the smile he knew must come. "Couldn't you use something else after tonight, Ed?" she said, smiling.

"After tonight, honey," he said, "I won't need to. I think I've been concentrating on the wrong game."

THE END

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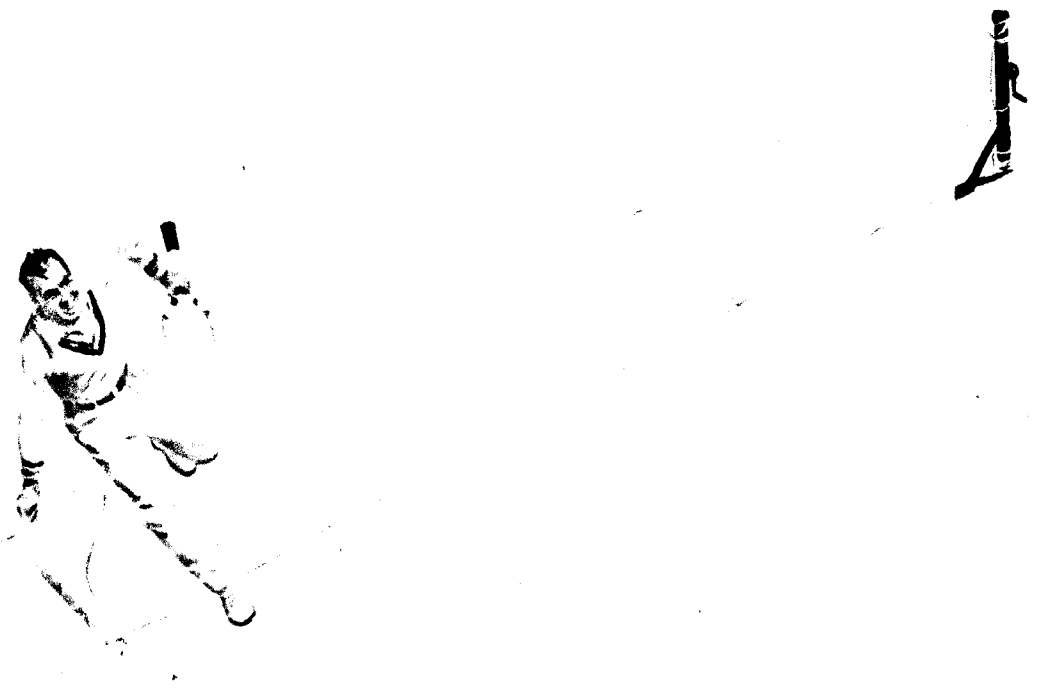
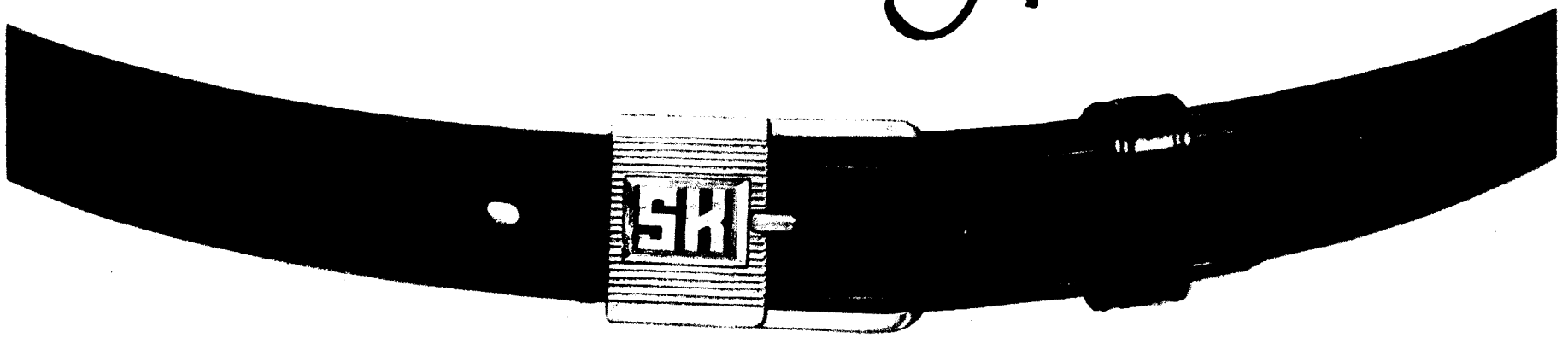


The Winning Set



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Down with the LITTLE THINGS

By LOYD ROSENFIELD

EVER since the turn of the century women have continued their gradual encroachment on man's position in the world of business, the arts, and even politics. Women achieve much of their ever-ascending dominance by making men look silly, by expecting them to do the little things society has come to accept as common courtesy.

There is only one of these little things I can think of that is slowly disappearing from the scene. That is letting the ladies off the elevator first. It was once a simple job when there were few women in our office buildings, but it finally reached the point where a man in the front end of an elevator looked as though he were dodging a rock slide when the door opened and women started going around, over, under and between him.

Following are several more of the many little things I feel should be permanently discarded in order that we men may at least retain the shreds of self-respect today's women have left us:

(1) *Lighting the ladies' cigarettes.*

Women started smoking because it made them feel more on a par with men. Why, then, should men condone the attitude that the female smoker is too weak to scratch a match or lift a lighter? Women always want men to light their cigarettes at the most awkward times—during the most exciting moments of a football game, speeding at sixty miles an hour down an expressway, walking against a gale during a rainstorm on Fifth Avenue, or when the men are all on one side of the room talking business.

They have the most irritating ways of getting the

Yet the man is supposed to light it

things lighted, too. There is the ceiling pointer, who always tilts her cigarette straight up as though she were getting ready to join a torchlight parade. In lighting up this type I have singed many an eyebrow from blonde to brunette. Then there is the floor flusher, who leans over and points her cigarette straight down. Finally there is the bob-and-blabber, who keeps her cigarette jumping up and down with a steady line of chatter while the man is supposed to be lighting it.

(2) *Helping ladies out of cars.*

Any woman who can open and close the front door of her house is capable of opening and closing

Suddenly, a gorgeous off-the-shoulder blonde sweeps in

a car door. Yet, in the middle of a busy parking lot during the theater rush she will invariably sit there immobile until the man darts around through traffic and tenderly opens the door for her. She then gets one foot on the ground, the other in the middle of the front seat and slithers out. I think if we showed moving pictures of women leaving cars to Women's Clubs all over the country we could soon have them leaping out first and running around to open the doors for the men.

(3) *Serving the ladies first.*

Since it is the male who pays the check in a restaurant, it seems only fitting and proper that he be served first. It's not that I am ever in a hurry to eat—it's just that I am the perfect gentleman. What if the food should be tainted with ptomaine? Isn't it only decent that the man taste it first and thus protect his lady love?

Besides that, every time I eat out with a lady and order us each a succulent sirloin steak, the waiter invariably brings hers first and it is a picture of such rare bovine beauty that I almost drool Worcestershire sauce. Then what he sets in front of me looks like a barbecued ear. Same steak, same price, same thing every time.

The lady comments, "My, don't these look delicious?" pitches in and eats two dainty bites all told, while I merely look wistful.

(4) *Helping the ladies on with their wraps.*

Any woman clever enough to get her husband to buy her a fur coat is clever enough to find her way into it alone. I wouldn't object to the small ceremony of coat holding if that were all there was to it, but a man is supposed to hold the coat, lift up the lady's hair-do, turn the lady's coat collar up, let the lady's hair-do down as smooth as before—and all with two hands. I have found this practically impossible, and many a damsel bears my toothmarks in her bun.

In addition to this, as soon as the lady is as snug in her furs as the original animal, she will murmur softly, "I believe that I'll just wear it over my shoulders," and then we must repeat the entire operation, except that the sleeves dangle in the breeze, thereby causing her to look somewhat like a chimpanzee.

I think coat helping should be a 50-50 proposition. I have flailed the air with my topcoat sleeves until they assumed strait-jacket positions, but all the lady says is, "Dear, you have your coat on backward."

(5) *Walking on the outside with a lady.*

This is my pet peeve. I never get to see the show windows. I get aggravated cases of handbag hip from being struck thereabouts at every step with a lady's dangling shoulder-type pocketbook. I get splashed generously by passing motorists with whatever happens to be in the gutter at the time. And I get a stiff neck from looking back to see to whom she has just helloed.

"Well!" the ladies may ejaculate. "Would you have the lady walk on the outside and get herself splashed?"

The answer, unequivocally, is yes. Besides, the wardrobe available to her is certainly more extensive than mine.

(6) *Standing when a lady enters the room.*

If there is anything in the world calculated to make a woman feel like a queen, it is to have a roomful of men stand when she enters. I saw a matronly society woman make no less than a dozen such entrances one evening.

All this standing is very hard on fine china and glassware. Take a roomful of men with plates of hors d'oeuvres and highballs balanced carefully on their knees. Suddenly a gorgeous, off-the-shoulder blonde sweeps in. The clatter is terrific.

The only time I think men should stand when a woman enters the room is on those rare occasions when there are no more empty seats. Then I think they should draw straws.

There are, of course, many more of these so-called "little" things that we men can eliminate, some probably local irritations known only to a few isolated husbands. But we may as well begin, men, by eliminating the six little things I've mentioned. Let's start asserting our rights today. We once had superiority, fellows. Let's start trying to get back our equality.

THE END

It's as if he were dodging a rock slide

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Owl, He Crow for Midnight

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

only lie there thinking unprofitable thoughts. For he had wondered often what he would say to whoever it was in his office who had rewritten and twisted the story. He knew what it would be like when he got back to the office. They would start to kid him about it, and if he protested they would kid him all the more. Well, he deserved it. It was ridiculous enough being a hero by accident; but it was even more ridiculous to be forever dogged by this compulsion to explain and apologize.

Back in the car, he drove through the black night, unable to shake off the mood of self-reproach which he recognized as an oddly inverted kind of spiritual pride, a belief in his own worth that rejected unearned homage. This was no new experience for Landis. He had an interesting time of it in his years as a reporter. He had always got the assignments he wanted and the news he was looking for, though not always in the way he hoped.

But in all his exploits there had been an element of chance that twitted his pride and left his romantic expectations unfulfilled. As a correspondent in the second World War he had wanted to be close to danger; to be, as the phrase went, under fire. But when it happened, on a Pacific island many Marines had died to take, the fire came not from the enemy but from an American destroyer, lobbing shells into American foxholes through some miscalculation of sighting. The danger had been real enough; but it was without glory or even dignity.

The Mexican affair a month ago left him with the same frustration, the same scruples. Impatiently, Landis drove on over the dark roads, hoping that the physical effort of a long, uninterrupted spell at the wheel would prevent his mind from dwelling on his irrational sense of guilt.

Toward morning, weariness forced him to stop. One of those little parks or clearings showed, made for tourists and picnickers, with rustic tables and chairs. He swung into the deserted little clearing, put his head down on the seat cushion and was almost instantly asleep.

SOMEONE was shaking his shoulder and he fought against it, to cling to sleep and oblivion; but the shaking persisted. He opened his eyes and looked at a square of sky turning from gray to yellow. A uniformed cop was black against it. Landis pushed himself erect and blinked his eyes at the state trooper. "What gives?" he said.

"I'm asking the questions," the trooper said. "Do you know you're driving with last year's New Jersey plates?"

"Yes," Landis said. "I've been in Mexico and no one seemed to mind. I'm trying to get home and change them."

"Let me have your registration and license."

Landis fumbled dully in the glove kit and in his wallet and handed the papers over. The officer, a big man, studied them for what seemed to Landis a needlessly long time. "Mind if I go to the spring and wash my face?" Landis said.

"Go ahead," the trooper said, courteously enough.

Landis found the water by the sound it made and splashed some of it on his face. When he returned to the car the officer said, "I'm going to have to take you in. We can't have people driving with no registration."

"Would it do any good to wire my office? They could vouch for me. We could phone them, even."

"Which office would that be?" the trooper asked.

Landis told him. There was hesitation in the trooper's manner. He looked again at the driver's license. "Edward Landis," he said, without looking up. "You're a reporter. Didn't you do something in Mexico? Something about trouble with the Indians there? Seems to me I heard something about you."

Landis felt himself harden, a kind of freezing. "I was down there with our cattle decontamination units, if that's what you mean."

The trooper raised his head and looked at Landis in the cold morning light. "You didn't make peace or something between them and some of us—something like that?"

"Something like that," Landis said.

The trooper folded the license and registration and handed them back to Landis. "I thought you must be the guy. I got a good memory for names. You don't want to be so modest. I would have taken you in if you weren't the guy."

"Thanks," Landis said. His mouth felt dry.

HE DROVE hard all that day. He wasn't stopped again but he gave in to weariness and slept for the night in the only hotel of a small border-line village in the mountains. He forgot to leave word for the desk to call him and didn't wake up until the high sun came through a window and struck his face. It was after ten before he was driving again.

He lost more time when he stopped in the garage of a small town to find out what was causing the car to pull to the right. It was a defective brake cylinder. The garage mechanic said it would take two hours to replace. But first they would have to send to the small city just ahead for the part. Landis decided to drive on there himself. "I wouldn't if I was you," the mechanic said.

"Why not?" Landis asked.

The man was going away and turned to look at Landis over his shoulder. "I just wouldn't," he said coldly. "You mightn't like what you find there."

"I'm not hard to please," Landis said.

Driving carefully and slowly over the intervening sixteen miles he decided that the mechanic had merely been annoyed over not getting the work. The community he came into was neither town nor city but midway between the two. It was built around a great square, and in the center of the square stood a group of brick buildings, a town hall and a jail prominent among them.

Knots of men stood in the street, most of them in shirt sleeves under the spring sun. Almost all the diagonal parking spaces were occupied by cars and battered trucks, stained with dust. Landis drove just past the square and found a garage.

A WHITE boy of about fifteen came out rather reluctantly to meet him. "I have a jammed brake cylinder," Landis said. "Anyone here who could fix it?"

"Not right now," the boy said.

"Everyone out to lunch?" Landis asked although it was after two thirty.

"Not exactly," the boy said. "They got more important business."

"What would that be?" Landis said pleasantly.

"They got a killing on."

Landis felt the hesitation in him as a kind of shudder. "A Negro?" he said.

The boy looked at him. "Not this time. One of us, if you could call him that. He burned down a house with a old lady in it."

"What for?" Landis said.

The boy shrugged. "Insurance—they guess."

"What do you mean, they guess?" Landis asked.

"He was the handy man around that house, kind of related to the old lady. Who else would have wanted to burn it down? With her in it?"

"That's brilliant logic, all right," Landis said, half to himself, as he got out of the car.

"What's that?" the boy said.

"Nothing. You know anything at all about brakes?"

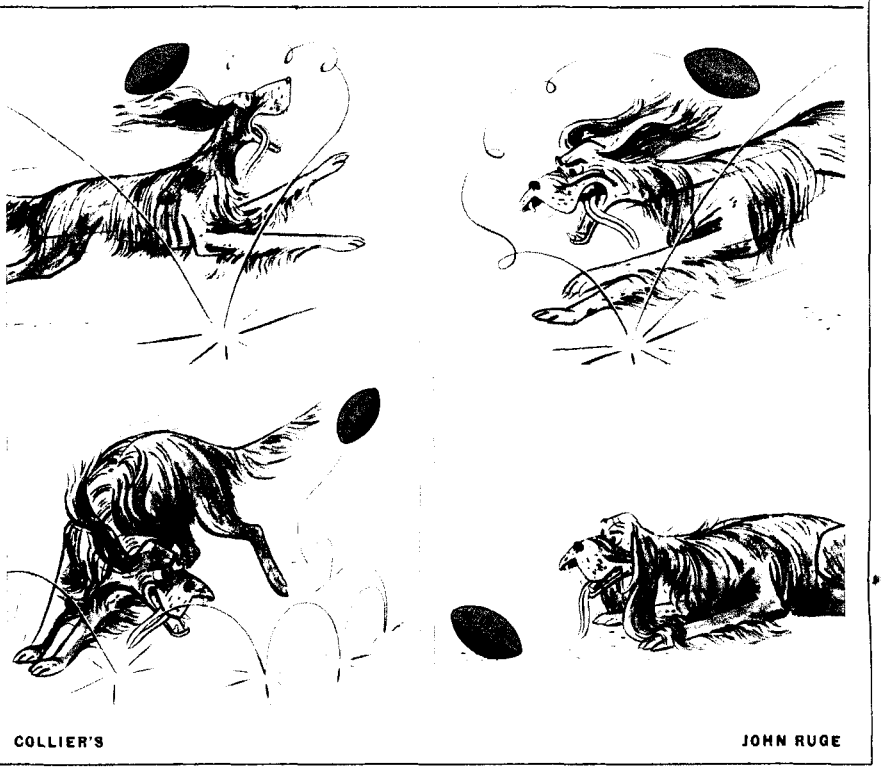
"Some."

"Well, why don't you take a look at this and see what you could do?"

The boy looked at him, speculatively this time, then turned and went into the shop. He came out with a handful of tools. "You want to cramp your wheel some?" he said.

Landis did as he was asked and the boy fussed around the inside of the right front wheel. His whole manner and attitude had changed and he seemed al-

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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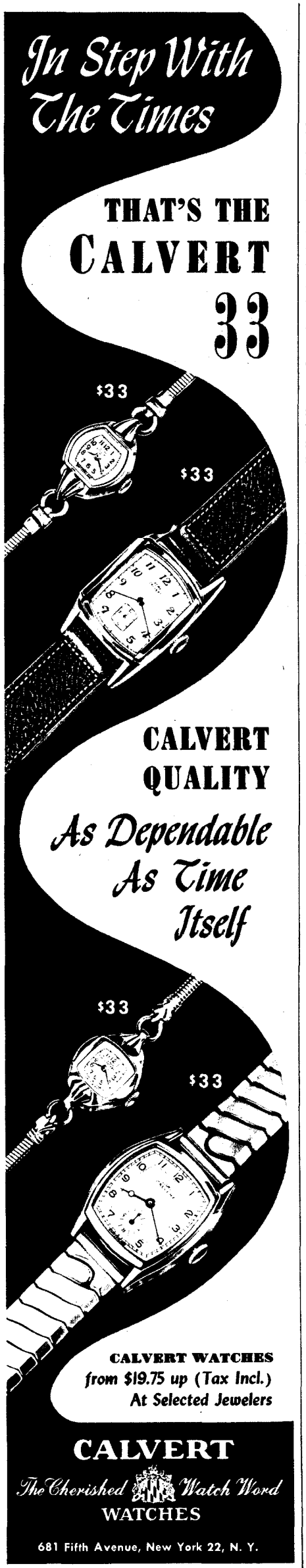


most happy. "You like that kind of work?" Landis said.

"Nothing better," the boy said. After a moment he said, "Come here. Now watch." He took a hammer and tapped the brake drum lightly. It eased perceptibly back from the wheel. "That cylinder," the boy said. "It ain't good but neither it ain't bad. Maybe just a piece of dirt or something in it that'll dissolve after a while. If I go around having to get you a part today and then start to put it in, you'll be here until tomorrow and you look like you want to be on your way. This here cylinder is going to make that drum bind some more but maybe not more than once in fifty or a hundred miles. When it does, you just get out and tap it like I did."

Landis nodded; he had lost interest in the cylinder. "You've gone to a lot of trouble," he said. "What made you change?"

The boy colored and turned slightly away, the worn tools in his hand, a streak of grease across one cheek. "I got to thinking about what you said," he answered slowly. "It sure don't make much sense for them to get started after Lonny Griffiths. He looks odd and lives all alone but he never did no harm before. Got a funny, curved scar on his forehead where a pony kicked him when he was a kid."

Now Landis did not know what to say. I seem to have a more or less fatal ability, he thought, to persuade people. Maybe I missed my calling; maybe I should be a politician instead of a reporter. "Mind if I leave the car here while I get a bite to eat?"

"I guess it's all right," the boy said. He started to turn away when Landis said, "What do I owe you?"

"About seventy-five cents, I guess," the boy said in a reluctant voice. "You could pay me later."

LANDIS walked the block back to the square and entered a small lunchroom. It was half full and a lively conversation had been going on when he entered. Everyone stopped talking except for a farmer in one corner waving an arm, his Adam's apple bobbing as he said, "They's been too damn' much of this touch-and-go stuff around here. That's what I say. What call they got to go out and kill a man? Leave the law take care of it, I say."

"Will you shut up!" someone else said, with restrained savagery.

Landis eased onto a stool before the counter and looked at the dirty menu card. He had no appetite.

After a while the counterman reluctantly approached and stood before Landis, his hands on the inner edge of the counter.

"There ain't no regular dinner yet, if that's what you was looking at," the counterman said.

"I'd like some coffee," Landis said. "Black." His voice sounded loud in the silence but at this evidence of his not going to be present long, the talk resumed, more or less halfheartedly. Putting together what he already knew and fitting in bits of conversation, Landis gathered that there were two or three posses of men out in the country, trying to catch Griffiths, that the sheriff wanted to talk to Griffiths but hadn't even issued a warrant yet. A lynch spirit was in the air.

Landis drank the coffee and left, hearing the talk surge higher as the door closed after him. The sun was lowering and he had a curious reluctance to stay here. Walking back to the garage he tried to analyze it; as best he could determine, if he wired his office or phoned they could kid him about being an eager beaver. And if he stayed and the whole thing blew over he would feel foolish and have wasted several days. At least one other factor helped make for his reluctance to stay; and as he came up the slanted concrete before the gas pumps he knew it was because there still lingered the bad taste of the Mexican affair and his encounter with the trooper.

The boy was singing inside, an air which inexplicably touched Landis. When the boy came out of the garage, Landis asked what the tune was.

"Hasn't got any name."

"How does it go?"

The boy glanced away, started to sing, then instead spoke the words:

Owl, he crow for midnight,
Rooster crow for day;
Boss, I'm going to take that train
And get me far away.

"The niggers sing it," the boy said.

Landis nodded, wincing at the cruel word. He gave the boy a dollar, and backed the car out of the station. The sun was lowering on his left as he drove out of town. He felt the car out, taking his hands off the wheel. There was no drift to the right. The words of the song kept coming back to him and then, at the sight of armed men standing near a culvert that ran under the road, his belly tightened again and he forgot about the song. Now he drove more slowly, as though he were reluctant to get on. In the rearview mirror he could see them staring after him, the shotguns gripped in both hands. . . .

The scent of an early flower, nameless to him, flowed in bands across the road. It had some of the pungent, pleasant smell of privet in blossom. Afternoon dwindled and died in a blaze of brass and saffron. A creek in flood showed like metal among the cypresses and then there was only pine barren and the dark coming fast and purple. He had switched on the parking lights and realized that their uncertain radiance was perhaps the reason he drove so slowly. It was almost dark and he turned on his brights, flooding the road and revealing the crooked shapes of the bull pine. Again he was finding it difficult to be with himself. Something lay heavy in him and he kept denying that he could ease it only by returning to the town.

Something else was wrong, too, in his hands; then he could feel it in the wheel. He hadn't come twenty miles but the car was pulling to the right again. Ahead he saw a clearing and drove to it. He left the parking lights on and, getting out of the car, opened the trunk to get at his tool kit; he could hear water running in a ditch beside the road; he could smell the nameless flower again.

After he got the hammer, he had to enter the car and cramp the wheel. The tone of the water seemed to change, then change again. When he tapped the brake drum it eased back. He began to whistle, without knowing it, the tune the boy sang. Standing up, he was troubled by that change in the water's tune, as though some obstacle had been placed in it, then removed. Now it flowed clear again and he supposed he had been imagining any change in its sound.

WHEN he turned and saw the figure standing at the edge of the lights' dim radiance he was more startled at his own lack of alarm than by anything strange or possibly dangerous. "You couldn't give me a ride?" the figure said. The voice was hoarse and quiet, hard to hear over the sound of the water.

Almost without hesitation, Landis said, "How far?"

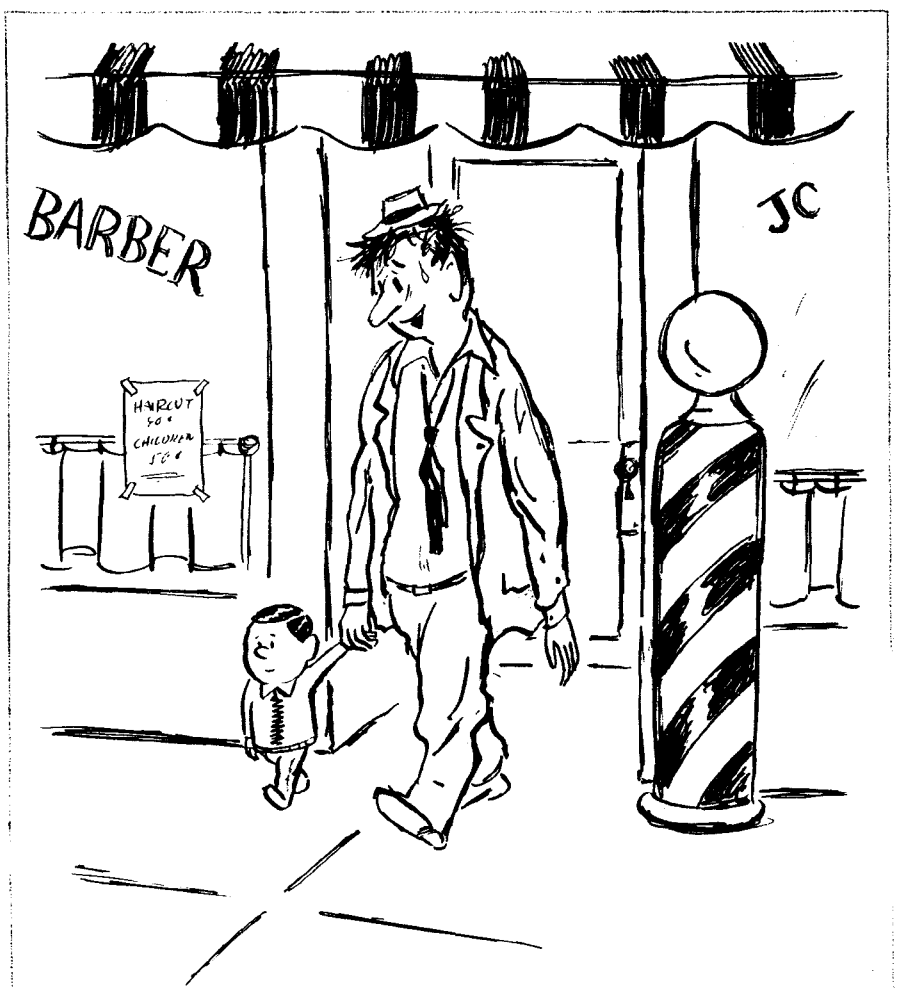
"Just over the state line. Maybe twenty miles from here. There's a police barracks on the other side of the line and that's where I want to go."

Landis stood there, quiet in astonishment and wonder. "I'm all right," the figure said. "If I wanted to hurt you, I could have hurt you five minutes ago. I been watching you that long, close enough almost to touch. I heard you whistling and I figured you were all right and I'd ask you."

"Come into the light," Landis said. The figure advanced two or three paces. The man was hatless, and Landis saw that he bore a scar in the shape of an arc on his forehead.

Then Landis noticed the mud-stained trousers, the wet shoes, the three-day beard and the tired eyes.

"All right," he said. "Get in." After they were in the car, Landis turned to the figure slumped against the far door,



COLLIER'S "There now—that wasn't so bad, was it?" JERRY MARCUS

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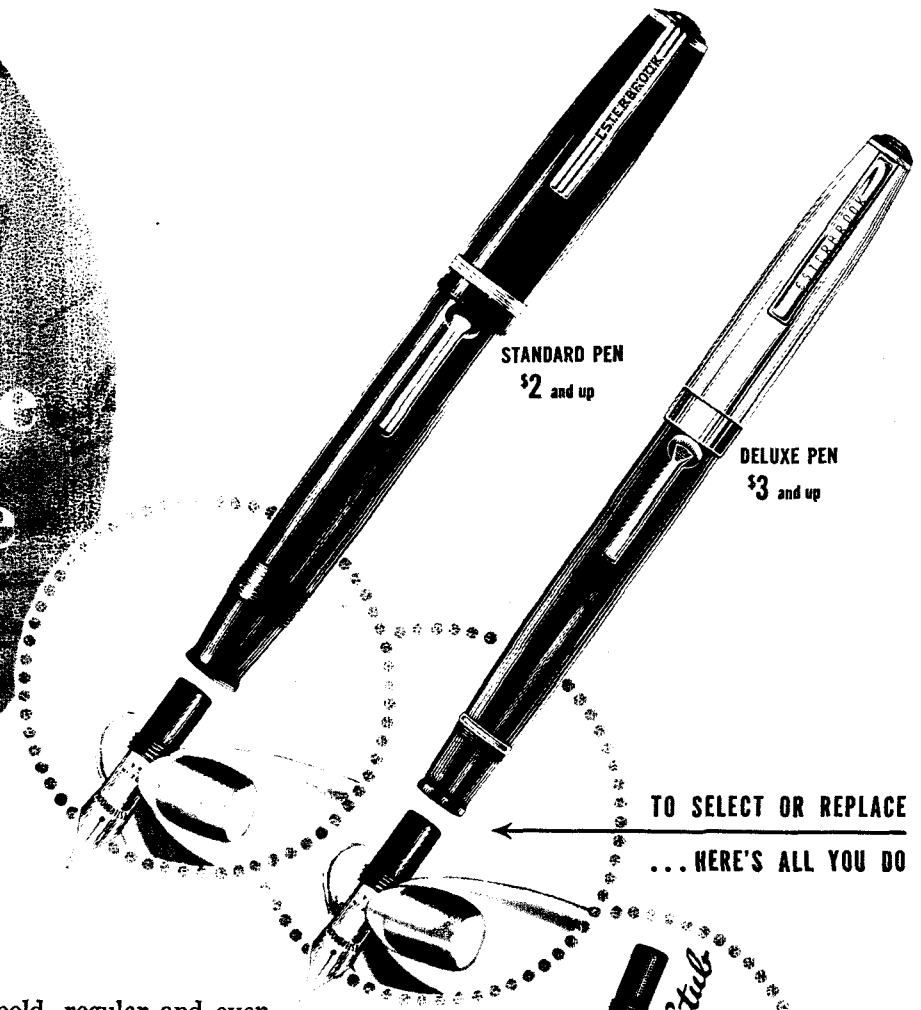

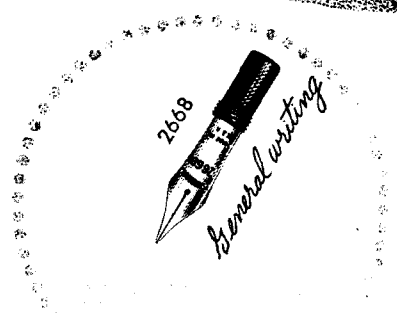

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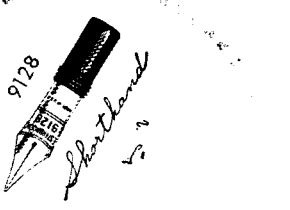

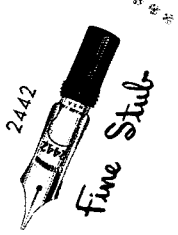

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SAVE MONEY

NEW B-2 series "Job-Rated"

NEW Dodge B-2 series engine features!

- **FAMOUS DODGE L-HEAD TRUCK ENGINES** . . . *"Job-Rated"* for your loads. Save gas, oil—cut service expense.
- **EXHAUST VALVE SEAT INSERTS** . . . resist wear, pitting. Reduce valve grinding; preserve performance.
- **REPLACEABLE, PREFITTED MAIN BEARINGS** . . . precision, long-life quality. Reduce maintenance costs.
- **FULL CRANKCASE VENTILATION** . . . removes crankcase fumes and vapors. Protects engine parts.
- **FULL-LENGTH CYLINDER COOLING** . . . uniform cooling of cylinders, protects . . . reduces wear.
- **4-RING ALUMINUM ALLOY PISTONS** . . . for top performance; longer bearing life; low oil consumption.
- **FULL-PRESSURE LUBRICATION** . . . positive pressure to main, connecting rod, camshaft bearings—camshaft drive.
- **OIL-BATH AIR CLEANER** . . . highly effective in protecting the engine from dust and dirt.

NEW Dodge B-2 series chassis features

① **SUPER FRICTION CLUTCHES** . . . extra-large frictional areas. *"Job-Rated"* for smooth action and long life.

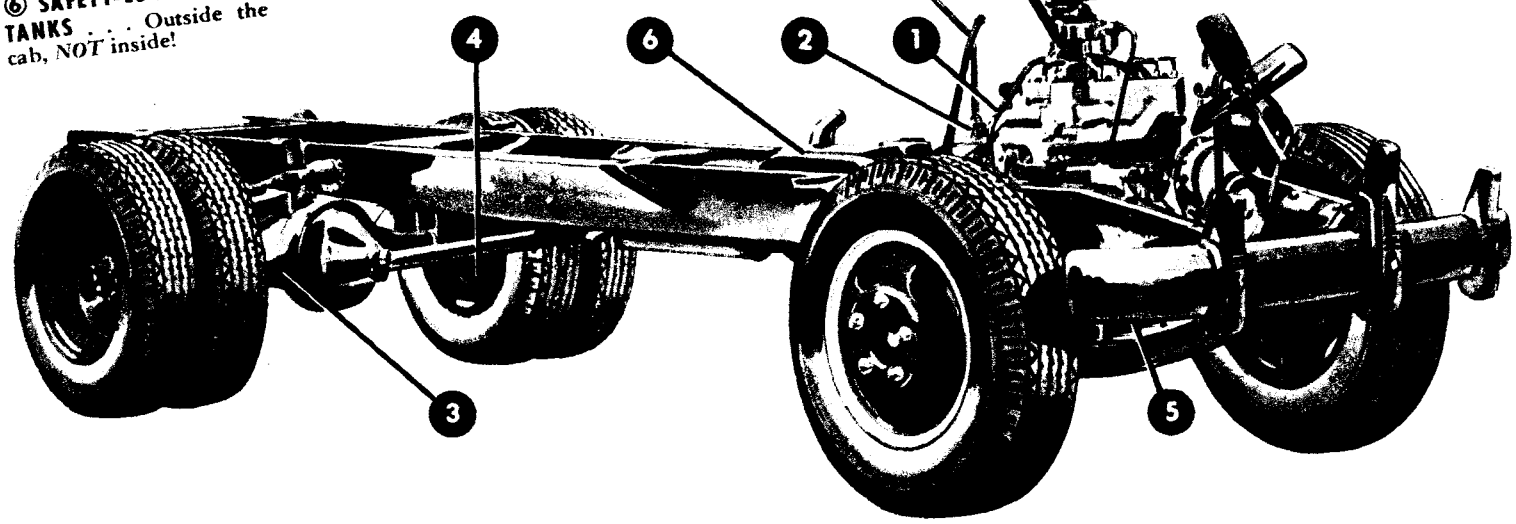
② **RUGGED 3-, 4- or 5-SPEED TRANSMISSIONS**—*"Job-Rated"* for the load. Carburized gears; heat-treated shafts; liberal use of antifriction bearings.

③ **FULL FLOATING REAR AXLES** . . . Hypoid design; banjo-type housing—*"Job-Rated"* for the load. Long life, low upkeep cost.

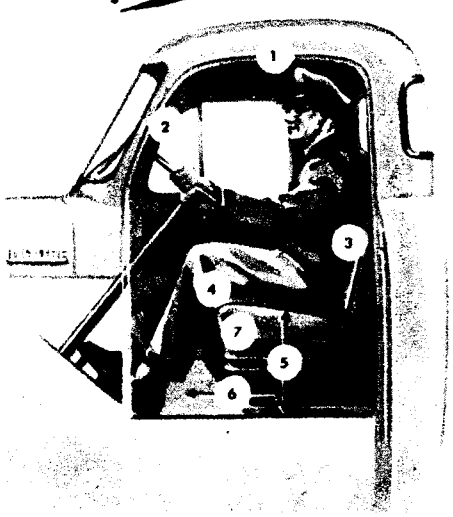
④ **POWERFUL *"Job-Rated"* BRAKES** . . . Cyclebonded brake linings (no rivets) prolong brake life.

⑤ **CROSS-TYPE STEERING** . . . Sharp turning angle; easier handling . . . simplified parking.

⑥ **SAFETY-LOCATED GAS TANKS** . . . Outside the cab, *NOT* inside!



PROFIT from the SAFETY and COMFORT of NEW B-2 series cabs!

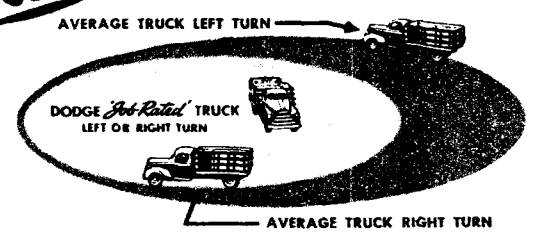


Dodge *"Job-Rated"* cabs are the *safest* truck cabs ever built. Panels, floor, roof and all bracings are welded into a solid unit. Windshield, windows and rear quarter windows, with 1,908 square inches of glass area, give safe, unobstructed vision, in all directions.

Cab features include ① plenty of headroom . . . ② steering wheel right where you want it; ③ three-man seat and shoulder room . . . natural back support, for comfort; ④ proper leg support, under the knees right where you need it; ⑤ chair-height seats; ⑥ 7-inch seat adjustment—safe, convenient hand control; ⑦ *"Air-O-Ride"* cushions adjustable to weight of driver and road conditions.

Other features include large, 18- and 20-inch steering wheels with "safety grip"; dual electric windshield wipers. All instruments are easily removable from the *front* of the instrument panel. Cabs are thoroughly insulated against heat and cold, rain, wind, and noise.

PROFIT from EASIER HANDLING!



With cross-type steering, in combination with shorter wheelbases and wider tread front axles, you can turn these new Dodge trucks in much shorter circles, both right and left. This contributes to much easier handling and parking; road shock and wheel "fight" are substantially reduced.

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..with DODGE "Job-Rated" Trucks

STOP in at your Dodge dealer's.

LOOK at the new line of Dodge *"Job-Rated"* trucks . . . now on display.

SAVE money with the finest trucks ever designed to cut your haulage or delivery costs.

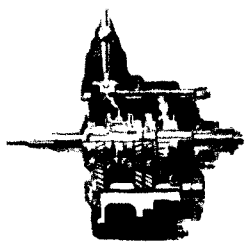
These new trucks . . . the Dodge B-2 Series . . . are unmatched for advanced design . . . for money-saving improvements. They're *more-for-your-money* . . . any way you look at them.

Read, on these pages, a partial summary of the economy and performance—the long-life quality and dependability that these new Dodge *"Job-Rated"* trucks offer you.

Compare them, if you will, with any other trucks—point-for-point—feature-for-feature—value-for-value. Know what you're getting for what you pay.

Yes—save money—with new Dodge *"Job-Rated"* trucks. Save with the finest truck investment you've ever made. See your Dodge dealer now.

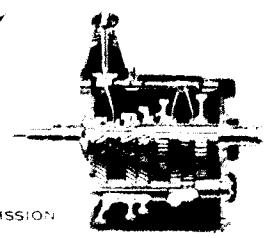
NEW 4- and 5-speed synchro-shift transmission ...with silent helical gears!



4-SPEED TRANSMISSION

A rugged, silent 4-speed Synchro-shift transmission is standard equipment on all Dodge "G," "H" and "HH" (1½- and 2-ton) models.

A 5-speed Synchro-shift transmission precision engineered and built—is standard equipment on all "J" and "KA" (2½-ton) models.



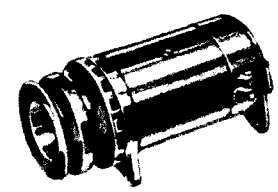
5-SPEED TRANSMISSION

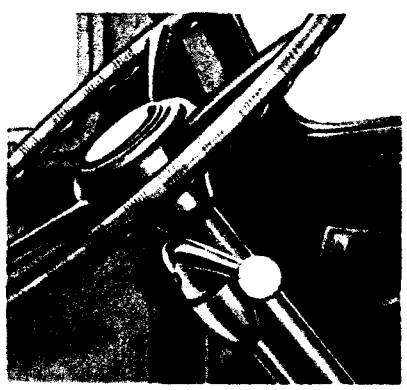
A new silent Synchro-shift transmission is also standard equipment on all Dodge ½-, ¾-, and 1-ton models.

NEW completely splash- and dust-proof electrical system ...with higher-output generators!

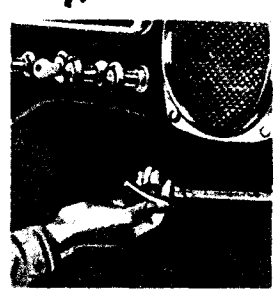
All Dodge trucks have a remarkable new electrical system. Resistor-type spark plugs, with built-in 10,000-ohm resistor and a high-output coil, provide amazingly smooth engine operation, particularly at slow speeds. Erosion is greatly reduced, giving longer plug life.

40-ampere shunt-wound and air-cooled generators are standard on *all* models. They produce a high maximum charging rate at normal engine speeds. New 45- and 50-ampere generators are available as extra equipment.



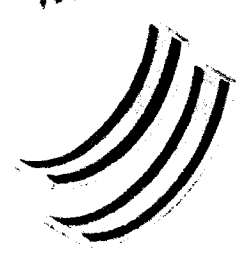


NEW "Right Spot" hand brake!



The emergency brake control, on all ½-, ¾-, and 1-ton models, using both 3- and 4-speed transmissions, is under the center of the cowl. It's *right where you want it* . . . for instant use! There's unobstructed floor space for quick, easy entrance and exit through the right- or left-hand cab doors.

NEW Cyclebonded brake linings!



Cyclebonded brake linings are standard equipment on *all* Dodge *"Job-Rated"* trucks. There are no rivets to cause scored drums; far more lining life results. Effective braking area is increased. Cyclebonded brake linings are an exclusive development of Chrysler Corporation research.

NEW steering column gearshift!

Steering column gearshift is standard on all Dodge ½-, ¾- and 1-ton models equipped with 3-speed transmissions. The more convenient location gives "passenger car" handling ease ... more unobstructed floor space . . . increases safety of operation.

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and added, "I guess you know that I know who you are. I'm just wondering what's going to happen if we get stopped by one of these posses."

"I think I'm past them. They been stopping cars, but I been traveling on foot," Griffiths answered.

"They didn't stop me back at that last culvert."

"Maybe 'cause you got an out-of-state tag. That's one reason I asked you."

LANDIS let the clutch in. There were almost no cars on the road, but a mile or so before they came to the state line, the taillight of one twinkled through the pines. "We're almost to the line," Griffiths said. "If they're going to be anyplace now, it's between here and the line."

"I think we're past them," Landis said. He felt good, almost cheerful. The weight carried so long seemed gone and he thought, a little smugly, that it had not cost much to rid himself of it. Then, in the lights of the car ahead as it slowed, he saw the men step onto the road. He saw the guns glinting in the yellow light.

"I guess we was wrong," Griffiths said. His voice tightened like a pulled wire. "You better let me out and I'll run for it in the fields."

"I think it's too late," Landis said. A spotlight mounted on a parked car picked them out at less than a hundred yards as he spoke. "Climb into the back and cover yourself on the floor with that blanket. It's all we can do. I'll try to get by without being stopped."

"They'll riddle this car with buckshot if you try," Griffiths said, but he was already on the floor in the back.

Landis put the car in second and kept it there, drifting forward toward where the other car was already being allowed to pass. In the first car's lights he could see the marker of the state line.

"Stop that car," someone said. He could see the faces, eager, tired, with pinched mouths; the most terrible thing perhaps was the lack of brutality in all but two or three. They were the faces of ordinary men—faces that might even, under normal circumstances, have looked kind.

"What do you want?" Landis said.

"We're asking the questions. You got to open your trunk."

"Look," Landis said. "I'm on my way to New Jersey. Can't you see the license? Anyhow, I'm a reporter and I'd like to know what the trouble is."

It silenced them, momentarily. He noticed that only three of them were near the car. "What you doing down here?" someone said. "Come to check up on our trouble?"

"Not me," Landis said. "I'm coming home from Mexico. I didn't even know there was trouble," he added.

"I see your car at Lowry's Garage in town this afternoon," someone said. "Ain't no one could have been in town today without knowing about trouble."

"Just what do you want with me?" Landis said. "If you were officers—"

"We don't need no officers. We want to look in your trunk."

"Why?" He let his fingers slip, as though idly, the gear lever into first. Apparently they did not even notice. "I have nothing there but luggage and some Mexican glass."

They hesitated and he knew it was working again, that curious, relaxed persuasive power he had never known he possessed until that afternoon above a tropical river. As though part of him stood perhaps ten feet away and contemplated the rest of him, he realized in a kind of wonder that even as he had not lied then, he was not lying now. Could it be that so simple a thing as the truth, plainly stated . . .

Nose to the Grindstone

It seems I'm in a nasty spot—
I find I'd rather work than not!
For years I've hoped someday I could
Stop grinding and relax for good.
But now I've drudged too long to stop
For fear of feeling I'm a flop.
But do not think this calls for praise—
I'd *rather* be put out to graze.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

Someone said, "All right. He don't look like he's trying to put anything over on us. Let him go."

He started to let the pedal up but one of the men kept his foot on the running board. They stared at him in contempt. A youngster with his foot on the running board said, almost inaudibly, "Tell me, dude—what you got under that blanket on the floor? A girl or something?"

So now it was happening, Landis told himself. Something like a sigh escaped him. His feet moved automatically and the car jumped away, knocking the last speaker clear. The first shot sounded before there was any yelling: it was as though the yelling originated in or had been freed by the shot. Then there were other shots and the sound of buckshot hitting metal and glass. He slipped the lever into high.

A spent pellet rang hollowly on the trunk. The car was roaring between the walls of bull pine.

There were no signs of pursuit. He slowed to fifty and called to ask Griffiths if he was all right.

The man got slowly up and sat on the edge of the back seat, dazed. "I'm all right, mister, but they sure raised hell with your car."

"I hadn't thought about it," Landis said. "How far ahead is this barracks you want to go to?"

"Two-three mile." Landis didn't speak, and Griffiths said, "Look, mister, when I get quit of all this, I'm going to tell people what you did for me. When I get quit of my trouble."

"Oh, no," Landis said, over his shoulder and gently as though speaking to a child. "Oh, no—you wouldn't ever want to do that. It might get me in bad with my office. Never do that—as a favor to me."

A blue light on a radio tower showed through trees and Landis stopped the car just before he came to the brick building and its graveled drive. Griffiths got out. "Mister—" he began.

"No," Landis said. "None of that. You go into that station. I want to see you do it. And you've got to keep quiet about how you got there. You could get me in trouble."

"Whatever you say, mister. Only—God bless you."

THE haggard figure turned and stalked toward the station. Landis watched it enter. He began to drive again, feeling the change but not quite knowing its nature.

The car swayed slightly and he got out to find he was losing air from a tire a bullet had nicked. He changed the tire, noticing that only the trunk was scarred much, feeling the goodness of the night wind on his sweating skin. He stood for a little while in the silence, knowing a balance had been made, something completed and justified.

When he heard the owl hoot it was as though he had been expecting it. What he had done now, what the owl crowed for in silence and at midnight, atoned for whatever had been false or exaggerated in the story about himself. His own silence and Griffiths' would seal it. That silence was what was important. To be silent about what he had done tonight would enable him to live with himself and take away the disquiet. He would tell Ruth, he finally decided, driving into darkness again, but no one else; after all, even if he had the car repaired before he reached home, she would wonder about the marks on the trunk. THE END

COLLIER'S

"Oh, Mr. Maddock! Mrs. Maddock! Quick, come on over! It's on television"

BARNEY TOBEY

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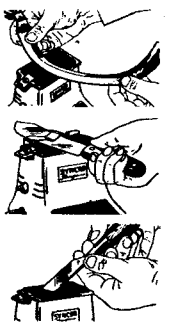
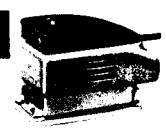


New Electric SANDER-POLISHER!



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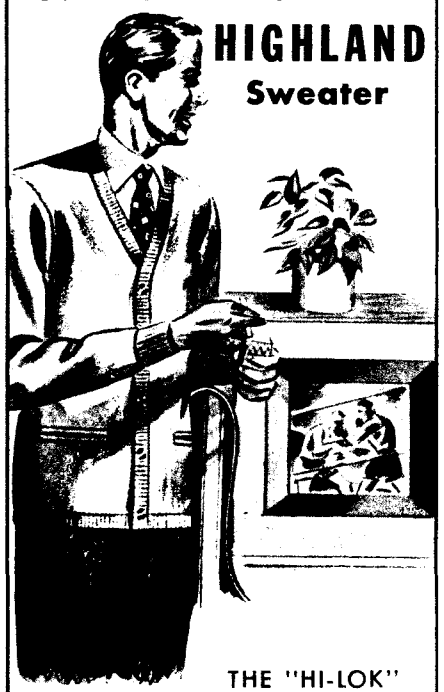

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Valley of the Tyrant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

quiet. "That wasn't necessary," she said. "You know we haven't any money."

"Five hundred is not enough," he said. He wanted to make her more angry, for he was sure she knew much that could help him and anger might bring it out. And so he said deliberately, "You're afraid of Lyons, aren't you?"

He watched the flame in her face, thinking suddenly that she was beautiful. Her stormy eyes with their faint slant gave her that exotic loveliness seen only in a few central European women. She threw her denial at him, "I'm not! I detest him!"

She turned and walked rapidly away. He caught up with her, matching her stride, watching her regain composure. Once she shot a glance up at him, and it was laced with scorn.

They came to the point where he had stood earlier to observe the house. When she would have gone on he blocked her way. She stopped, waiting for him to speak, showing him that she would not be interested in whatever he intended to say.

"I don't work for Warner Lyons," he said.

She started to go around him. Again he prevented her. "I think I can prove it," he said. "Lyons has his eye on you as a woman, hasn't he? That's why you wouldn't have lunch with him the other day."

She raised her face, surprised, just beginning to divine his intention. That made it easy for him. He simply put his arm about her, pulled a little to bring her off balance and kissed her. He intended to kiss her once and let her go. But he could feel her resistance and the firm flesh of her waist. It aroused a pleasant savagery in him; he held her closer and kissed her again, delighting in the warmth of her mouth. Then he let her pull away.

"Tell that to Lyons if you think I'm his boy," he said.

He was not prepared for her amused smile. She said, "That only proves you are very expert, Mr. Somebody. Thank you. It was nice."

She stepped around him and went quickly toward the house.

SHERMAN ARMSBY, JR., returned from Tomtown in midafternoon, driving fast because he felt good. His talk with Warner Lyons had been fruitful. Not quite conclusive, of course. But that would come, and soon. Warne had again been eagerly respectful, for all his money. The name of Armsby still commanded deference in the Mother Lode. It would command more when Mother Lode natives realized that a real Armsby had returned, a true successor to the Nathaniel Armsby who ruled this country with an iron hand in the old days.

Sherman found Lon Brock and Virginia in garden chairs. He called to them gaily, "Hi, children. Virginia, have I seen you in those green slacks before? You look lovely, my sweet."

Virginia showed him a distant smile. Poor kid, she was still in love with him, for all her pretense that the past was dead. His little try at matchmaking for these two was not succeeding too well. But give it time. Lon's rough, all-male masculinity always overcame her kind sooner or later.

Lon said, "What's up?"

"We're having dinner in town with Warne. All of us. By the way, I want to talk to you. Virginia, will you lend me your man for a minute?"

He missed the satirical quirk of her lips. "Just for a minute," she said. As Brock rose and sauntered away with Sherman, her eyes followed, derisive yet full of a woman's patient understanding.

At a distance from Virginia, Sherman said, "What do you hear from San Francisco?"

"Nothing."

"What the devil!" Sherman exclaimed. "It's been two weeks."

"Keep your shirt on, Sherm," said Brock easily. "Roger Heath can't decide but one way. No engineer in the world would try to set a dam into that honeycombed rock."

Armsby was only partly reassured. He made his voice brusque with authority. "You've kept your mouth shut?"

"Sure. But I told you, anybody can see we've moved to the upper site. And I can't keep the crew from talking."

"I don't mean that," Armsby said. "I mean around here." His gesture took in the house.

"Not a peep, I said."

"There's no use worrying them with bad news." Sherman hesitated, trying to decide whether to say more. He knew he should not, but this was too good to keep. He went on exultantly, "I've got a deal sewed up. When it comes off, there won't be any bad news. I'm going to come out with a lot more than the city would have paid us for the land."

"That's the stuff, Sherm."

BROCK turned back to Virginia, Sherman's suspicious glance following him. Sometimes, like now, it seemed to Sherman that there was insolence in the man. It was almost as if Brock were laughing at him. But the new confidence in Sherman was strong, and he dismissed the thought as imagination.

The exuberance built higher in Sherman as he entered the house in search of Janet. The test of a man was his ability to rise above adversity, was it? Very well, then, the test was met.

When San Francisco first announced its plans to buy the upper and lower basins for its Tom Reservoir, it looked like a godsend. Here at last would come enough money to reopen the Magyar, to go down and find the millions still hidden there by the earth fault.

Then Lon Brock had come to him two weeks ago and told him in secret that the lower damsite was no good. Brock had said the city would be forced to move its dam up four miles. It would still need the upper basin of Armsby land, but not the lower basin. The price to the Armsbys would be cut in half. Too little for the Magyar. Too little again. For twenty years it had been so. Always, under his father's hand, there had been too little for the next emergency, and the Armsby fortune in mines and shipping and forests had slipped away piece by piece.

Pure inspiration had turned Sherman's thoughts then to Warner Lyons. The big oaf had money. And he had a weak spot. He collected relics and historical landmarks of the Mother Lode as other rich men collected rare stamps or Renaissance pictures. When Sherman had suggested to him that the seat of the first king of the Mother Lode, the mansion from which the Armsbys had ruled for generations—in short, this ruin of a house—might be up for sale, Lyons' eyes had gleamed. When, the next time, Sherman had remarked that the buyer of the Armsby mansion probably would have to take the worthless acres of the lower basin too, Lyons had not protested. And today, when Sherman had named a price twice what he expected to get, Lyons had not batted an eye.

Sherman did not find Janet in the house, but he found his father. The old man was in his study, as he called it, sitting there in his rag of a hunting coat with his scholar's beard in a book. Always a book, and always a book nobody

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had ever heard of. Sherman looked at him pityingly.

His father looked up and said, "Hello, my boy."

"How are you, Dad?"

His father set the book down and cleared his throat. Sherman waved a hand and hurried on past the door. The old gentleman was lucid today, but Sherman had no intention of letting this exhilaration drain away listening to him.

Sherman went out beneath the portico and saw Janet swinging up the road from the basin. She came rapidly; when she reached him he saw a liveliness in her face that had not been there this morning.

He said, "Warne has invited us all in to dinner with him."

He was braced for argument. But she turned thoughtful eyes back in the direction from which she had come. "Fine," she said. "I think it will be fun."

His eyes followed her, puzzled, as she entered the house. She looked suddenly prettier. It was almost as though something had happened that gave her new confidence. Whatever it was, it was fine with him. Anything was better than that stiff-necked pride she had fallen back on ever since poverty had forced them to sell the San Francisco house and move back to this old ruin.

AIREDALE JOE said, "You took your time, Jack." Marland looked at the westering sun and agreed absently. His thoughts were elsewhere. Joe said, a little slyly, "Quite a barn up there, huh?"

"It is," smiled Marland.

"I knowed what was tickin' in your mind when you went downstream 'stead of up. Which one was you hopin' to see?"

"Both."

The cook said earnestly, "I told you, Jack, leave 'em alone. Find yourself a girl in town."

"An idea," said Marland. "Let's take the jeep and go at sundown."

Airedale Joe hesitated. "It's a fact that I've got a bender comin' to me," he said finally. "Only thing is, will you look for me and load me aboard when you start back?"

"I will that."

Driving in, Marland heard the cook's inquisitive conversation with only half an ear. He was thinking that tomorrow was the day he was to meet Roger Heath and compare notes, and his contribution would be meager.

Perhaps, he reflected, his trouble was that he approached his assignment with an engineer's mind. This was not a problem that could be reduced to symbols as he would analyze the shear stresses in a dam foundation. This was a problem in people. Five people so far, counting Brock. Six, if he also included the bearded old man at the Armsby house who gazed so fixedly across the basin this afternoon. Did any of these people have reason to corrupt Brock?

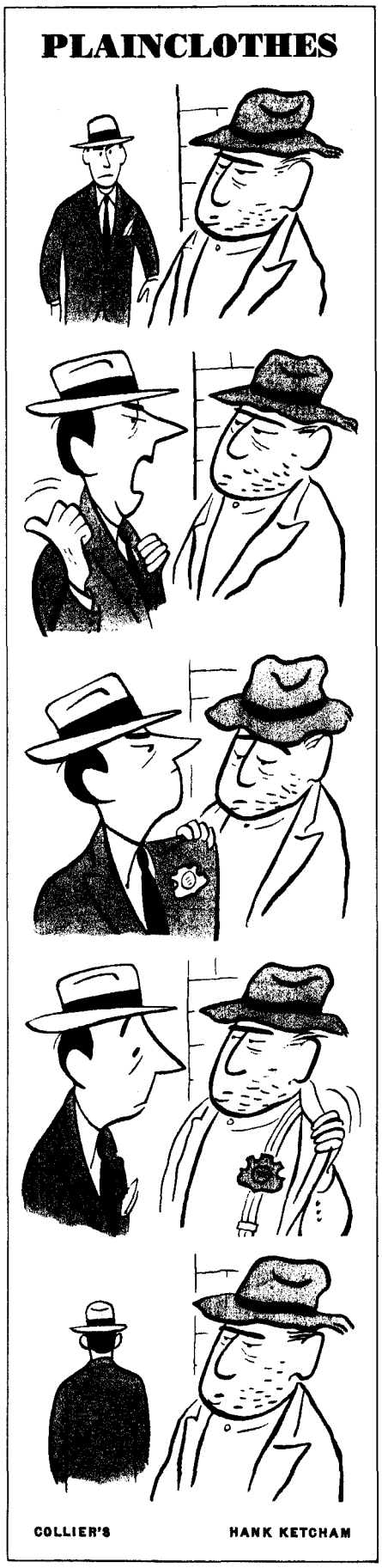
Marland considered Brock first and all but dismissed him. Brock was by nature suspicious and closemouthed; his kind possessed a certain heavy cunning in dishonesty; there was little chance that he would make a mistake which would lead Marland to the man Heath wanted in prison.

Or was that so? Perhaps this very afternoon Brock had shown the way when, at his first free moment, he had hurried off to the blond girl on the hill. Marland reminded himself that it was he who suggested to Heath that Brock might have been reached through a woman. Virginia Kane was a pretty girl. And, from what the cook had said, she had Brock eager.

If she was the agent that found Brock's weakness, then the Armsby family must be the principal. Janet Armsby had said they had no money. Lacking money, what better way was there to reach Brock than through a woman? Too, the Armsby family was closest to the dam-site, the most likely to have some reason for not wanting a dam there.

Then who in the Armsby family was the guiding hand? Marland knew too little yet about the old man, but he did not sound promising. Young Sherman was a lightweight. He was capable of doing it, but not cleverly as it had been done. That left Janet Armsby.

Marland's thoughts came to a stop, and he found he was reluctant to push them on. Besides, how did she finance those expensive diamond drillings if they had no money? But she could have lied about the money this afternoon. That could have been just an effort to buy Marland away from Lyons cheaply. A sudden, startling thought came: if she tried to bribe Marland in the mistaken belief that he worked for Lyons—and she did—was it not all the more likely she was the one who corrupted Brock?



Shaken a little and confused, Marland halted his thoughts again. He tried a new direction. Presume her innocence, then what? She was deep in some kind of game against Lyons, with her brother involved, but perhaps it had nothing at all to do with the dam. And who was the one man who obviously had money for bribes and for diamond drill cores? It was the man she was fighting.

Marland found these thoughts more to his liking, though his honesty made him admit he was betraying logic for a lovely face. Maybe he would pay for it, and soon; she had him where she could betray him to Brock at any time she chose. So be it. He let his memory go back to the queer light that leaped in the eyes of Warner Lyons, and came to a decision. Tonight he would make trouble, to see that light leap again and to think about it.

When they reached town, Airedale Joe headed straight for the Tomtown Gulch bar. Marland had a drink with him there, then drifted out alone and made his way to Foothill House.

The place was quite full; most of those at the gambling had the look of city people out on a week end. Marland was waiting for a place at the bar, when Lyons spoke at his elbow: "Don't waste my time with an argument, fellow. Just follow along."

They threaded across the room to a table set well apart from the others. Marland looked at the four seated there and inquiringly at Lyons, whose expression told him nothing. Janet Armsby spoke to him first, her smile brightly wicked, "I asked him to bring you over. You don't mind?"

"My good luck," he said. He returned Brock's short nod as he sat down at Janet's right. Young Sherman spoke to him, then shifted puzzled eyes to Janet. Virginia Kane looked from Janet to Marland then settled her gaze on him with speculative interest. Only the host seemed wholly at ease.

Lyons said, "You have the look of a bourbon man."

"Bourbon and water," said Marland, and a waiter moved off. Brock alone had no drink before him. It was not an unexpected side of him, for it was of a piece with his inordinate pride in physical prowess. Marland's attention was drawn to the table centerpiece.

AT FIRST he thought it was only a neat pile of gold-bearing quartz; they were white crystalline rocks, some as big as his fist, all embedded with delicate traceries and filigrees of gold that gleamed as they caught the light. Then he saw that the rocks were heaped in a plain kitchen skillet, worn and scratched, its handle broken off jaggedly. Marland's thoughts went back to the ragged boy who had begged or stolen a skillet from the mansion on the hill, and his gaze turned to the man playing host so affably at Janet's left. Lyons was smiling at Janet, his green eyes widely open and compelling.

Janet turned slowly from him, and said sweetly to Marland, "Did you make your strike, Mr. Lynch?"

"No strike." He debated briefly how far she intended to go; she was still in doubt about him or she would have made a direct accusation before now. He decided upon the offensive, his glance moving to the curve of her mouth. "But I ran across a lovely wild flower."

Surprise and doubt moved briefly across her face as his intention came to her. Then it was gone.

Sherman spoke up, "Strike?"

Janet replied to the table at large, but she was watching Lyons. "I found him prospecting the Tom this afternoon with a skillet like this one on the table."

Lyons exhibited only the polite interest of a man attentive to his guests.

Brock broke in, addressing Marland, "Prospecting with the cook?"

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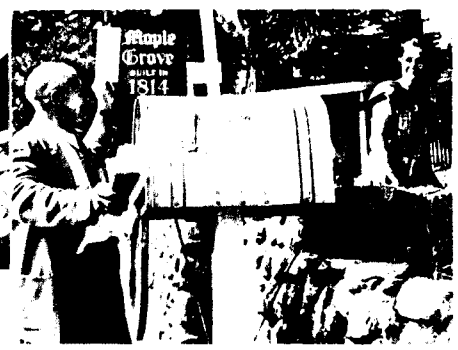

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Marland nodded. He waited for Janet to dispute him; she did not. Brock lost a little interest in the conversation.

Sherman was not satisfied. He said to his sister, "You didn't mention it this afternoon."

"Why should I?"

Sherman started to pursue the subject, then changed his mind. But he continued to look at her thoughtfully with a brother's knowledge of her ways. She touched her drink and showed Marland her teeth in a wrathful little smile that promised him she was not through yet.

LYONS caught the one subtlety in the conversation and waited patiently with it until the others were finished. Now he asked Marland, "You collect wild flowers, fellow?"

"Lovely ones, yes."

"What was this one?"

"I'm not sure yet. A wild rose, perhaps. It had a heady fragrance, but it had thorns too."

Lyons persisted gravely, "And did you try to pick it?"

Marland felt Janet's gaze come around to him and sensed the tautening in her. He looked steadily at Lyons. "A bud, yes."

Lyons nodded slowly and reached for his whisky glass. As he lifted it his big paw shook; he brought the glass quickly to his mouth.

Marland saw and almost disbelieved his eyes; then he understood. Lyons' composure was all self-control; but inside he seethed.

"This is odd conversation," said Sherman irritably.

For all of Janet's cool assurance, there was a little pink in her cheeks as she said, "I was the wild flower."

Sherman did not grasp it for a moment. When he did he half rose, saying, "Damn you, Lynch—" Marland paid him no attention. He was watching Brock, seeing the pin point of eagerness come into his eyes and grow swiftly into anticipation of violence.

"Don't be silly, Sherman," said Janet. "Do you think I would have been kissed if I hadn't invited it?"

Brock said, "You had your warning, Lynch."

Janet turned on him quickly. "Stay out of this, please!"

"No. I've agreed to keep my men away from you people, and I'm going to live up to it."

She said icily, "My virtue is not in your keeping, Lon, now or ever. Will you please remember that?"

Brock could not face up to this imperious side of her. He dropped his gaze, but not before he shot at Marland a glance that almost whined its eagerness. The man was all physical ardor; for him the power of his shoulders offered the way to settle all issues and all conflicts.

Janet saw the glance and said at once, "You'll not be welcome at my house if this goes any further, Lon." She turned to Marland with a smile of triumph. "I think our handsome levelman has learned that the wild flower has poisonous thorns."

Marland grinned at her, acknowledging defeat. She held him, or at least thought she held him, in the humiliating position of being under her protection from the wrath of Brock. "If you're through working me over—" Marland began.

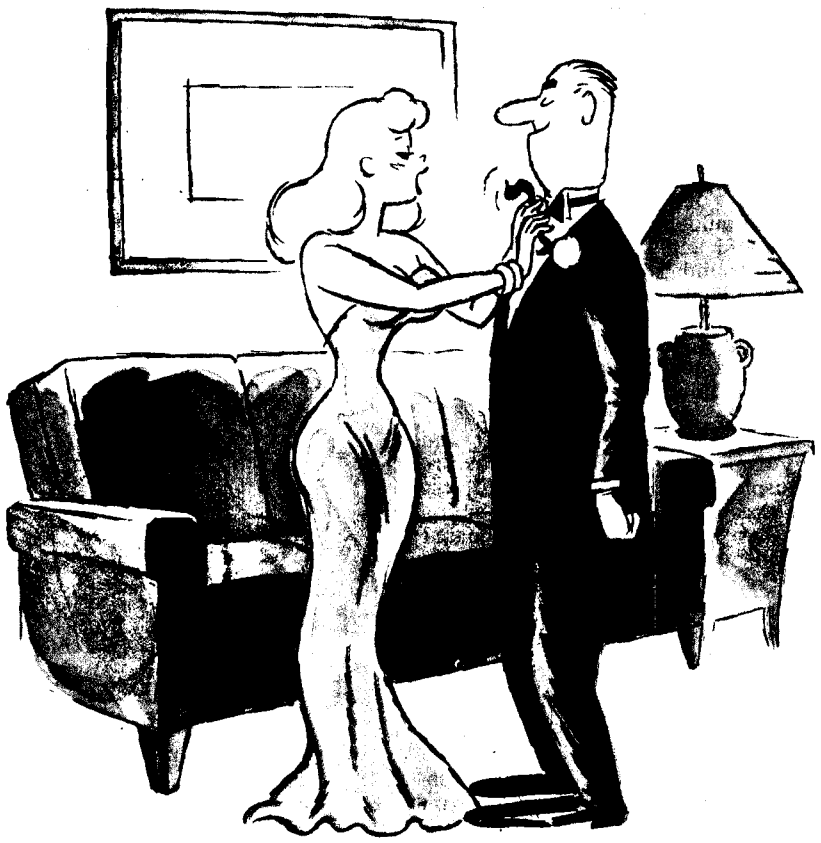
"Stay put, fellow," broke in Lyons. "This is a party." He raised his glass. "To the new Magyar!"

"Right!" said Sherman.

They drank. Before they could touch down their glasses Lyons spoke again, his voice strong and earnest: "To the only real country there ever was in California—the Mother Lode!"

He drained his glass. Instantly a waiter replaced it. "Now then," said Lyons, "there's venison in the quick freeze."

On the surface the dinner went pleasantly by. But an underlying tension built up steadily, touching all here. Marland could feel it grow; his senses searched for the currents that swelled it, and he found the mood claiming him too.



"I'm really a home-loving type. I'd love a home at Lake Placid, a home at Palm Springs, a home at Miami and a home in town!"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE WOLFE

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Only Brock seemed single-minded. He devoted himself to Virginia with sullen aggressiveness, his eyes openly hungry, his temper shortening steadily. Marland remembered Airedale Joe's prediction; Brock was making no progress; he would be hard to live with tomorrow.

Not that Virginia showed any coldness to Brock; rather, she held him off with an absent smile that infuriated him by its indifference. The mystery of her pulled at Marland. She wore a green slack suit that was softly tailored; it showed off a body that was ripely rounded and enticing, and it intended to do so. The slacks were not particularly out of place, for other women at the gambling tables wore them. But there was a contradiction here; it was almost as if she were trying to draw attention away from them by an excess of femininity in the rest of her clothing.

Marland saw her glance settle often on Sherman, but without discernible emotion. Sherman drank less than Lyons and showed it more. But then, Lyons showed it not at all.

Lyons treated Janet with a courtesy so old-fashioned that Marland took it at first to be an unintended burlesque of courtliness. Dinner was almost over when the truth dawned: this girl's nearness was causing the deepest turmoil in the big man. He put the skillet on the table tonight to mark a milestone: the

As I Stand and Look Around

I wash automatically,
Iron sitting down,
My stove cooks a meal while I
Gad about town.
I can't burn the toast, for it
Pops by itself,
My cakes are all mixed in a
Box on the shelf.
It's all very modern and
Gay as can be,
Except for one item—
Decrepit old ME!

—BETTY ISLER

penniless teamster's boy had climbed to a place of equality beside the Armsbys. But it was not so. Janet remained to him the princess from that house on the hill. That was why he asked her to lunch through her brother; he feared rebuff if he asked her directly. But he wanted her; he wanted her so much that his control broke when he learned that another man had kissed her.

AT DINNER'S end Brock stood up abruptly and pulled Virginia to her feet. "This air is filthy," he said. "I want to walk."

Virginia sent a wordless message to Janet. Marland saw it and spoke before Janet could, smiling blandly at Brock. "And we'll come too, won't we, Miss Armsby?"

Janet hesitated, looking at her brother, then rose.

From the door Marland looked back. Lyons' eyes were following them; his face was smoothed down to a complete absence of expression. Young Armsby spoke some word to him, laughing, and both men stood up. Marland became aware that Janet was watching this too, an intentness in her attitude.

Outside, Janet took his arm and they paced westward through the late twilight, keeping a dozen steps behind the pair in front.

Marland murmured a question. "You wanted to play chaperon for Virginia but you didn't want to leave your brother alone with Lyons. Mind telling me why?"

"It's none of your business, Mr. Lynch."

"My name is John," he said comfortably, "and I'm not a gentleman. Had I been, I couldn't have shut you up in time a while ago."

Two minutes' walk took them out of the business district. The street twisted and dropped, just as this gulch once wandered on its way to the river. On either side were homes set irregularly beneath large oaks. Here darkness had come.

UNCONSCIOUSLY they cut their pace, enjoying the night. Marland felt through her arm the graceful rhythm of her body. She slanted her head up at him.

"You're less and less what you pretend," she said. "Are you a man with a past, John Lynch?"

"A lurid past," he said. "You didn't invite that kiss this afternoon and you know it. Did you suddenly decide tonight that I was on your team?"

"Not at all. I decided you didn't work for Lyons."

"And it's not the same thing?"

"It's—I don't know," Janet's voice trailed off, lost in doubt.

Marland paused to listen. "Do you know we've lost Brock and Virginia?"

This was true. Brock had either taken a side street or increased his lead ahead, for their footfalls could no longer be heard. Marland stepped up their pace. Presently the street faced to a dirt road, dark and empty. Janet stood irresolute, finally shrugging. "I guess it doesn't matter."

Westward the butte rose above them with the Magyar's headframe set on its crown. Limned against the night sky, it had the foreboding appearance of a hangman's scaffold.

"An unusual name, the Magyar," said Marland.

"Its old name was the Maggie. Father changed it when he married my mother. She was a Hungarian, a Magyar beauty."

"So that explains it."

"Explains what?" Janet asked.

"Your mother was a woman with a special kind of loveliness, wasn't she? And when you're angry you look like her. You become a Magyar instead of an Armsby. I saw it this afternoon and couldn't give it a name."

She was surprised. "You see too much. My father is the only person who has ever remarked that." She went on quietly, "I don't remember her. I was two when she died. The Magyar died the same year . . . shall we go back?"

"In a minute." Marland brought her around to him, his hands lightly on her elbows.

She stood quite still. "I meant it, John. The thorns are poisonous."

"It's your brother, isn't it? He has done something, and you think I'm after him."

"Sherman's a fool but he hasn't—" she paused. He could feel her stiffen before she pulled away. She said coldly, "Why should I give you an answer?"

He reached out and pulled her to him again, holding her forcibly. "You know very well," he said, "that when you put it that way, a man's curiosity makes him find out how poisonous." He kissed her once, hard, and let her go.

The moment she was free he felt the sting of a blow on his left ear. It was not a slap; it was the furious lash of a small, hard fist, and it hurt. He grabbed her and held her tight. But she did not struggle or even try to avert her face from his. She looked up at him, distant and unafraid.

"The first time," she said, "you had some excuse. At least you proved a point by it. But you're one of the kind that find women easy. You've never

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learned when to stop. Now turn me loose before I start clawing."

He released her, stung into silence, and they walked in silence back toward Foothill House. At the door he stopped. She gave him her attention, neither friendly nor unfriendly.

"Tell me quick and tell me straight," he said. "Does any of the Armsby family care where San Francisco's dam is located?"

"Not in the slightest," she replied.

They sat alone at the table, for Brock had not returned with Virginia, nor were Sherman and Lyons in the room. She looked about restlessly, an anxiety growing in her. In a few minutes she jumped up. "Let's gamble," she said.

They bought chips and worked their way into the crowd at the dice table. Marland surveyed the play while she made small line bets. The dice came to her; she backed herself with a dollar. When Marland gambled he mixed his engineer's knowledge of percentages generously with impulses, and he obeyed one now. He put his stack of ten red chips, fifty dollars, beside her lone white one. She frowned up at him as she sent the dice spinning from the cup. They came up a six-five natural. The dealer matched Marland's stack. Marland let it lie.

"They'll repeat," he said.

"You don't know me," Janet laughed. She cupped the dice and let them go—and the six-five bounced up again.

The houseman sized up Marland, whisked away his hundred dollars in red chips and laid eight blue-and-gold twenty-five-dollar chips on the come line—two hundred dollars.

"You see?" said Marland. He was looking for that feverish light that comes into women's eyes when they gamble; Janet did not have it. "Once more."

"All right," she said doubtfully. She came out on a five, worked through several futile throws and made it with a four-one. Quickly she took her profit, leaving her first dollar as the next bet. Marland let his four hundred lie.

"Pull it back," Janet said anxiously.

Marland shook his head. "I don't believe all of the Armsbys are unlucky."

She gazed up at him, seeking the deeper intent in his remark, then rolled the dice quickly. They came up a sweet seven and Marland had eight hundred dollars in front of him.

Janet set the box down. "I won't shoot unless you pull it back," she said.

"For that I ought to bet against you," he said. He cut his bet down to the original fifty dollars and watched it disappear as she failed to make an eight. "Proving," he added wryly, "that I'm not a good gambler either."

She spoke without bitterness. "I'll never be. The last year has taught me how precious one round dollar is."

THEY turned away to find young Armsby and Lyons crossing the room to them. Sherman walked a little head, his stride eager and confident. His eyes sparkled from liquor and from something more, some inner intoxication that was stronger than drink. He spoke to Marland out of his high good humor, never knowing that condescension edged his voice: "Don't tell me you've been taking your host's money?"

"All I can," said Marland.

Janet looked from her brother to Lyons. She asked with unexpected sharpness, "Where have you been?"

"Upstairs," said Lyons, "guarding the Wells Fargo bullion."

"Oh, that," she said. The answer seemed to satisfy and even relieve her. "Have you seen Virginia and Lon?"

"No," answered Sherman carelessly. "I thought they were with you."

"My guests seem to scatter," said Lyons. "Perhaps I haven't been a good host."

He was smiling at Janet. It was the hesitant smile of a child who is dismayed because he has displeased; there was no artifice in it. Marland, seeing it, remembered the oddly similar expression on this man's face as the slot-machine peddler cried in anguish.

"No," said Janet politely. "We have not been good guests."

They looked at each other through a little silence. It was the rigid set of her head, rather than her expression, that told Marland she was fighting against revulsion. Yet she was fascinated too, for he was so big and vital and she knew he wanted her.

The return of Virginia, followed several paces behind by Brock, ended the moment. Virginia came straight to Janet. Her face was dead white, her eyes sick.

"I want to go home," she said. It was a whisper with a choked sob in it.

Red earth stained the sides of her slacks and the elbows of her jacket. Her pale hair was loose; a fragment of twig still hung in it. In her eyes there was no anger or shame; only despair.

Janet saw these things. She said, "Virginia, did he—?" and she did not finish as her gaze moved to Brock. Brock paid her no attention. He was looking at Sherman Armsby; there was rage in him, but there was bafflement too. Sherman could not meet his eyes.

Slowly Janet transferred her attention to her brother. They were all looking at Sherman then. It was clear that whatever Brock had done to Virginia the blame for it somehow, even in Brock's mind, rested on Sherman. He tried to face up to his sister's contempt and failed; all of his gay confidence was gone.

Marland, watching this without comprehension, saw that Lyons was puzzled too. This was a thing sprung from the mystery of Virginia Kane's relationship to the Armsby family. It was a secret guarded well, but Brock with his animal ardor had discovered it.

Janet said to her brother in a voice of cold, cold scorn, "If I were a man I would horsewhip you."

This time he met her eyes, trying to be a man, even managing a shallow laugh of amusement at so ridiculous an idea. But the laugh died as her voice lashed at him: "Take her to the car!"

WITHOUT a word he took Virginia's arm. She pulled away from him and he followed her out. Brock hesitated, then stalked out behind them.

Janet turned to say good night to Lyons, to find him laughing silently.

"What a perfect idea!" he said. "But don't you know that no one has horsewhipped a man in these hills for fifty years? There isn't a horsewhip in the Mother Lode outside my collection, and I wouldn't want to see that used on poor Sherman."

Janet was too astonished to reply. He offered his arm with the faintest hint of a bow, a gesture as antique as the notion of horsewhipping. Yet, in him, it did not seem unnatural. "I'll walk you to your car," he said. Janet took his arm, even smiling a little, responding to him in spite of herself. He said almost solemnly, "The Mother Lode blood is rich in you, Miss Janet. We know that now, don't we?"

It came to Marland, as Lyons led Janet away from him, that for the first time his curiosity about Lyons was mixed with animosity. Or could it be jealousy?

When Lyons returned alone, the silent laughter still bubbled in him. He beckoned drinks and drank deeply of his own, winking over his glass at Marland.

"D'you suppose," he said, "that Lon Brock needs killing?"

"I'll reserve an opinion."

"Then I'll tell you that he does. A man who'll take a woman by force will take your life too if he's crowded. A thing worth knowing, eh? You didn't stay for nothing. What's in your mind?"

"You owe me a blackjack game." Marland looked down at the blue-and-gold chips still cupped in his hand. "But I want faster action. Here's seven hundred of yours and fifty of mine. I'll high-card you. One hand for the stack."

"Good! Ride your luck. But you haven't a chance. This is my night."

Lyons meant it. Something had happened that filled him with the exalted mood of invincibility. Something that first showed on him when he returned from upstairs with Sherman.

"Your luck against mine," said Marland.

They found a table, and Lyons tossed a new deck to Marland. "Ace is low, right?" he said. A crowd began to form. Lyons spoke up to one of the spectators, a man with white hair and soft pink cheeks. "I've found fresh meat, Commissioner. He doesn't know that Lyons sleeps with Lady Luck."

"He'll learn," said the man, and laughed. He was pleased to be noticed.

Lyons made a double cut and Marland spread the deck. Lyons picked his card, looked at it, showed it with a smile to the man he had called commissioner, then left it face down. Marland drew and flipped in one motion. It was the king of spades. Triumphantly Lyons showed the king of diamonds. A tied hand.

"I told you," exulted Lyons. "Even with the perfect card you can't win."

They tossed the two kings aside. Ly-

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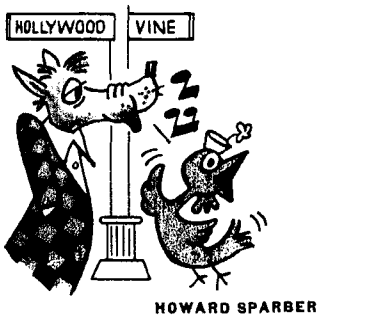

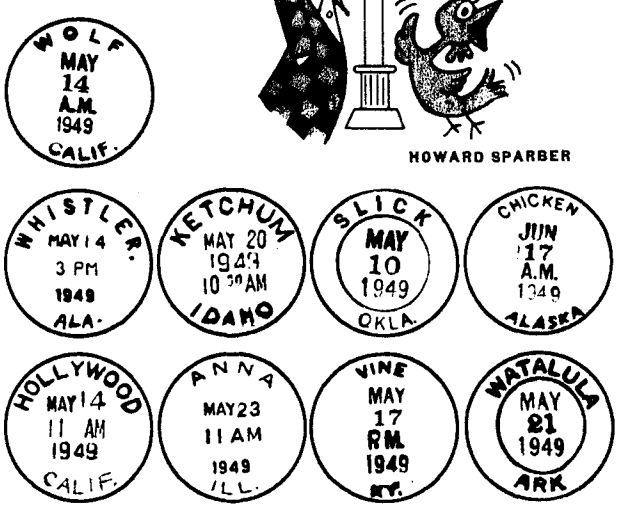
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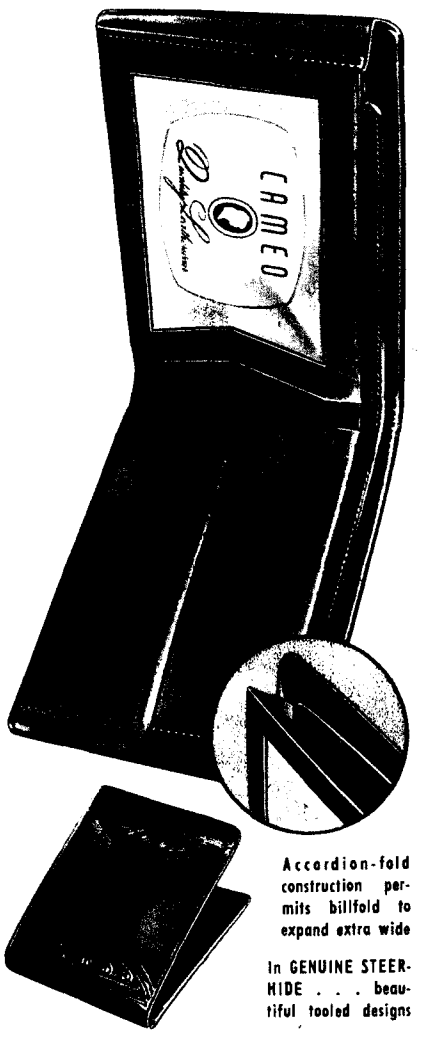

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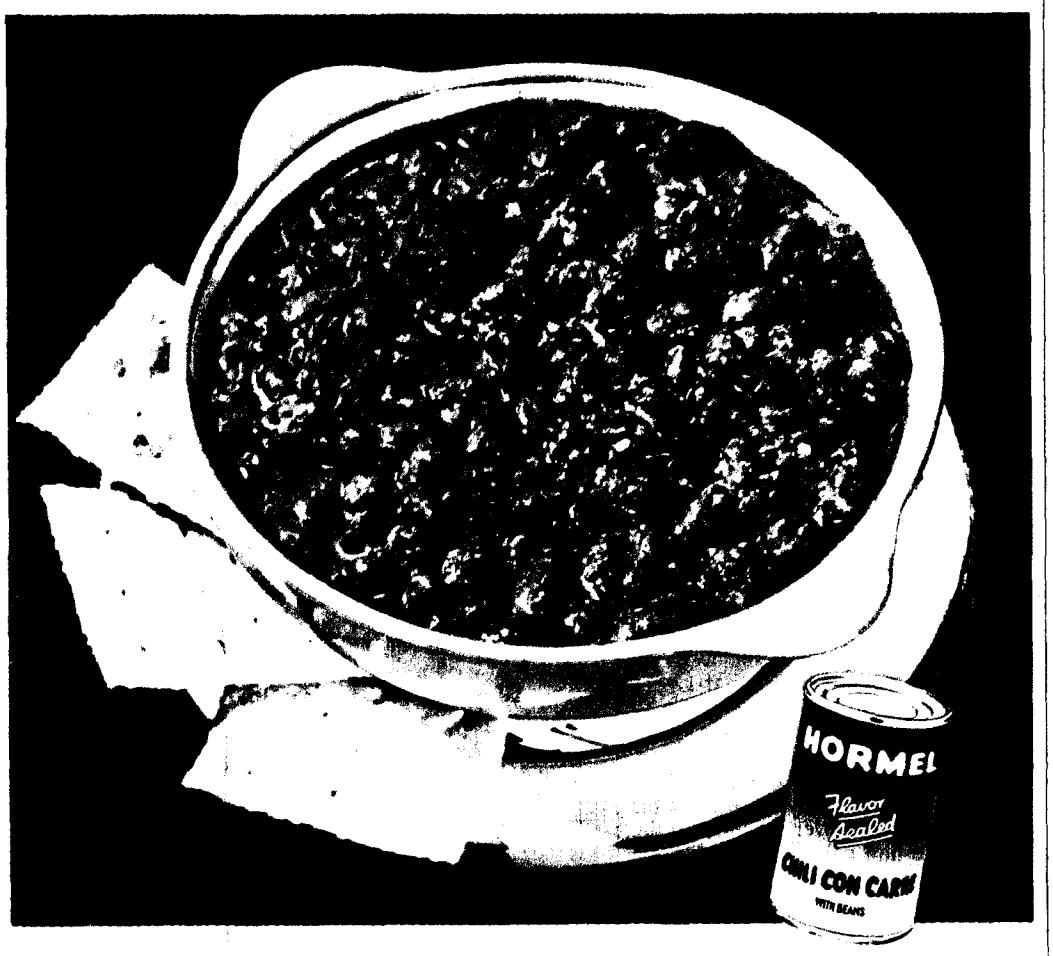

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ons chose his card, looked at it and again started to leave it face down. But it was too good to keep. He slapped it face up on the table. The queen of hearts. Again Marland drew and flipped with one motion. The card slid half across the face of the queen.

It was the king of hearts.

Lyons stared at it in disbelief. His eyes, lifting slowly to Marland, glazed with a sudden, passionate hatred. It was a shock out of all proportion to the issue at stake. In an instant the expression was gone.

He leaped to his feet and shouted, "The devil's breath, here's a man can match me! Come along, Lynch! We've got to get roaring drunk together!"

Marland stood up. "I'll drink with you," he said. "But upstairs."

Lyons studied him a moment, grinning. "Come along."

They climbed a stairway behind the bar. At the top Lyons snapped a switch and stood aside, watching for Marland's first reaction as he walked in. The whole second floor was a single, immense room, a fabulous gold-rush museum of the impedimenta of the forty-niners. The big man showed delight at Marland's surprise, and led him to the nearest showcases.

They were crammed with stubby derringers and old-fashioned Navy revolvers and heavy rifles, with massive jewelry and gold scales and bowie knives, with gold currency slugs and gold nuggets washed from their gravel, and with gold-encrusted quartz like the rocks that made the table centerpiece downstairs.

On the walls were familiar paintings of gold-rush scenes, and WANTED signs for famous highwaymen. In corners were ironbound strongboxes, primitive arrastras and stamp mills to break up the gold quartz, and miners' rockers, the simple wooden cradles devised by impatient forty-niners to treble their daily wash of precious gravel. One of the showcases had an odd shape. Marland recognized it as a long tom, an ingenious sluice box that in turn replaced the miner's rocker. He had a sudden thought: Was the Tom River once known as the Long Tom River? The forty-niners were never satisfied with a long name that could be halved.

LYONS strode to a handsome, high-backed desk, a collector's item that showed the clutter of daily use. From one of its compartments he produced a bottle and filled pony glasses; he carried the bottle with him as they resumed their way about the room. He hurried Marland along from iron mortar to ancient fire engine, from golden candlestick to shuttered lantern, now bubbling with boyish enthusiasm, now frowning and hurt when Marland's interest strayed. They came to the street end of the room.

"And here's where we guard the bullion," said Lyons. "Climb aboard, fellow."

They stood beside a Concord stagecoach, gleamingly varnished, and still carrying on its side the legend: WELLS FARGO & CO. OVERLAND STAGE. Marland climbed to the driver's seat. Lyons stepped nimbly up beside him. Up here they looked down on the whole room and out the window to the street below.

Lyons patted the hard seat. "My conference room," he said. "A man thinks better when he's off the ground." His voice was a little thick from his prodigious intake of liquor, but there was no other outward sign of it. He added confidentially, "When the help comes looking for me, I just duck inside the coach here."

Marland waved a hand at the room. "Did all this come from the profits downstairs?"

"Profits? Hell's fire! Foothill House runs at a loss. I keep the downstairs going because it's part of my museum too."

"I don't follow."

"This is the Mother Lode! Get that in your noodle. Where the West was born. The richest spot on earth. The North won the Civil War right here. I'll bet you didn't know that, eh? You didn't know Mother Lode gold saved the Union, did you? It took real men to carve down these hills. Scamps, most of them. But none of your two-bit chiselers that claw at you down in the cities today. They were great rascals, with a great way of living. That's the tradition I'm bringing back in Foothill House. That's what I'm going to bring back to this whole Mother Lode country!"

MARLAND felt something hard at his elbow. It was the butt of a rifle hanging in a leather boot. He withdrew it to find he was holding an old Henry, a breech-loading .50 caliber. He sighted down the barrel, and asked, "And are you a great rascal?"

Lyons laughed his strong, high laugh. "No more than Nathaniel Armsby, the first of his line. He took what he could keep, but it's in the record too that he called out a man and shot him down for slapping a cheap woman of the street. Give me that rifle. It's loaded."

Lyons took it into his arms. He continued: "Last winter I bought a new thirty-naught-six deer rifle that's near perfect. But it shoots no truer than this one—only farther. Watch this."

Lyons stepped down to the street window and flung it open. Fifty yards down the street at the Tomtown Gulch, a sign in red neon proclaimed BEER. The Henry roared. In the same instant the sign winked out.

It would have been a fine shot for a sober man; for a man deep in liquor it was remarkable.

Marland saw men run out of the Tomtown Gulch and stare up in their direction. Lyons glowered down at them, his great bulk planted on spread legs, the rifle cradled before him. He did not turn away until a man in a bartender's apron appeared below, peered up uncertainly, and shooed the knot of men back into the Gulch.

"He had his notice," growled Lyons. "No more neon in Tomtown. The stuff's like a canker sore. Now you'll see the signs come down."

"You're spitting against the wind," said Marland.

"You think so?" The humor was gone from Lyons; all at once he was deadly serious. "I'm giving back to the Mother Lode what weaklings like old Sherman Armsby lost for it, and I'll decide which way the wind will blow." Lyons' eyes, staring at Marland, glistened with gem brilliance.

Suddenly there was danger in this room. Marland tingled with the feel of it, the sensation of facing some great, awakening cat. Any sudden movement—a wrong word—

"Ever hear of King Canute?" Marland murmured.

Lyons turned away and set the rifle against the coach wheel. He brought his bulk slowly back around to Marland. With astonishing swiftness his big hands came up. They closed around the extensor muscles of Marland's forearms, and Marland knew suddenly the paralyzing pain that had made the slot-machine peddler cry out. The green eyes came close to his, glowing hotly.

"That one was supposed to go over my head, wasn't it, bucko boy?" Lyons sneered. "The big hillbilly wouldn't know that King Canute ordered the waves to stand still, would he? Only I do. I know about every other king in the books too. Ask me another."

The vise bit deeper. "Go on. Ask me!"

(To be continued next week)

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A Good Clean-Cut American Boy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

meal in silence until dessert when Wyatt Emerson came over to borrow a hammer.

He wore a letter-man sweater. His ash-blond hair was trimmed above his ears. His pants were neat. His shoes were shined. Dad got up and shook his hand. When George was introduced he just grinned at Wyatt foolishly and didn't even get up. Wyatt said all the right things, put everybody at ease and brought the hammer back in fifteen minutes.

"Ye gods!" Dad said, taking out his wallet. "George, listen to me. Tomorrow buy yourself some clothes and for God's sake get a haircut. George! Wake up!"

"Very well," George said. "I'll go. I'll move out. I'm just in the way here."

AFTERWARD, in the living room, I saw Dad watching him disgustedly around the corner of his newspaper. George had six or seven long whiskers on his chin. His big wrists hung below his sleeves and his shirt was dirty. He sprawled on the couch, looking bitterly at the ceiling, not even blinking.

"Wake up!" bellowed Dad suddenly.

Mother came racing in from the kitchen and took Dad to their bedroom for a long talk.

I can remember sitting there studying George curiously as if he were a stranger. I noticed that his nails weren't clean, either. Nobody could get him to clean his nails.

"Alaska. A lotta clean snow and big white silences and dog teams."

"What?" I said.

"That's the place for me, Eddie. There must still be gold in Alaska. I gotta have tons of gold."

"What for?"

"Nothing but gold will impress the Philistines of this world," he said. . . .

He didn't move out, or go to Alaska, of course. It was that night, or a little later, that I learned he had become a member of a new religious cult and was now in love.

I knew before anybody else that the girl's name was Linda because I began to find poems in his room. They were sonnets about spring weather and they were all dedicated to Linda. Sometime along in there he began reading them to me. He'd come into my room, brushing his long, oiled hair from his forehead with the back of his hand and chant me something about sweet blue eyes and deep blue skies and meadowlarks and spring.

"Linda who?" I asked.

"Never mind, Eddie."

"What's she like?"

"The finest little woman this side of heaven," he said, and it turned my stomach.

Then something went wrong and he went into a decline for a while. I asked him about it and he said:

"Do you think I'm noisy?"

"*I sure do.*"

He sighed heavily. Then he looked at me with compassion. "I hate to see you grow up, boy."

"I don't want to much, myself," I said, because I was beginning to worry about it, and spent long moments at the bathroom mirror looking for my vocal cords, wondering if any change was taking place.

Then he gave up the cult and began to write poems about death. They were called The Grim Reaper of the Mechanistic Universe or Immeasurable Endless Silence Amid the Stars and they scared me pretty badly. Mother told him not to read me any more of them. She said the wise thing to do with me was just leave me alone.

He would disappear right after dinner and come back about bedtime with his eyes bright and his cheeks flushed.

"Would you kindly tell me where in hell you go after dinner?" Dad asked him, keeping a grip on himself.

"It is regrettable," George said, "if a man in this day and age can't take a long walk and think."

"Think about what?"

George looked pained. "I think about the infinite mystery of the stars," he said.

Dad began to shout. "I'll bet you Wyatt Emerson doesn't wander around in a daze thinking about the infinite mystery of the stars! If you'll look over at Emerson's you'll find him studying. He doesn't waste a minute. He showed me his grades this evening. All A's."

George squinted his eyes and hunched his shoulders as if the very name of Wyatt Emerson grated on his nerves.

"By the way," Dad said, after Mother had calmed him down, "where's *your* report card? I haven't seen it this quarter."

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George just kept on standing that way with his shoulders up.

"Georgie," Mother begged. "Please show your father your report card."

George reached in his hip pocket and brought it out, dog-eared and stained with perspiration.

Mother and I both waited apprehensively. Dad stiffened in his chair and slapped his hand against his forehead.

"What is it, Philip?"

"Heaven help us. O Lord, what have I done to deserve it? Why should Joe Emerson have all the luck. He's just a druggist!"

"Philip! Stop that."

Dad's hand shook as he gave her the card.

"The highest mark he's got is D in physical culture," he said, fixing his eyes on George who still hadn't moved.

They sent me to bed. I could hear them talking long after Wyatt's light went out next door. Even in the night, when I got up to go to the bathroom, I could still hear them. I was going sleepily down the hall when I realized Dad and Mother were whispering together out on the sleeping porch. I didn't hurry.

"I tell you, Vivian," Dad whispered fiercely. "We need a psychiatrist! This is no ordinary adolescence. George isn't right in the head!"

"Shame on you, Philip."

"Stupidity and condescension. If he weren't so stupid I could stand his patronizing attitude—"

"Sh. You'll wake him up."

"If I *could* wake him up. If I could reach his *mind*."

They murmured a while longer.

And then, with a chill running up and down my spine, I heard Dad say:

"Let me tell you this, Vivian—if this is adolescence—I warn you, I won't go through it again. The first time Eddie's voice cracks—bang, off he goes to boarding school."

I staggered back to bed with my fingers clutching my throat. I lay awake for an hour massaging my vocal cords. The last thing in the world I wanted was to go to boarding school. I was happy where I was.

AFTER that, when it seemed that my fate was hanging by the slender thread of George's popularity, I shined his shoes, kept a check on his wardrobe, and pretended I wanted to watch him shave. Then there was a new development. He suddenly became six feet two and fell asleep all the time. He became inert. I would wake him up and roughhouse with him when I heard Dad coming—but nothing could be done to make him more attractive.

And then, one summer night, a strange man came to the door and asked to see Dad. There was special cordiality in Dad's greeting which was fascinating to behold; but I was banished to the study. When the man finally left, Dad raced upstairs to George's room two steps at a time. I was in the alcove when he came out with a long white rope ladder.

"Vivian!" he yelled down. "Where is he?"

Mother came to the foot of the stairs. "I let him go walking. He's just out walking, Philip. I'm sure he is."

"Look at this," shouted Dad, dangling the rope ladder. "Do you know who that was calling on me? That was Avery Griffin, president of the bank—he holds the note on the store. That was Avery Griffin who was just here! Avery Griffin, Vivian."

"Philip! Oh, dear. George hasn't robbed the bank?"

Dad collapsed on the stairs, his head in his hands. "He hasn't brains enough to rob a bank," he said.

Mother came and sat beside him. Dad was breathing hard.

"Avery has a daughter—"

Mother gasped.

"She's not—"

"Oh, hell, no," Dad said. "Or at least I don't think so. But he has a daughter named Doreen. It seems George walks up and down past their house all night and the neighbors' dogs bark."

Mother began to laugh hysterically. "Oh, Philip, darling! I thought it was something dreadful."

"Something dreadful?" Dad yelled. "Isn't this dreadful enough for you? He's giving Avery the screaming meanies at the very time I've got to get an extension on the note. Listen—you know what the idiot does, walking up and down in his hard heels on the sidewalk? *He composes poems!* Yes. Twice they've found him asleep on the porch with little pieces of paper all around him."

This was fascinating to me. I hadn't read any of George's poems since the Linda period, and some wisdom beyond my years told me that things were getting serious.

"Vivian," Dad said solemnly, "if I had the money that kid would land in military school so fast it would make his head swim."

I interpreted this correctly and felt relieved until I heard Mother say:

"Surely business will be better by next fall, Philip. Maybe we should send him away. Perhaps it would be best for George, too."

A little later Mother took Dad out into the garden to cool him off and they were astonished to find George asleep in the hammock. He was over on his side with one leg dragging and there was a beautiful smile on his face.

"Why, look, Phil," Mother cried delightedly. "His nails are clean."

I was behind the oak tree and I yearned to mention that his shoes were shined too, but something restrained me.

"Wake up!" Dad said, shaking the hammock.

George opened his eyes and listened, groaning with boredom, to a long lecture.

"George," Dad said finally, squatting beside him. "Don't you see? You're making an ass of yourself over a girl who probably is just as scatterwitted as yourself!"

George got to his feet and held up one hand.

"That will do, Father," he said with quiet dignity. "You are speaking of the woman I love."

"That settles it," Dad said, stamping his foot. "He's no son of mine. I disinherit him."

He didn't exactly disinherit him, but he did hire Wyatt Emerson to work in the store. Just having Wyatt around where he could look at him seemed to be soothing. He lost all interest in George, and I remember that Mother was upset because it was so obvious that Dad thought more of the neighbor's boy than he did of his own.

It took her almost all summer but she finally persuaded him to hire George, too. Doreen was out of town and all George did was sit upstairs and write long air-mail letters.

"You've got to learn to cope with these things, Philip," Mother said, sternly. "Eddie's coming along, too, you know."

I was always overhearing things that made me quake with apprehension.

So Dad hired George—and George gave out too much change, messed up the books, couldn't see things right in front of him, and delivered parcels to the wrong people.

DAD stood it as long as he could and then one night early in September he fired him. He did at at dinner.

"George," he said, breathing heavily, keeping a grip on himself, "just don't bother to come to the store tomorrow. Stay home and write poetry. Or think about the infinite little old mystery of the stars. Anything you want—but just don't ever again come anywhere near the store."

George folded his arms across his chest.

"Father," he said, "if you'd only get some system into that business! It seems to me it would be a simple enough matter to organize it properly—"

Dad had a wild look in his eyes and was making ominous guttural noises when Mother intervened.

"George," she said, brightly. "I just happen to have some boarding-school catalogues in my desk. Why don't you look at them after dinner? Wouldn't it be fun to go away to school this month?"

"Me?"

"Yes, George. Wouldn't it?"

"That," said George, "would be against my most sacred principles, Mother. I believe profoundly in coeducation and complete democracy in public high schools."

Dad put his knife and fork down, placed both hands firmly on the table and looked at George, half rising from his chair. But then he collapsed, quivering.

"Too late," he said. "Nothing can be done."

There was a painful silence. I glanced

COLLIER'S

"I haven't the faintest idea how old he is. And if you ask me, that's the most dangerous age in a man"

GARDNER REA

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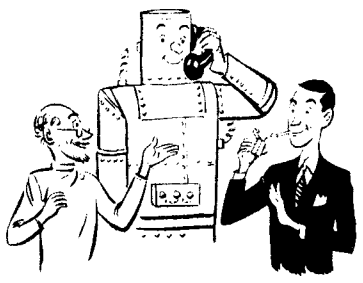
WHITELEY'S
King's Ransom
"ROUND THE WORLD" SCOTCH
WHITELEY'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
SCOTCH

King's Ransom Blended Scotch Whisky · 94 Proof · House of Lords Blended Scotch Whisky · 86 Proof · International Brands, Newark, N J



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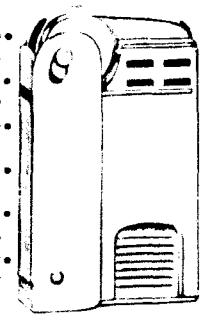

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up to see his eyes falling speculatively on me.

"How's business, Dad?" I asked nervously.

With horror I heard the rumble in my voice, changing to a squeak on the last word. It sounded like a duet between Ezio Pinza and Lily Pons when neither of them was in very good form.

Mother looked at me queerly.

"Like to glance over the catalogues too, Eddie?" she asked.

At that moment the phone rang and George went to answer it. A few minutes later we saw him standing in the middle of the living room staring at the ceiling. If it weren't for the pimples, he'd have looked like someone in a stained glass window.

"Who was it, Georgie?"

"Doreen's home," he said dreamily. "Doreen's just called me up. Her father and mother have said I could come over."

Dad got a queasy look on his face, as though he'd found something nasty in his food. He pushed himself from the table.

"The catalogues, Vivian," Dad said. "Let me see those catalogues myself."

I crept into a corner, watching him go busily through the catalogues, making notes on a pad. Even worried as I was, it seemed to me that George didn't look too bad, when he came back in his tweed jacket and plaid slacks.

"George!" Mother cried. "Philip, look at George. How neat you look, dear."

Dad looked up. "Can't you wear clothes that match?" he said. "You don't see Wyatt running around looking like a race-track tout."

George went out, wearing a tragic expression, as though he were Sydney Carton or somebody.

I thought Mother was going to cry.

"You crushed him, Philip. I think it's simply shocking. He knows you care more for Wyatt than you do for him."

"Nonsense. He hasn't heard anything I've said since he was fourteen."

They were quarreling. I had never heard them quarrel so bitterly before.

I slipped out and gently closed the door.

DAD and Mother and I were having crackers and milk in the kitchen at eleven o'clock—they'd made up and we'd gone to the movies—when we heard a scratching at the back door and then footsteps moving around the house.

"Prowlers," whispered Mother.

"Sh." Dad held one finger to his lips and listened intently. The footsteps wandered around outside and then we heard someone stumbling across the front porch.

"Vivian, if he's come home intoxicated he can go to work for the county."

Then Dad opened the door.

Mr. Joseph Emerson, Wyatt's father, came in slowly, wearing the black alpaca jacket he used in the drugstore. He blinked around in the light. Then he spoke very carefully.

"Mrs. Warren," he said, "it would be a great, great favor to me if you would let me have six tablespoons of coffee."

"Why, certainly."

Mother hurried to the kitchen and took me with her. When we came back Mr. Emerson was sitting in Dad's favorite chair with his head in his hands and Dad was saying in a voice rich with sympathy:

"What is it, Joe? Tell me, Joe. Maybe I can help."

Mr. Emerson lifted a stricken face.

"Nobody can help now, Phil," he said. "Oh, Phil—I don't know. I don't know what the hell's the use! You work like a dog, you raise 'em, you worry about 'em, you try to steer 'em around the pitfalls, and then what? I've done everything in God's world to beat just a minimum of common sense into his head. I've tried, Phil, God knows I've tried. But its hopeless, that's all. Tonight's the night. He's done it this time. He's fixed us up, but good!"

"Why, Mr. Emerson, what's the matter?" Mother cried.

Dad's mouth was wide open but he wasn't saying anything.

"You might as well know," said Mr. Emerson, getting to his feet. "The whole town will know by morning. Mrs. Emerson and I were having dinner when the door opened and Wyatt—oh, the damn' fool, oh, the fool!"

"Wyatt?" said Dad dazedly. "What about Wyatt?"

"He came wandering across the threshold with a scrawny little blonde in his arms. The damn' fool's married!"

Dad sat down.

"But who is she?" Mother asked.

MR. EMERSON wept. "*We* don't know. He doesn't tell us anything. She's Elsie somebody from downstate somewhere. We never even heard of her before. Why, *he* can't support a wife." He took the glass of coffee from Mother's limp hand. "Do you wonder I got a little plastered, Mrs. Warren? I tell you, I've had my hands full with that boy ever since he turned fourteen."

We all realized at the same moment that George had come in.

"That's a particularly intriguing new mystery story, madam. Owing to a strike at the printing plant the publishers were compelled to leave out the final chapter"

COLLIER'S — PETER PROBYN

He stood there with a flower in his buttonhole, a neat felt hat in his hand; he looked scrubbed and intelligent. "Pardon me," George said politely. "Good evening, Mr. Emerson. I came back to get my Sonnets from the Portuguese."

Mr. Emerson put his arm around George's shoulders and gave him a little hug.

"Come in and see me sometime, George," he said, pitifully. "Come and talk to me."

Then he weaved to the door, pausing to look off after George who was going lightly up the stairs.

"Phil," Mr. Emerson said, solemnly, "you're a lucky guy. There, if I ever saw one, is a good clean-cut American boy."

The door closed and he stumbled away, down the steps.

I didn't understand all that was happening, but my instincts were sound.

"Dad! Mother!" I said. "*My* voice isn't changing yet! I don't want to go away to school."

The emotion did it. It seemed to come from somewhere behind me, a loud, baritone, ending in a squeak. I clutched my throat.

But they didn't notice.

"You don't have to, Eddie," Mother said gently. She was looking chidingly at Dad. His face was pretty red. "Philip Warren," she said, for the last time, "aren't you ashamed!" THE END

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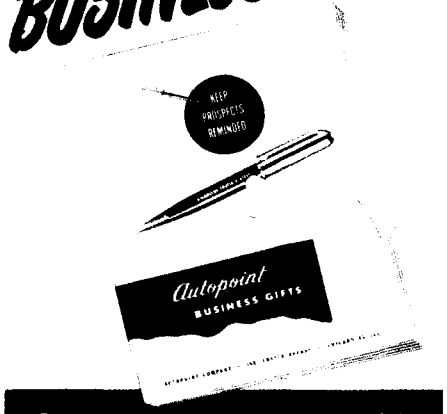

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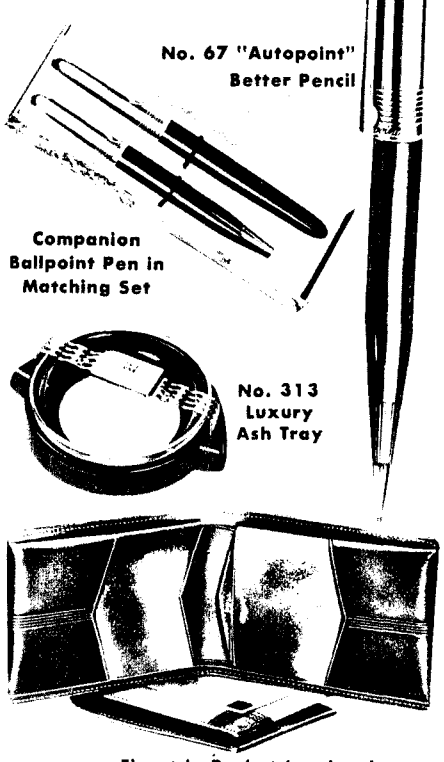
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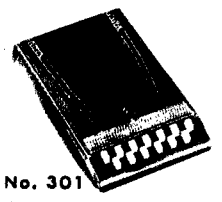

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I Hate a Dumpy Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

from the floor and handed it to her, saying, "Your mush-war," and the Mister choked.

Don't forget what I asked you.

Your loving pupil,
De Lucie

Sunday night,
late

Dear Miss Pupke:

No, you guessed wrong. Rocky loves music, but he never heard me play the trumpet. Thursday I practiced far into the night, and Mr. Iredale asked me next morning why I didn't get myself a French horn instead, as I am learning French, one word a week. The tone isn't as brilliant, but it's more mellow, he said. So Cherry and I walked over to the music store and exchanged my trumpet for a French horn. So far I can't get a sound out of the foreign thing, and Mr. Iredale is so disappointed.

And you say, keep on reading. I am keeping on. Twice after I made the beds upstairs I have started working on War and Peace again, and have just made it to where the pretty little Princess has the mustache once more.

But I have a chance to get into the glamorous advertising business through a side door. It happened like this.

This morning old Frank, our garbage man, bragged to me that Rocky had won a medal in Class B for shooting with a pistol, and just hearing his name made me feel low. I told Mrs. Iredale I didn't want to take my Sunday off. "I have no date," I said. "Why don't you have company? I would rather work in the kitchen than brood."

And she said, "Wonderful. We'll ask Mr. Ernest, who is Mr. Iredale's producer and loves food. A very rich, busy man."

So I says, will it be the usual, a steak garnished with Martinis, and she says no, he's a very large man with a small red mustache, and he didn't get that great alderman from leafy vegetables, so pile on the starches, De Lucie. The Iredales took the children to the county fair, and I had all afternoon alone in the kitchen. I made thick soup with dozens of tiny butter dumplings, and I took a big roast of beef out of the freezer and smothered it with onions and gravy, with Yorkshire pudding as a side dish. I baked three kinds of dinner rolls, and a butterscotch pie that was fancier than any you ever saw. I kept fooling with it, making a fussy edge to the crust and decorating the top with burnt-sugar icing and whipped cream.

Mrs. Iredale sat thoughtfully counting calories when she saw the layout, and the kids had all they could eat when they finished soup and dumplings, but big Mr. Ernest dug right in and worked through all those starches until he glistened. The Iredales pretended to keep on eating, and Cherry sat and watched Mr. Ernest, pointing to his little mustache and thinking out loud, "Mush-tash. Mush-war."

The conversation died, but he worked on, stuffing in silence. Then I brought in the butterscotch pie for the Missis to cut, and the producer shouted, "Stop! that's the most beautiful pie I ever saw in my life. Spent two days last week looking at pictures for my new Shawtning campaign. There wasn't a pie as dramatic as that in ninety photographs."

He turned puffing around and says to me, "You make that? Fine cook. What kind of shortening did you use?"

"Shawtning," I replied.

"Ah! You want to make that same pie for a picture? And come to my advertising agency in New York to pose it? I'll give you an engraving of President Jackson for a day's work."

I didn't know what he was talking about. But the Mister explained that Mr. Ernest is interested in a lot of advertising besides radio advertising. So I thought I'd like to have an engraving of President Jackson for the wall of my bedroom, and I says, "Well, I could make you a pie on Thursday, sir, my day off, if Mrs. Iredale does not object."

Mr. Ernest urged me to come down the next day and start right in. There is a kitchen, it seems, for doing stuff like that. Of course I couldn't because I help our laundress, Jinkie, with the washing on Mondays. "You're way too good for this job," he says. "Perfectly ridiculous for a girl with your talents to be wasting your time at the Iredales'. Your slave days are over."

"Just a minute now," says the Missis. "Don't unsettle my excellent maid, Mr. Ernest."

"My dear girl, you wouldn't stand in the way of De Lucie's advancement," says Mr. Ernest. "I would never impute small-mindedness to you, Mrs. Iredale."

I thought to myself: This old boy is as smooth as butter.

"Yes," says the Missis, "but the past year has been the most productive of my life. I need De Lucie. I'm no idle society woman, wasting my days in bridge and drinking. I've brought my golf handicap down to four, and with steady patient daily practice I can make it two before the snow comes."

Mr. Ernest sailed on, as overpowering as an ocean liner. "Don't you know there are women who make fifty bucks a day, marketing and cooking and arranging a still life like this glorious pie, to order? You are in the wrong business, De Lucie."

"Erny old boy," the Mister cut in nervously just before the Missis burst into flame—she hates people who try to lure me away—"don't disrupt my peaceful home. My children love De Lucie. Let's have a brandy in the study."

I was excited by all this praise. It warmed me up. Seemed as if Mr. Ernest had opened a door into a more glamorous life. I figured: Why, I'm a wonder, and here I had been thinking I was just an ordinary tomato. I'm good enough for Rocky! And I marched to the kitchen phone and called his house, planning to congratulate him on the swell medal for pistol shooting.

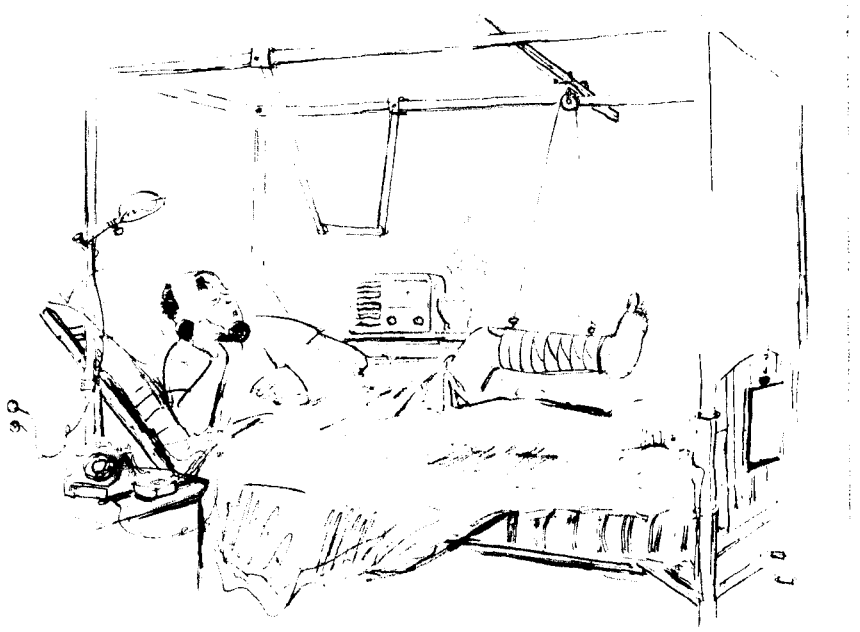
A sweet voice answered, "Hello, hello!" in several notes, like a song. "Bennye Mae Benson speaking—the Rebel."

I like to dropped dead. I said hello, kind of shaky, trying to think of something. My heart felt a stab of grief, like an ice pick was run in it. I'd rather croak myself than ask her to speak to Rocky.

"Don't be surprised at my answering this phone," she rushes on ever so sweetly. "I'm just a guest for Sunday-night supper, and Rocky and his parents are busy carrying trays to the outdoor table in the flower garden. To whom did you wish to speak?"

"To you," I blurts. "I was wondering if you could give me a short lesson after you teach Stuart Iredale tomorrow. This is De Lucie Weed the cook. I got a rented French horn I can't get a sound out of."

"I don't teach the horn," she said regretfully. "Just piano and violin. I do need pupils. Why don't you trade it in for a violin?"



COLLIER'S — "Never better, Jim. And you?" — PERRY BARLOW

I said I just as soon, and then I sat down at the kitchen table and I almost cried. I haven't really bawled since I was about seven, the Christmas when none of us orphans at the Home got any presents because no one sent us any. But as I sat making little tucks on a new dress for Cherry, tears kept coming into my eyes and rolling out—very annoying, so I could hardly see. I kept pushing the tears back in, and wiping my nose on my mush-war, and sewing the little tucks crooked, when Mr. Iredale came into the kitchen for some soda, with Cherry trotting behind.

"Moosie, don't cry," my little girl called, and she climbed in my lap and patted my cheeks and began to weep. "Mush-war, Daddy," she sobbed. "Mush-war for Cherry."

So the Mister gave Cherry his handkerchief and patted me on the back like a father. "Why are you upset? On account of the ex-beau incident? Life is an onion which one peels with weeping," says the Mister. "You better let me give you the next French lesson, if Cherry knows as much French as you do. *'La vie est un oignon.'* I'll write it down for you on the milk bill. *La*-the, *vie*-life, *est*-is, *un*-an, *oignon*-onion. Now Cherry and De Lucie, say it after me." So we did, and laughed, and felt better. The Mister is a great man.

After they left I scrubbed the kitchen floor, and Mr. Ernest came hurrying in with his hat on his head. "I must say good-by to an excellent cook," he says loudly, and then he whispered very fast, "I'll pay you five dollars more a week than Iredale does if you'll come and cook for my mother and me. We have a couple now, but they are going to Sweden for a long visit. No pesky children, and you don't have to wear a cap."

"I love my cap," I says. "The Missis made it for me out of a piece of real rose-point lace, so I could look like one of those doggy little maids in French murder movies. I wouldn't work where there wasn't a baby."

"Oh, how trivial!" says Mr. Ernest. "I would never impute small-mindedness to you, De Lucie. My mother has arthritis, and is so helpless. I thought you would enjoy being of help to a frail old lady." He started urging me in a whisper. I guess he knew Mrs. Iredale would take his head off if she heard him. And it's a strange thing, but I believe I saw a man looking at us through the big kitchen window over the sink. When I looked over there, he ducked away.

Anyhow next week I am going to learn to play the violin. It couldn't sound as sour as my trumpet did. Life is an oignon, isn't it, Miss Pupke?

Your loving pupil,
De Lucie

Wednesday

Dear Miss Pupke:

I had my first violin lesson yesterday, traded the silent French horn for an imitation Stradivarius. Stu brought Miss Bennye Mae Benson to my room after he had his piano lesson. She was astonished when she saw how big and pretty my room is, and my lavender bathroom all to myself. I showed her the new dress I'm making for Cherry on the sewing machine I'm buying.

"I couldn't begin to afford a room like this!" she said enviously. "Yet I graduated third in my class from the Music Conservatory. What do you get?"

"This room, and board, and uniforms in addition to my salary," was my answer, because I notice that ladies like Mrs. Iredale don't tell how much money they have.

"Well! It's very sweet of Mrs. Iredale to let you have an hour off from housework to study the violin."

"Oh, I always have this hour free for a bath and a nap. I get up early to get breakfast, and I get through late at night, because I encourage the Mister to take his time over cocktails and dinner. So I take it easy for a long time after lunch."

"Why don't you try to raise your social standing? You sew very neatly. You could be a fitter in a dress shop."

"I tried that for a week before I came here. There was too much social standing. My feet like to killed me. I'd rather have an easy job cooking and cleaning. Why would I want to work in a dress shop down on my knees, pinning up hems for cranky ladies that look down on me, instead of feeding nice funny children that look up to me?"

"Who is funny?" asked Stu, putting down my lipstick and perfume atomizer, and walking out of the room.

So we got busy on the lesson, and I did pretty well. You got to twist your left wrist like a floor mop in a wringer, but I learned to play the open strings, squeaking a good deal. I'm going to practice a lot and learn to play Row, Row, Row Your Boat to surprise the Mister. I gave Miss Benson three dollars for the lesson and a pair of new nylons.

I was just showing her out the front door, when a long car with a chauffeur pulls up, and Mr. Ernest steps out and plods up the stairs.

"I'm sorry, sir, Mrs. Iredale is playing golf," I says.

"I know. I just came from the club;

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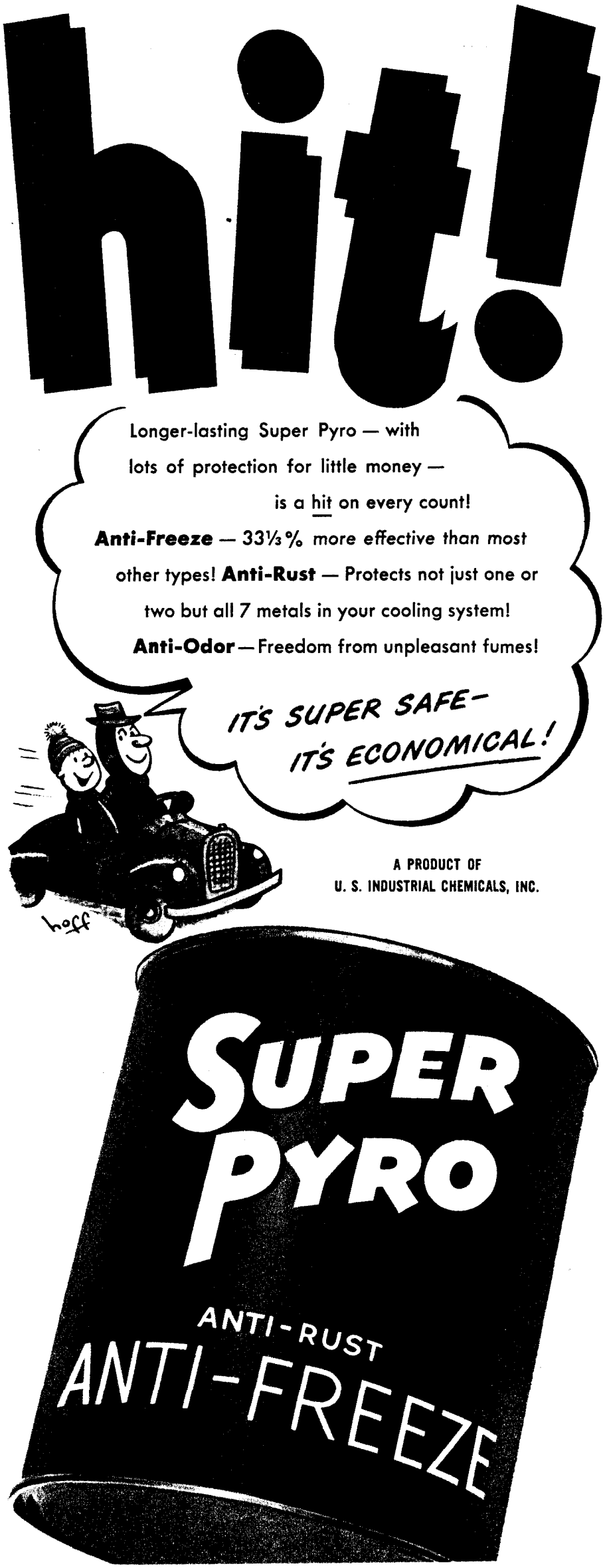
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she's on the long fifteenth, in a trap. I wanted to see you, De Lucie, and I know she wouldn't let me." And he starts to walk in.

Miss Benson just stood there on the porch, staring at his shoulders, and he halts and twists around.

"Anything wrong?" he asks.

She starts. "Oh, I'm so sorry," she says in the sweetest voice. "I'm so silly. I was just noticing what tremendous shoulders you have. I expect you hold up the sky on Atlas' day off!" He swallowed that marshmallow without gagging.

"It's from golf," he explained, "and I used to be a wrestler in college."

I finally introduced them. "Mr. Ernest, Miss Benson. She's Stu's piano teacher. She's Southern."

"Call me Rebel," begged Miss Benson and followed us back into the house.

"How about that pie?" Mr. Ernest asks me. "I think you can make the pie we have been looking for, for my Shawtning account. The picture we will make of it is to go on the package, and we will use it a hundred ways besides. Do you promise to make a butterscotch pie and bring it to Escamillo's photography studio tomorrow? Here's my card with the address. If it photographs to look like the one you made Sunday, you'll get an engraving of General Jackson. Better bring two or three."

"That will take a couple of hours to make."

"I know. I should never impute small-mindedness to you, De Lucie. Bring four."

"Yes, sir, I will," I said.

"Jackson!" Miss Benson pipes up. "I hope you mean Stonewall, you great broad-shouldered overbearing Nawtherner. If you are drivin' past my pore little house, will you give me a ride? I'm a-weary!" And the rich man agreed.

Then Mr. Ernest says to me, "If you didn't work for the Iredales, would you work for me?"

"Why not? Certainly," I says, because I knew for sure the Iredales would never let me go.

"I've a project brewing," he says. "I'm working on it."

I wish I could go after what I want, brass-faced, like Miss Benson. When she went tripping out with her curls jiggling I whispers to her, "Did you enjoy your supper at Rocky's house Sunday evening?" and my heart was sore.

"Oh, yes, I adored it. We had a musical evening—I'm teaching Officer Rocky the piano. They are the dearest little people in the world." You would have thought Rocky was a foot high. "I'll give you a piece of advice," she continued. "Don't tell anyone you're a cook tomorrow, or you'll be snubbed."

Later on Mr. Iredale came dragging into the kitchen. Stu and Cherry were sitting on the table playing checkers. "Ho, one and all. Papa's home. Who is going to make me a highball? Had a tough day."

"Oh, you pore old Atlas you," Stu jeers. "I bet you were carrying the sky on those tremenjus shoulders of yours."

"Watch that stuff," his father says, pushing him off the table.

"Gee, I wish I lived at a Fondling Home like De Lucie did," Stu complains. "Nobody pets anyone here."

Well, not lately. Your loving pupil,
De Lucie

Saturday night

Dear Miss Pupke:

Life sure is an oignon.

But I love oignons, don't you? Big sweet ones sliced between two pieces of bread. Or green oignons in a salad. Anyway, if you hold an oignon under water you can peel it without weeping.

I got up early Thursday morning and made three butterscotch pies before breakfast, one for the Iredales and two to take to the photographer's studio.

"I'm kind of scared," I told the Mister when I was serving his breakfast. "The only photographer I ever saw was a poor man that arranged all the girls in rows on the front porch of the Industrial Home, and put his head under a black cloth and snapped two pictures."

"Not that way in New York," said the Mister. "Escamillo has quite an establishment. He's paying alimony to four wives and has enough jack left over for a yacht." He bit into a blueberry muffin. "De Lucie, you are the only cook in the world that can make a muffin as fluffy as a summer cloud. Well, happy days are gone again for the Iredales. Ah me! But don't think I would stand in your way. You have a right to the romantic life same as anybody."

Mrs. Iredale came out to the kitchen and gave me my monthly check, and I gave her a dollar thirty for the materials I had used. "Thank you, De Lucie," she said. "That's business-like. You'll be well paid by Mr. Ernest." She sat down at my table and drank a cup of coffee with me. I was amazed, because the Missis is always out and away as soon as she is dressed.

"Jinkie is here to do my work," I told her. "You can go to the club."

"I just don't feel like it," she says with her head on her hand. "I feel blue. But you go ahead and improve yourself, De Lucie. It's right to be ambitious. Mr. Iredale and I hope you have a grand day."

The great photographer, Escamillo, uses two floors of a tall thin building, with a circular staircase going up through the middle to connect them. I knocked, and walked into the reception room, where a beautiful girl sat behind a desk, licking stamps and putting them on addressed envelopes. She gave me a dazzling smile, pushed a button, and a thin, big-nosed, dark-faced boy rushed in and took my boxes of pie.

"Hello, show girl," he greeted me in a nasal voice. "Are you Miss De Lucie Weed? Are You Swedish? No? Norwegian? No?"

How could I tell? My parents didn't draw up a coat of arms for me when they dumped me into a railroad waiting room as a brand-new baby.

"Well, are these them pies? I'll call Miss Dwindle."

"Who are you?" I asked when I could get a word in.

"Cliffy. Just one of the punks."

"Who is Miss Dwindle?"

"Property girl. A backslapper. You must have noticed her in bars between four and six every afternoon. Dwindle!" he bawls.

A woman bustled in, a cheerful polite woman with red hair and a chest like a pouter pigeon. "This is Miss Dwindle. The show girl's brought them pies for Mr. Ernest's ad," says Cliffy. "You Danish?"

"Not me. Why do you call me show girl?"

"Your height."

"Well, I'm not a show girl. I'm the best cook in Westchester." And then I bit my tongue, because Miss Benson advised me not to tell.

Miss Dwindle peeped inside the boxes and whistled. "It's an aitch of a good specialty," she said. "Wonderful pies. Hope they cut clean and don't goo over. We've been paying a babe a small fortune who doesn't make them as slick as this. Miss Weed, shake hands. By the way, if you ever want to quit advertising and enjoy the simple life cooking, you can get a job with me. I have a husband and child, and I'll pay you an aitch of a good salary."

The girl behind the desk, still smiling brightly, spoke up. "I'm engaged to Mr. Escamillo," she announced, "and we are going to be married as soon as we find a cook. If you want a job, we can pay you a lot more than Miss Dwindle." Not tell them I'm a cook? They were falling all over me.

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"The Smile is a deadhead," said awful Cliffy, pointing his thumb at the gorgeous receptionist. "Just barely enough brains to grin. She is going to marry Escamillo. Everybody marries Escamillo. He's a hand-kisser. Why don't you use a sponge instead of licking all them stamps?" he yells at her.

The receptionist frowned, spoiling her smile a little. "Wouldn't a sponge be just as hard to lick?" she asks.

Miss Dwindle took me into a room where there were a lot of men working, and introduced me to Escamillo, a little, homely, bald man. I wished he would kiss my hand because nobody ever did—he didn't either. Also I met two art directors, a contact man, two carpenters building a background, an artist who was painting a sky above it, two or three other men, and a beautiful girl model called B.K., who was going to pose cutting my pie. Escamillo and his assistant and the punk Cliffy set up a table with a place mat and silver and plates and my pie. They arranged the lights, and everybody criticized and argued and corrected each other.

The contact man said, "I don't like the model's dress. Go out and buy her exactly the same dress but without the diagonal stripe." Miss Dwindle disappeared on that errand.

Escamillo decided that the model's heavy make-up didn't suit him, so he washed her face and made her up himself with pancake Number Two. Poor girl. She was patient. I kept cutting pieces of pie and arranging them on the plates as ordered. Then the whole background collapsed and had to be rebuilt. "*La vie est un oignon,*" said I, and Cliffy the punk said, "Aha! French!" Escamillo nodded his head at me and burst into a long speech entirely in French, of which I understood nothing as the word mush-war did not occur.

Finally Escamillo and his assistant and the two punks made a test photograph of the model cutting the pie, and we all waited and worried while it was developed. Time was passing, and I wished I were washing windows or something less worrying.

Just to be funny I remarked, "That place mat has a line down the center. Mrs. Iredale wouldn't allow that. It ought to be ironed."

To my surprise they listened and took it seriously.

We waited some more while they sent the place mat to the kitchen to be pressed. The motto seemed to be, take all the time you need for a job, all the thought, all the money, all the effort. Maybe that's why Escamillo is a great photographer. The heat of the lights was awful, and how the model, B.K., could bear them I do not know.

After two hours Escamillo shouted, "Now we commence! By the grace of God and a happy accident we may get a good picture."

It was color photography, and they had to unscrew the light bulbs between the shots. One exploded. What a beating those models take, and get nothing out of it but money and fame. Give me my nice cool spot between the sink and the stove any day.

I thought they were about through when Mr. Ernest walked in, and all aitch, as Miss Dwindle said, broke loose. He didn't like the model, he didn't like the setup, he didn't like the trial prints, and he didn't like the butterscotch pie. "Too creamy, too runny, too melty!" he roared. "Use another pie, a fresh one." We had used up both the pies I brought already—the heat of the lights made the butterscotch filling bog down, and the punks kept eating the slices they said were no good any more. I called up home to see if pie number three was still untouched, and Miss Benson answered the phone. She had just dropped in to bring a new music book to Stu. She is one that always drops in, and always answers phones.

"I'll get a taxi and bring the pie down right away," she said eagerly. "Is Mr. Ernest married?" He isn't, and doesn't want to be, is my guess. But she will probably get him, poor fellow.

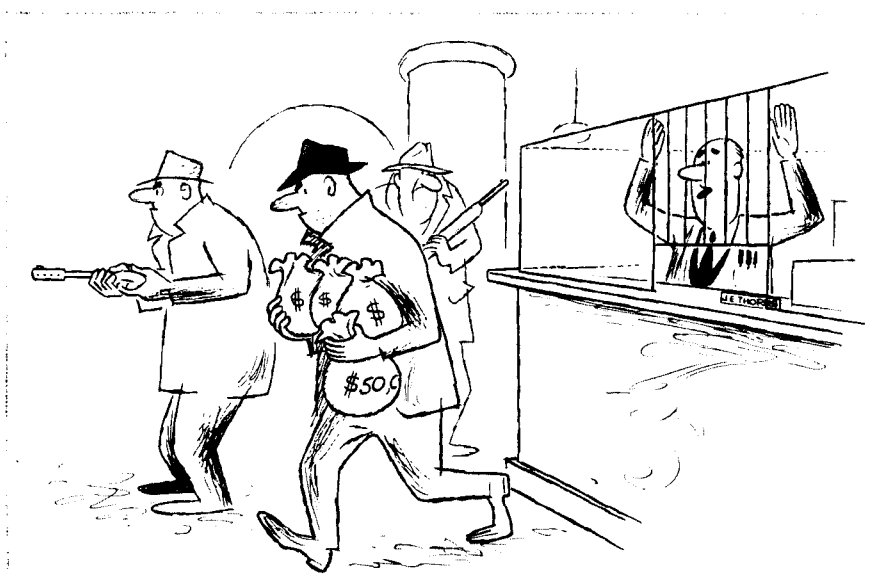
They made a few hundred more pictures, and then Miss Benson came in with the pie. I was sick of the whole business. Two more people offered me jobs, and Escamillo asked me why I didn't take a little apartment in New York and furnish him with various foods as he needed them for pictures. You know what he meant by an engraving of President Jackson? Twenty dollars, which I am sending to you to have all the girls' pictures taken. I found out one thing. Mr. Ernest and Miss Benson said my slave days are over. Why, all these people slave a lot harder than any cook ever does. I can cook and scrub all day, but I couldn't work as hard as they do at Escamillo's.

I never wanted to go home so badly in my life before. I was in despair when seven o'clock came and they were still fussing and Mr. Ernest roared for another pie.

"Give me that last one, and I'll fix it up," I says, and Cliffy lugged the wilted thing into the kitchen for me, and Miss Dwindle followed.

"The crust will do, but there isn't any more brown sugar for a new filling, and no more eggs," says Miss Dwindle, discouraged. So I concocted a filling out of stuff we found on a shelf, some rancid mayonnaise beaten up with mustard and lightened with half a glass of peach jam with mold on top.

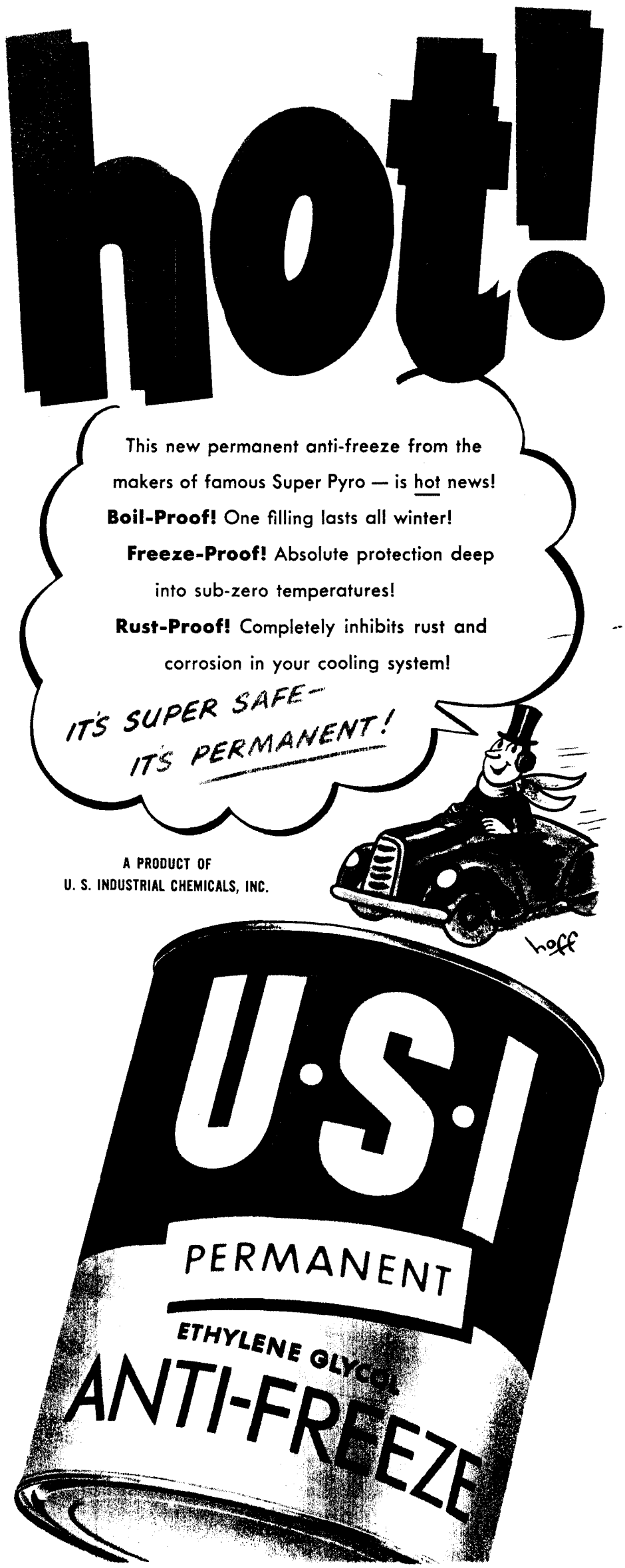
"Don't forget the Shawtning," says



COLLIER'S

"May I have my lunch? It's in the bag marked 50 thousand"

GEORGE WOLFE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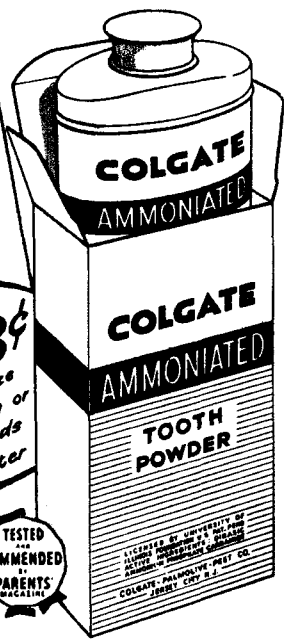

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Cliffy, and I added that and whipped the mixture good. It stood up smooth and shiny and golden brown. There was no more cream to whip either, but Cliffy found a tube of shaving cream and we decorated the top, and they finally made a photograph they were satisfied with.

"Are you sure that pie has Shawtning in it?" asked Mr. Ernest suspiciously. "It has such a glossy look."

"Yes, sir, it has half a cup of Shawtning in it," I answers truthfully. Escamillo stuck a finger in it and licked it. He winced, and looked at Mr. Ernest with terror. So I cut a thick wedge of that awful pie, and ate it, and smacked my lips. The shaving cream was almost more than I could manage, but Mr. Ernest was satisfied.

Cliffy gave me a look of reverence. "Will you be my wife, Miss Weed?" he asks in his nasal whine.

"I'll take the rest of the pie home to my family," says Miss Dwindle hastily, grabbing the pie and accidentally turning it over on the floor. "Oh, darn! Oh, aitch!"

Mr. Ernest drove Miss Benson and me home. She tried to keep a bright conversation going, but I was beat. He drove her home first, then me. Mr. Ernest wanted to talk to the Iredales, but I went straight out to my own beautiful kitchen where I longed to be.

Jinkie was washing the dinner dishes and I helped her. Then we sat down at my table and had a cup of coffee together, and Stuart sat with us, eating apples.

"That there cop Rocky has been loafing around the neighborhood since four o'clock, waiting for you to come home," Jinkie told me.

"Not for me," I says. "Miss Benson probably."

"If she was the one, he could have come in while you were gone. She horned in here as usual." Then we see Rocky's face peering in the window, and Jinkie beckons him to come in.

"How was the posing, cover girl?" he asks, and it came to me, he is jealous.

"The only covers I know about are table cloths and bedspreads. I wouldn't work in that crazy place for a fortune. You know what my ambition is?"

"To be a violinist," says Jinkie.

"I gave that up today. The Mister didn't enjoy my practicing. I am going to take the violin back to the music store tomorrow, and the man says this is positively the last exchange I can make."

"What is your ambition then?" asks Rocky.

"I intend to be both wanted and useful now while I am young, and every day and every year until I am an old, old lady. No one wanted me when I was a baby, not my mother nor my father nor the railroad nor the cop that found me there. But everybody wants a real good cook, so that's what I'll always be."

Rocky then walked inside and firmly closed the door.

"Who was that guy that I saw in the kitchen with you Sunday night?" he asks.

"That must have been Mr. Ernest," says Stuart, grinning. "A very rich guy, Rocky. He's nuts about Moosie. He's trying to talk my folks into firing her so he can offer her a home."

"I guess I'll go," says Rocky.

"Date with Miss Bennye Mae Benson?"

"That's over. Please don't be mad at me, De Lucie."

"I'm not mad at you. But I don't need you either. I'm going to exchange my violin for a snare drum with cymbal attachment, and I bet I can get plenty of fun and noise out of that."

"Pa is going to love a drum," remarked Stu.

"I can drum," says Rocky. "I could teach you."

"Teach me to drum too?" Stuart asks.

"Glad to."

"My, you're wonderful," I says. "You great strong Atlas you, I bet you hold up the sky on your days off."

"We've had about enough of that!" shouts Rocky. I think he's right.

Your loving pupil,
De Lucie. THE END

Clowns after Hours

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

type; the "fantastic" clown, who is an imaginative exaggeration of two types—the "neat," and the "hick" which includes most clown cops and firemen.

"It's art, philosophy and monkeyshines all mixed up together," says chain-store executive Martin Agather. As a clown, he sports a "weather-control umbrella" that squirts water from the tip and offers no protection from the shower.

How does a businessman feel when he is dressed up as a clown and suddenly plunked down on the street before thousands of people?

"It's like one of those dreams where you go to the office and suddenly discover you're still in pajamas," says George Lankki, a rubber-stamp manufacturer who takes the part of a chubby 210-pound baby dressed only in diapers and a lace bonnet.

Comedy Strictly Off the Cob

Clown comedy may be profound but it's never subtle. A clown offers a balloon on a stick to one of the crowd. The stick is in two parts and while the sucker grabs the lower stub the clown walks off with the balloon. It never fails to get a laugh.

Some of the best stunts just happen. That was true of the cannon the Jesters rigged up from a big iron pipe, then loaded with four giant firecrackers and a charge of confetti.

On its first tryout in public, the fuse sputtered down through the hole—and nothing happened. The clowns, who expected the blast any moment, continued to crouch with their hands over their ears. From the mouth of the cannon came a faint "pssst" and a tiny trickle of smoke.

The wave of laughter told the clowns the stunt was a success, and ever since, they've loaded the cannon with a small firecracker opened at one end to produce the same effect.

The Jesters insist on complete sobriety among their members for the period beginning the night before every appearance.

Though the club carries $50,000 worth of liability insurance, it has paid out only $70 so far—to buy a new dress for a woman who got sprayed with a fire hose last year.

Counting the time consumed by planning, costumes, make-up and the monthly meetings, the Jesters spend at least six or seven hours to produce one hour of actual performance. And what do they get out of it?

Release from personal worries and restraints is one of the dividends. An outstanding performer in the original group was George Sampson who died this year. Sampson had joined with the knowledge that he had only a couple of years to live.

With the Jesters, clowning isn't just an act—it's a new outlook on life. As Chief Jester Al Benzick puts it: "You hear people saying 'Oh, look at the funny clown,' and you say to yourself, 'Oh, look at the funny people.' " THE END

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Carolina's Snavely: No 'T' for Me

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

with an $8,000 annual salary on a three-year contract. The figure was boosted first to $10,000, and then to $12,000 after his 1939 team finished undefeated and untied.

During this era Snavely was riding high. He had stars on every All-America team, including Brud Holland, the giant Negro end who made Snavely's end-around play the talk of the gridiron world; tackle Bill McKeever, tackle Nick Drahos and tailback Hal McCullough.

But with the advent of war, Snavely's football fortunes fell. This was expected as students were drafted for military service, but what disturbed Carl was the school's new attitude toward subsidization. Briefly, the coach wanted it and the university didn't.

His Views on Scholarships

Carl always has put brains before brawn. But he feels, too, that inducements should be offered to those with athletic skill who can meet collegiate entrance requirements, scholastically and morally. In the matter of scholarships at Cornell, he believed the school was getting "too many stamp-club presidents and not enough athletes."

To make matters worse, in 1944 his son, Carl, Jr., a Navy flier, was lost at sea. Understandably, this was a terrible blow to the parents.

At about the same time Grady Pritchard, a member of UNC's athletic council and a longtime friend, wrote Carl a letter. Carolina's football glory had dimmed and he wondered if Snavely had any suggestions for a new coach. Pritchard, a textile salesman, was surprised to learn that the old Tar Heel coach himself was eager to come back. Carl agreed to take over, starting with the 1945 season, for $12,000 per year on a five-year contract. That's when the postwar renaissance of football at Chapel Hill began.

Snavely says he'll stay at North Carolina "as long as they want me." And everybody from Acting President W. D. Carmichael, Jr., down to Morris Mason, the veteran Negro clubhouse manager at Kenan Stadium, agrees with those influential alumni who promise that he "can stay forever." Carl now has a new five-year contract which calls for a yearly salary of $15,000, and he earns approximately $3,000 more by lecturing at coaching schools during the summer months.

Carl and his slim, brunet wife, Bernyce, recently bought a house in Chapel Hill and appear permanently settled. They have adopted a small bright-eyed boy, now four and a half, whom they have named Carl, Jr., but call Grey "to avoid too many Carls in the house." Barnaby, the big, black shepherd dog which—so the legend goes—used to bark if Cornell blockers missed assignments, is gone; but the family has another shepherd. This one's named Tarman, but he seldom attends practice sessions, so he hasn't picked up the football lore Barnaby seemed to know.

If this were a fiction piece, one might be tempted to give it the "they lived happily ever after" ending. However, as long as Carl Snavely is alive and coaching football he never will be content.

"There never has been a perfect football play," he maintains. "Somebody always does something just a little bit wrong to mar the picture."

A perfect example of the coach's dissatisfaction with anything less than perfection occurred in his opening game this season with North Carolina State. All week long he had Charlie (Choo-Choo) Justice, his All-America tailback, and sophomore Skeet Hesmer rehearsing a hoodwinking hand-off on a punt return. State finally kicked to Justice and the Carolina stands began to chant their familiar "All the way, Choo-Choo!" Charlie, however, slipped the ball to Skeet, and Hesmer went all the way for the score. Snavely was all smiles until the try for the extra point went wide of the goal posts.

"Doggone it!" said Carl, using his favorite expletive and flailing his hat in the air. "We shouldn't miss a single one of those all year! Not a single one!"

During the autumn, Snavely's week starts on Saturday night right after the game. While most everyone else is attending a party or relaxing at home with his family, the coach can be found in his pine-paneled den running films of games played in previous years with the opponent that is next on the schedule. He neither smokes nor drinks, but has a weakness for ice cream. Usually, he'll polish off a quart or more while studying the movies.

Sunday morning his scouts, all assistant coaches, fly or drive back to Chapel Hill from the games they've covered. Snavely has a one-hour informal meeting with them that morning.

Around six that night he's peering out the window for the messenger who brings back from the airport the processed films of the previous day's game. Sometimes Carl is so impatient to get them that he drives the 17 miles to the Raleigh-Durham airport himself to await the plane that brings back the pictures from their one-day processing trip to Washington, D.C.

That night he and his seven assistants—line coach Jim Gill, backfield coach Russ Murphy, freshman coach Crowell Little, end coach George Radman, defensive line coach Marvin Bass, assistant freshman coach Walt Pupa and assistant backfield coach Jim Camp—meet in Snavely's four-office suite at Woollen Gymnasium. For three hours or longer they study the films of the previous day's game, listen to the scouts' reports and plot their offense, defense, personnel and practice schedules for the coming week. When he gets home, Carl stays up another hour or so dictating reports and schedules before he tumbles into bed for his usual six-hour sleep.

Use of Movies Restricted

Monday morning, while his secretary, Mrs. Pat Hines, transcribes his dictation, Snavely meets with his assistants for another couple of hours. They run all the movies they have of games played in preceding years with the opponent next on the schedule.

In this connection, and contrary to a widespread notion, coaches are not free to study game movies indiscriminately. There is an unwritten law among college mentors which limits the films used in pregame analyses to those of contests which have been played between the two schools in past years.

For example, Snavely cannot use films of games played by Notre Dame this year to study the Irish offense and defense. And, since the Tar Heels have never before met a South Bend team, Snavely would have no films at all to work with—unless he and Coach Leahy agreed to trade movies before their November 12th meeting. Otherwise the reports turned in by Carolina scouts will provide the basis for the team's tactics against the Irish.

As the Carolina coaching staff studies the screen, Snavely presides at the projector, constantly flipping the switch to reverse the film for another look at a particular play.

"Coaches are like all other human beings," the head coach reminds his staff;

You're still an old SMOOTHIE!

"Flowers—delicious dinner—wonderful music—no trouble getting a sitter for Bobby, Jr. . . . our fifth wedding anniversary is a huge success, Darling. You can still plan a *smooth* date!"

"I'm glad you're having such fun, Ann. You deserve it. Let's hope the next fifty years will be as smooth."

"Any reason why they shouldn't be?"

"Nope . . . not with the plans I've got for a life insurance program."

"But, Bob, that sounds expensive."

"I thought so, too, until I discovered Mutual Life's *Insured Income*."

"What in the world——"

"— is *Insured Income*? It's a method of life insurance planning we can manage within our budget. It will provide you and Bobby with a regular monthly check if anything happens to me . . . and, if I'm around later on, there'll be money enough for you and me to enjoy our retirement years together. How does that sound?"

"Like a wonderful anniversary present for both of us!"

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"they have certain habits, foibles and methods which stamp their coaching year after year. By studying these pictures carefully we can predict pretty closely just what any team will do and how they'll react to certain plays and situations."

Daily practice is run at Navy Field, a clearing made during the wartime preflight program at Chapel Hill. It is conducted on a rigid schedule timed by Snavely's stop watch. From 4 P.M. until the Bell Tower on the campus tolls six, the 50-man varsity and 30-man freshman squads toil under the keen eyes of all coaches. Wearing a brown suède jacket and his familiar blue baseball cap, Snavely moves quickly from group to group, pausing now and then to demonstrate a block and to compliment or censure some particular action.

Monday night the coaches again look at movies, and very often the team is reassembled after practice to take a look, too. By Friday night, the entire squad will have seen all reels of the game they played the previous Saturday, films of their upcoming opponent, and perhaps some movies the coach has had taken of a midweek scrimmage. Comments and questions point up the action.

Scouts Make Full Reports

On Monday, also, the scout report is due. The Tar Heel coach delegates authority well. Before the season begins each of his assistants is assigned an opponent and sticks with that team every Saturday until Carolina meets it. The scout's final report, a comprehensive document often running 20 pages with play diagrams and complete information on the rival squad, guides the coaching during the week preceding that particular game.

The scout actually becomes "the coach of the week," and constantly advises Carl on tactics and strategy. To be sure that his scouts get every scrap of information, Carl has issued them a nine-page mimeographed bulletin, titled Suggestions to Scouts, listing a mere 212 different things to look for on their weekly espionage trips.

Tuesday is pretty much a duplicate of Monday's schedule. The coaches hold their daily two-hour meeting in the morning. New plays for Saturday's game may be worked over and modified as suggestions are made by the assistants.

Also on Tuesday, Snavely dictates a weekly football letter to the squad, sizing up individual and team performance of the week before. (He even continues the practice of letters to his players over the summer. It's not unusual for his men to get four or five of these mimeographed missives in the course of the vacation period.)

In addition to the weekly letter, each man receives an individual chart of his work in the previous game. The assistant coaches go over game movies closely and rate each player on every play, with scores from 0 to 5.

Each quarterback also gets a mimeographed sheet each week which is headed "Plays for Sat." On this paper Snavely lists by number the "bread-and-butter plays" he feels should be used, under such subheadings as these: First Choice —Frequent Use; Sure Passes—Frequent Use; Long Passes and Surprise Passes; Goal Line Plays; Short Gain Situation; For Split Defense; For Slant Charge.

"Put this sheet in your helmet and refer to it during time outs," he tells the signal callers.

Wednesday is heavy scrimmage day, and the drills taper off Thursday and Friday. In the dressing room before the Saturday kickoff, Snavely gives them no "Die for Dear Ol' Carolina" pep talk. As a matter of fact, the Tar Heel team is mature enough to make a mockery out of that school of coaching.

For an early game this year, one of the players chalked up on the big dressing-room blackboard: "Let's win this one for Beddingfield." He was referring to fun-loving Ellis Beddingfield of Raleigh, the bus driver who has taken the squad on its road trips to near-by schools for the past nine years.

Snavely usually lets the squad go out on the field after a few objective words on the game and a quick review of their key plays. Out on the side lines, though, he becomes a different man from the introspective, unruffled individual who has coached the team through the week.

In the Heat of the Game

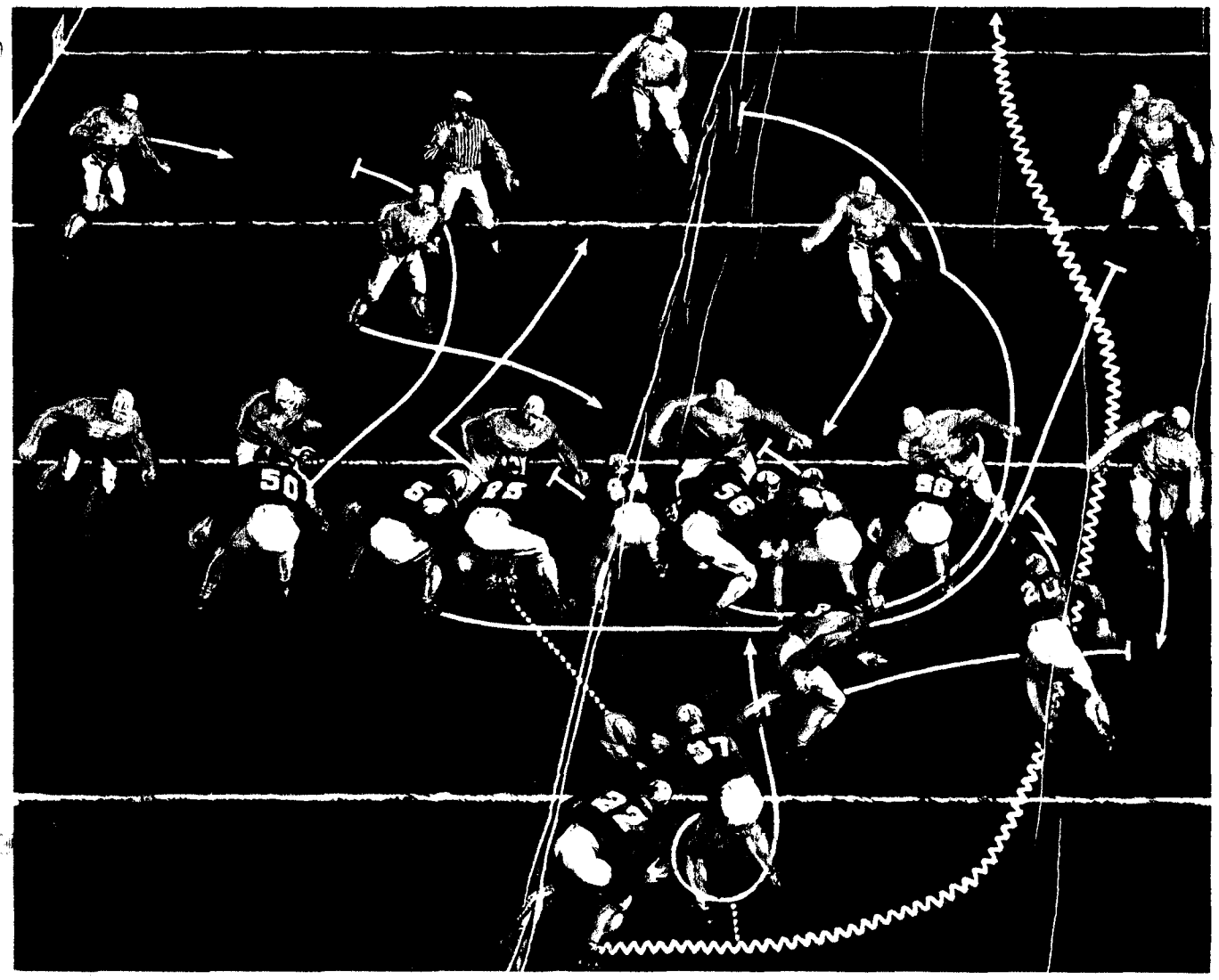
Carl jumps up and down, and strides back and forth before the bench. He chews gum furiously. He bellows the names of substitutes, and their "Yes, sir" answers fill the autumn air. Reports are relayed to him by phone from the stadium top by an assistant coach, usually the man who has scouted the rivals, and Snavely usually follows the advice passed along.

Although the Tar Heel mentor often gets carried away by the action, he makes sure that no detail of play escapes him. In addition to the coach upstairs, he has three volunteers on the side lines keeping charts. One is a graph of the ball as it moves up and down the field, and the other two record play numbers, gains, losses, tackles, substitutions and other pertinent data which provide a detailed report of the game for use between halves and, later, a commentary to accompany the films.

After the game, Snavely immediately begins making plans for the next week's game.

"Sometimes when we lose," says Beddingfield, the bus driver, "Coach Snavely holds a squad meeting in the bus all the way back to Chapel Hill. He passes out forms and lectures on their mistakes. But when we win! Man, the coach some-

WILLIAM REUSSWIG



Diagrammed in detail is the off-tackle spinner play designed by Snavely on which Charlie Justice (22) scored from the 17-yard line against Georgia. Fullback Hayes (37) receives ball from center, turns and hands it to Justice, then fakes a run

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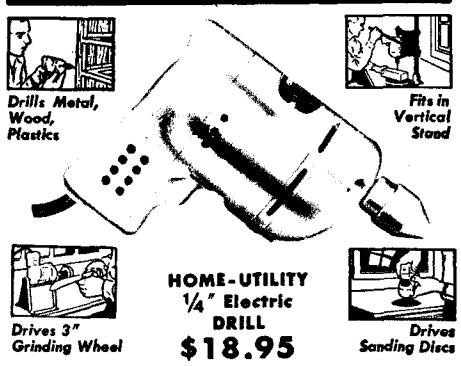

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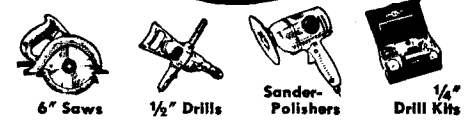

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times breaks down and joins in the singing on the way back. He once sang in a choir, you know, and has a pretty good baritone."

Once the grid season ends, Snavely and his assistants hit the road frequently to address alumni gatherings, show the special color films taken of key games—and to recruit. North Carolina is the number one source of talent, but Pennsylvania and Ohio always have provided top players for Snavely's teams. The coach, who has many contacts among high schools in the coal mining and steel manufacturing areas, is partial to the annual crop of rugged boys who are turned loose up that way.

Living Up to "Sanity Code"

Since the National Collegiate Athletic Association "sanity code" for athletics was adopted in January of 1948, UNC has been living up to the spirit and letter of that agreement. The main point of this code is that it limits full scholarships—tuition, fees, books, room, board, laundry and other necessary expenses—to those who can qualify for them on a *scholastic* basis.

That means, according to UNC standards, that the prospective student must be in the upper fourth of his high-school class or score a quite respectable 105 in a standard aptitude test. Otherwise, says the N.C.A.A., only tuition and fees (no room, board, laundry, books) may be granted.

Some schools with lower educational standards—and with a wink at the N.C.A.A. code—have enrolled stars purposely passed up by UNC. The sports-minded alumni at Chapel Hill were reluctant to see some of these boys go. But Dean Dudley D. Carroll, of North Carolina's Commerce School, has been running his faculty scholarship committee with a stern hand.

Snavely's attitude toward the N.C.A.A. code seems to be this: He's willing to stick with it, if all colleges maintain the same standards.

So these days Tar Heel coaches and talent scouts must ask a boy for his passing marks on a report card before they can check his passing with a football. Last year they screened some 500 high-school players before they found 22 with a yen for Carolina who could also meet all scholastic requirements and still show promise as grid stars. Although it is far from the block of talent the school had in seasons prior to 1948, the frosh squad has shaped up well and it looks as though 1950 and 1951 may be banner grid years for UNC.

It may be that time and touchdowns have mellowed Snavely, but newspapermen, once the bane of his existence, find that the coach has softened in recent seasons. He even enjoys ribbing them these days, and delights in telling the story of a cub reporter who came down to do a preseason roundup on the Tar Heels.

Snavely was moaning about his lack of reserves on the 1949 club. "Who you got behind Weiner and Powell at the ends, Coach?" asked the apprentice scribe.

"After them, I'm afraid all we have is chaos," Snavely told him.

"Chaos?" said the writer. "What's his first name, Mr. Snavely?" THE END

Terror in Our Cities

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Edwin W. Morgan, a career cop who remembers better days, it is somewhat incredible that police should be mobbed by the people they are trying to protect. Yet he faces up to it. "Today—a crowd may disarm a policeman," he told me. "If we put one man in a scout car alone, some of these mobs would club him, take his gun, steal the car—and maybe throw the policeman in the river!"

Detroit is aware of its crime crisis. The police department may be stymied but it is not asleep. Commissioner Toy points with horror to the crime increase in the last five years—33 per cent increase in murder, 27 per cent increase in rape, 63 per cent increase in assaults, 37 per cent increase in breaking-and-entering, 64 per cent increase in robbery. The year 1949, while not complete, already shows a 15 per cent general increase to blacken these balances further, with rape and attempted rape leading the field.

There are four *musts* if Detroit is to reverse this trend of terror. First, it must have more patrolmen—foot police to wrest its neighborhoods back from the hoodlums. Second, it must *do something* about the sex neurotic. Third, it must cleanse the sinks where sex crime breeds. Fourth, it must devote itself to human relations and race relations, in a city where "cop haters" are a growing caste and the threat of race riots fizzes like an impatient fuse.

The Detroit Police Department, at full strength, totals 4,828. There has been no significant strengthening since 1935 (except an addition of 600 men whose effectiveness was quickly absorbed by the switch to a five-day week), while the great industrial city has split its seams with growth.

It has expanded to 140 square miles, opening up new fringelands which never needed policing before. Its population has grown to an estimated 1,785,000, from 1,568,000 in 1930. You can't protect that additional fifth of a million with scarecrows.

Toy has virtually begged the Budget Bureau, the council and Mayor Van Antwerp for enough police to make Detroit safe. In the budget which went into effect July 1st, Toy asked for 1,233 more men and submitted chapter and verse for how each new man would be used.

This Was Detroit's Answer

However, Toy got a mere one hundred—65 of whom were for supervisory positions, only 35 for the crime-fighting ranks. Toy's budget was squeezed $3,500,000 emerging at $19,401,116.

For a multimillion-dollar city like Detroit the saving did not seem impressive—at least not to Toy—when weighed against safety and security from the strong-arm bandit, the rapist, the despoiler of children, the housebreaker and the killer.

"Have you considered the cost?" a councilman asked the commissioner.

"Yes, I have," Toy calmly replied. "And it didn't bother me much. Give me those extra men and I will save the city more than the additional cost in property saved from theft, damage or destruction—to say nothing of the added peace of mind and safety of our citizens, which cannot be measured in dollars and cents."

Toy wants to put 900 new men on *foot* patrol. He recognizes that the demise of the old-fashioned foot beat is the greatest weakness in our entire police structure today. He knows how foolish it was to forsake the infantry—to cut down on beat men and kid ourselves that radio cars could do the job cheaper. Toy wants to correct that.

He wants to put *your cop* back in *your neighborhood:* a walking policeman who can get to know a community like the inside of his palm, who can spot a dangerous stranger, flush a nest of brigands,

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collar the sex offender—*stop crime before it happens.* The hell-for-leather scout car with its big-noise scream (the greatest gadget in the world to reach a crime after it's happened) can back up the beat man like the air force backs up the infantry. It cannot take his place.

I spot-checked Detroit one evening, on the 4:00 P.M. to midnight tour—the most dangerous hours. In the Seventh Precinct (three and a half square miles, 94,000 people) there were *four* officers on patrol. Twenty-seven foot beats were left uncovered. In the Thirteenth Precinct (two square miles, 97,000 people) there were *two* officers on patrol. Thirty-eight beats were left uncovered. In the Second Precinct (three square miles, 50,000 people) there were *four* officers on patrol. Twenty-two beats were left uncovered.

So it goes. The city is a hoodlum's plum. And hoodlums know it.

All right, one may argue, so you put cops back on the beat. So you round up the hoodlums. So what? What are you going to do with the sex offenders? What about those twisted personalities in Grand Circus Park and Cadillac Square?

One answer to that lay on Commissioner Toy's desk the very day little Georgie Counter was murdered. It was the description of a clinic for sex deviates, set up in New York under the guidance of Chief City Magistrate Edgar Bromberger (see The Biggest Taboo, by Howard Whitman, Collier's, Feb. 15, 1947). Patrolman Jack West had pursued sex deviates long enough to know that a merry-go-round of incarceration didn't do them any good; he had studied their twisted personalities deeply enough to conclude that they were *sick.*

Trip to Clinic Planned

Commissioner Toy wanted to take West and a probation officer to New York to study the clinic. Perhaps something like that could help Detroit. Take Ted Hilles, for example. He was a blatant sex deviate long before he lured Georgie Counter into the furnace room. A clinic might have helped him; even if it failed to do so it might have spotted him as a dangerous sex psychopath.

The commissioner and Jack West never did get to New York. The exchequer of Detroit wouldn't okay the cost of the trip—$172! So today Detroit is $172 richer. But it still has no sex offender clinic. And it still doesn't know what to do with the dangerous fellows in Cadillac Square or in the shadowy bushes of any residential street. It doesn't even know what to do with a tormented young man who wrote to a Detroit newspaper begging for clinical aid, calling himself a "potential murderer."

About all Detroit is doing about sex crimes is gnashing its teeth and demanding vengeance against Ted Hilles. Of course, Georgie Counter is already dead.

You don't stop sex murders by vengeance. Even if you drew and quartered Ted Hilles and pulverized his bones and sank his remains in the Detroit River, you couldn't restore to John L. Counter his bright-eyed little boy. Nor could you arrest the vile and serpentine sex neuroses which—right now—are welling up and writhing in the minds of tomorrow's killers. Our judges know (our doctors have told them) that you've got to catch the sex offender early; you've got to treat him and help him; if you let him roam through the community he is a danger to all—like a rampant case of smallpox.

Detroit not only neglects the potential sex killers—it actually feeds their neuroses. It makes them worse.

Danger in "Art" Photos

Take a walk down Woodward Avenue, from Cadillac Square to the river. Count the cramped little stores where sex pictures are sold. They're called "art photographs" to get around the bans on pornography. Any psychologist (or any cop) knows that actually they are sex stimulants—photographic aphrodisiacs—capable of putting a rapacious edge upon the emotions of a sex neurotic. Such pictures are sold openly, even displayed in shop windows, within a whoop and holler of the city hall.

Also under the noses of the city fathers are Detroit's all-night movies. "Sex-crime incubators," a policewoman called them. Ted Hilles told me how he used to go to them, make rendezvous in the darkened rows with sex deviates, even do vile business with little boys for candy money.

Here, diseased prostitutes wait in the dark for customers to sit beside them. Sex deviates engage in their sick, distorted antics. Youngsters sometimes stumble in for petting parties—or worse. You can find, in these all-night menageries—within a block of the prim Book-Cadillac Hotel—an assortment of sexual neuroses that makes even the toughest police officer wince.

Detroit's burlesque shows put on the finishing touch. Even a normal sex drive can be inflamed out of bounds, given the stimulus. Imagine what the calculated

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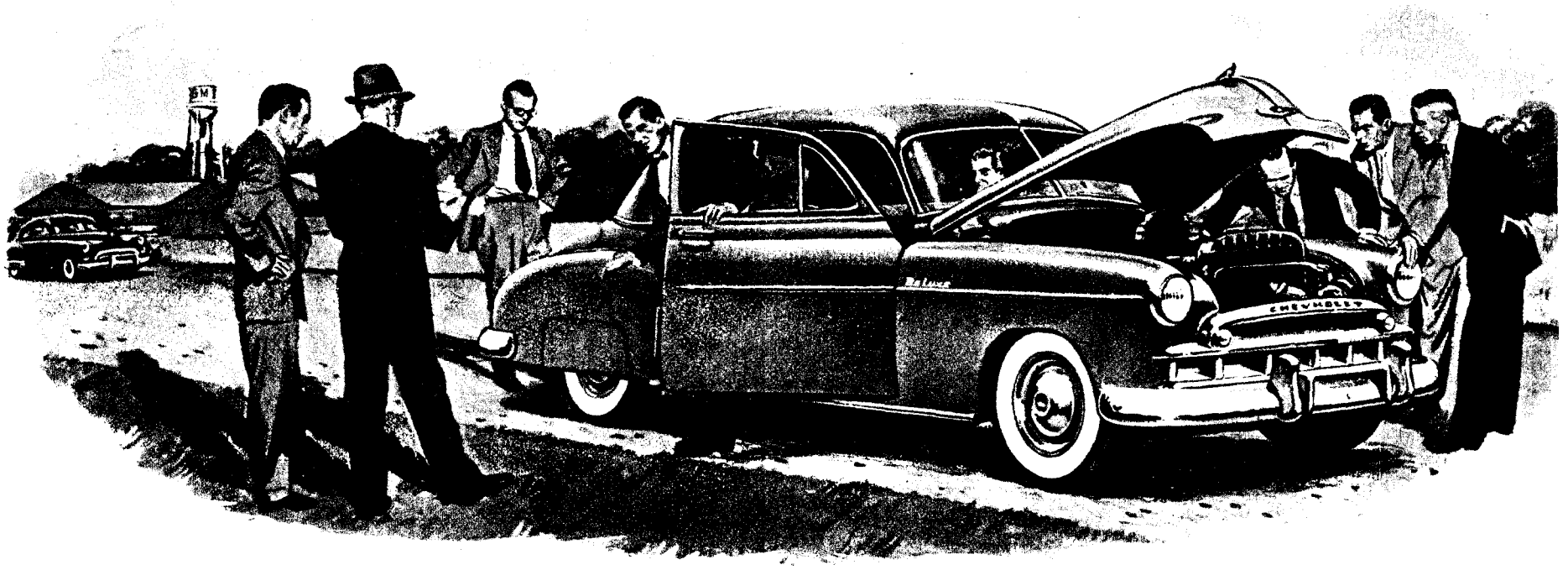

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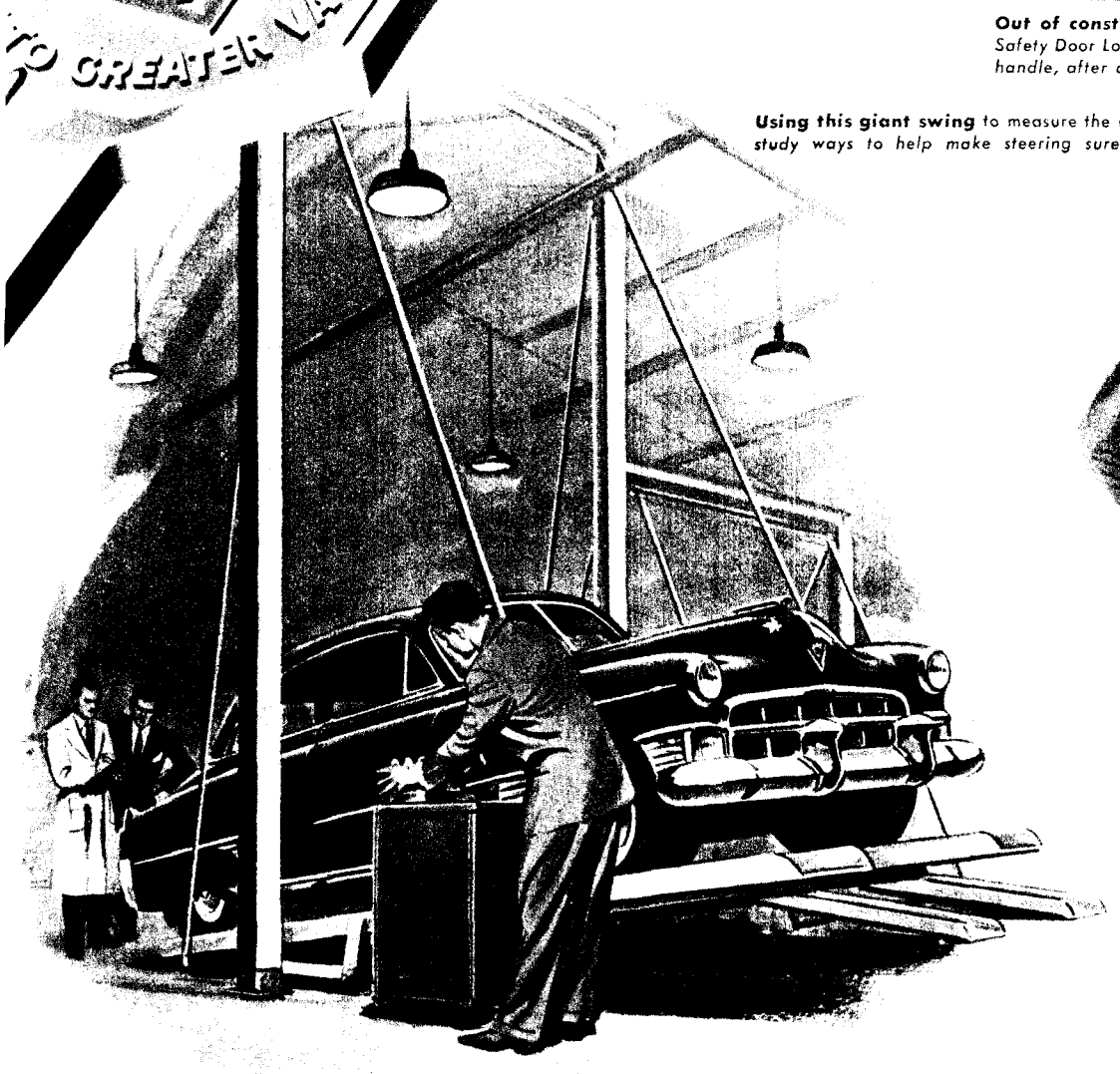
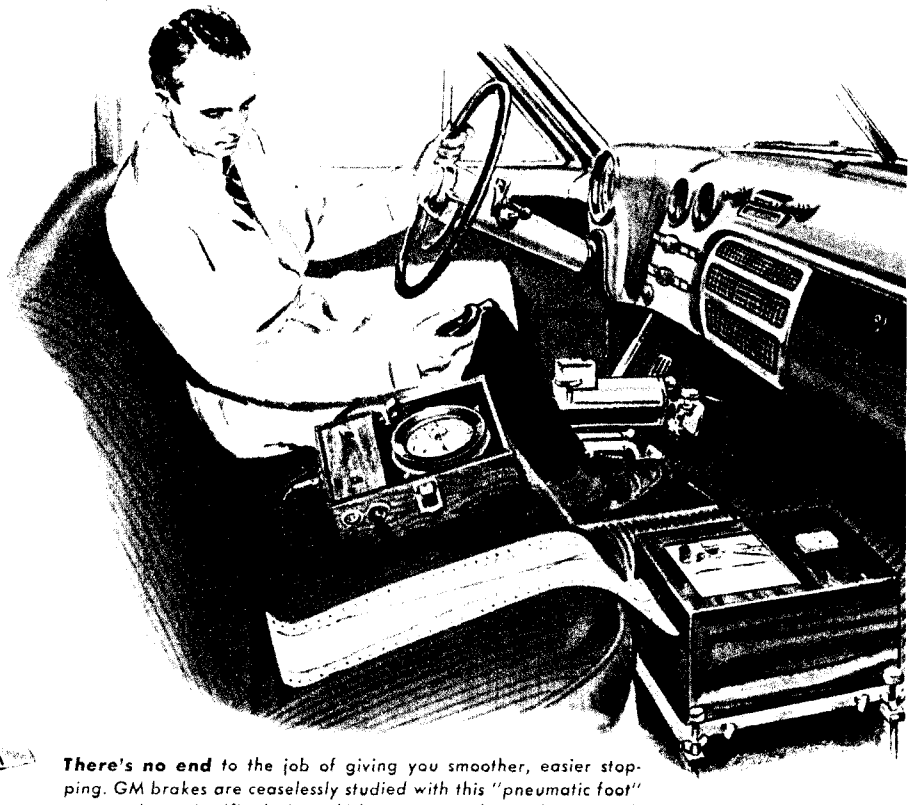
Out of constant work *on all safety details came this typical example of GM ingenuity — the Safety Door Lock for all 4-door Sedans. With these, youngsters are safer in the rear, since the inside handle, after a simple adjustment, will not unlatch the door when the lock knob is pressed down.*



Using this giant swing *to measure the center of gravity in cars, GM engineers study ways to help make steering surer, to provide better control of cars.*



There's no end *to the job of giving you smoother, easier stopping. GM brakes are ceaselessly studied with this "pneumatic foot" connected to scientific devices which measure and record car speed, brake-pedal pressure and travel and stopping rate.*

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aphrodisiac of the burlesque does to sex drives which already are amuck! New York and many other large cities have thrown out burlesque. Not so Detroit. In the industrial capital, the sex show not only thrives but goes hog-wild. It is not content with moronic comedy and the strip tease. Today the sex show is trafficking in obscenity and perversion. I saw a performance on Woodward Avenue the like of which I challenge any Detroit councilman to sit through without feeling morally nauseated.

What is this but waving a bottle of gin beneath an alcoholic's nose? It is opium to the drug addict, blood to the sadist.

Shows Create Graver Menace

The crass potion of the sex shows can only make the sex neurotic sicker than he was before. It can only intensify his threat to the community, to the women he may ambush, to the children he may despoil.

Detroit needs a legislative spade to cut deep at these roots of sex crime. If Mayor Van Antwerp and his council won't give the police department a sex clinic, the least they—or their newly elected successors—could do is stop commercial exploiters from making sex neurotics sicker and more dangerous than they already are.

Finally, Detroit's crime problem needs the *human touch*. Like many other cities, Detroit is developing a "cop caste." Since my reporting experiences in Hitler's Germany, I have seen nothing which more closely resembled the storm troopers than a cruiser squad I accompanied in one of Detroit's precincts. Cruisers are big cars with sub-machine guns, tear gas, shotguns and four policemen. Detroiters call them "showboats."

I was driving along in one when a car with three young men in the front seat came by. It wasn't speeding. But immediately our driver gunned around it, our police light flashed and we nosed it to the curb. The cruiser squad leaped out and descended upon the other automobile as if they had just caught Dillinger II. Before the three youths had a chance to say boo, they were frisked from top to bottom. I never saw three youngsters quite so scared. The police then searched the car. They turned over the seats, ransacked the glove compartment, pulled open the luggage space. After brusque questioning and license inspecting, they let the young men go.

"Just kids on their way home from work. They're going to get hamburgers," one of the cruiser squad explained.

Another said, "Just a precaution. We might have found a gun in there."

Well, they didn't find a gun. But they did a consummate job of creating three cop haters! They needlessly terrorized three young Americans, planting more bitter seeds of the new idea, "The cop is your enemy," instead of fostering the old idea, "The cop is your friend."

Well, you may ask, how are you going to catch crooks? Are you going to say, "I beg your pardon," when you make a pinch? Are you going to be apologizing for the rude intrusion while a thug cracks your skull with a gun butt?

Not at all. Our cruiser squad might have advanced with drawn revolvers, if such precaution were indicated. They might have searched the three youths twice as diligently, might even have probed the car's upholstery if they were looking for guns. It wasn't *what they did*, it was *how they did it*.

They would have been better public servants had they told the three young men, "Please don't be alarmed. This is all routine. We have a job to do to protect the community—that means you and your family. We've had trouble lately with stolen cars and guns. We're sorry to inconvenience you."

Patrolman Gerald Hannenberg, an ex-Navy man, knew how to turn the trick. I walked the beat with him, along Third Avenue. He had a friendly word for everybody. He was being more than a "copper"—he was the neighborhood security officer. It was a melting-hot night and I remember one fellow we found sleeping in the front seat of his car, stretched out with the door open. A "copper" would have rapped his feet with a billy and growled, "C'mon, get outa there!" Patrolman Hannenberg did something different.

Waking the man, he said, "Hi, fella. Cooler sleeping here, eh? It *is* hot. Still, you better go inside. Not safe sleeping that way. You're lucky we got here before somebody rolled you."

The man replied, "I guess you're right. I'll go in and go to bed." As he walked from the car, he turned to Hannenberg and said, "Thanks."

Detroit's race problem makes public relations an even more vital police job. The city is 16 per cent Negro. Memories of its race riot in 1943 are still fresh—and bitter. The crucial American problem of black and white races living together is not made any simpler when white policemen swagger through colored areas acting like *Gauleiters*.

I went in on a restaurant holdup with a radio crew in a Negro area. It was all over when we got there; all that was left was a traffic jam of six other radio cars, and a lot of frightened people. Our car started combing the neighborhood. It seemed ridiculous that we'd catch anybody from an automobile (the thugs could have been hiding in the back yard next door and we'd never have known it). But we went charging up one street and down another.

The officer next to me kept throwing a powerful searchlight at every group of people we passed. Most of them were merely sitting on their front porches.

In the Gestapo Manner

Our crew stopped a good many Negroes, frisked a number of them, made several get out their wallets and search nervously for identification papers. Not one got the simple explanation, "Sorry but there's been a holdup. We've got to check up."

One middle-aged Negro in a taxi was stopped (his taxi was nearly run off the road) and given such a frisking and grilling in the middle of the street that any reasonable bystander might have been moved to say, "Hey, take it easy. That's a fellow American!"

Some observers have suggested that every police rookie be given a course in race relations and race tensions. It might be a good idea. Superintendent Morgan wants the race-tense areas to have foot patrolmen who can cement better relations, not foment worse ones. "In the old days, every patrolman was a race-relations man," he says. "Personal contact did the trick. We need that very desperately today."

Down in Paradise Valley, hard by the red brick Y.M.C.A. where Joe Louis got his start, a huge job of race relations is waiting to be done. Better to do it now with friendly cops than with riot guns at some later date.

Detroit's crime problem, taken *in toto*, is a tremendous challenge. Hoodlum crimes—crimes against people—have made the old Purple Gangsters with their mutual assassinations seem like tame pigeons. Today's job is one in basic human engineering. Detroit has always excelled at mechanical engineering.

Can it handle the human job? THE END

"We want you to taste this American breakfast cereal, Commissar, before we decide whether or not we invented it!"

COLLIER'S — BO BROWN

The next article in the Terror in Our Cities series—Philadelphia—will appear in an early issue of Collier's

Next Week

Prohibition's Ghost Walks Again

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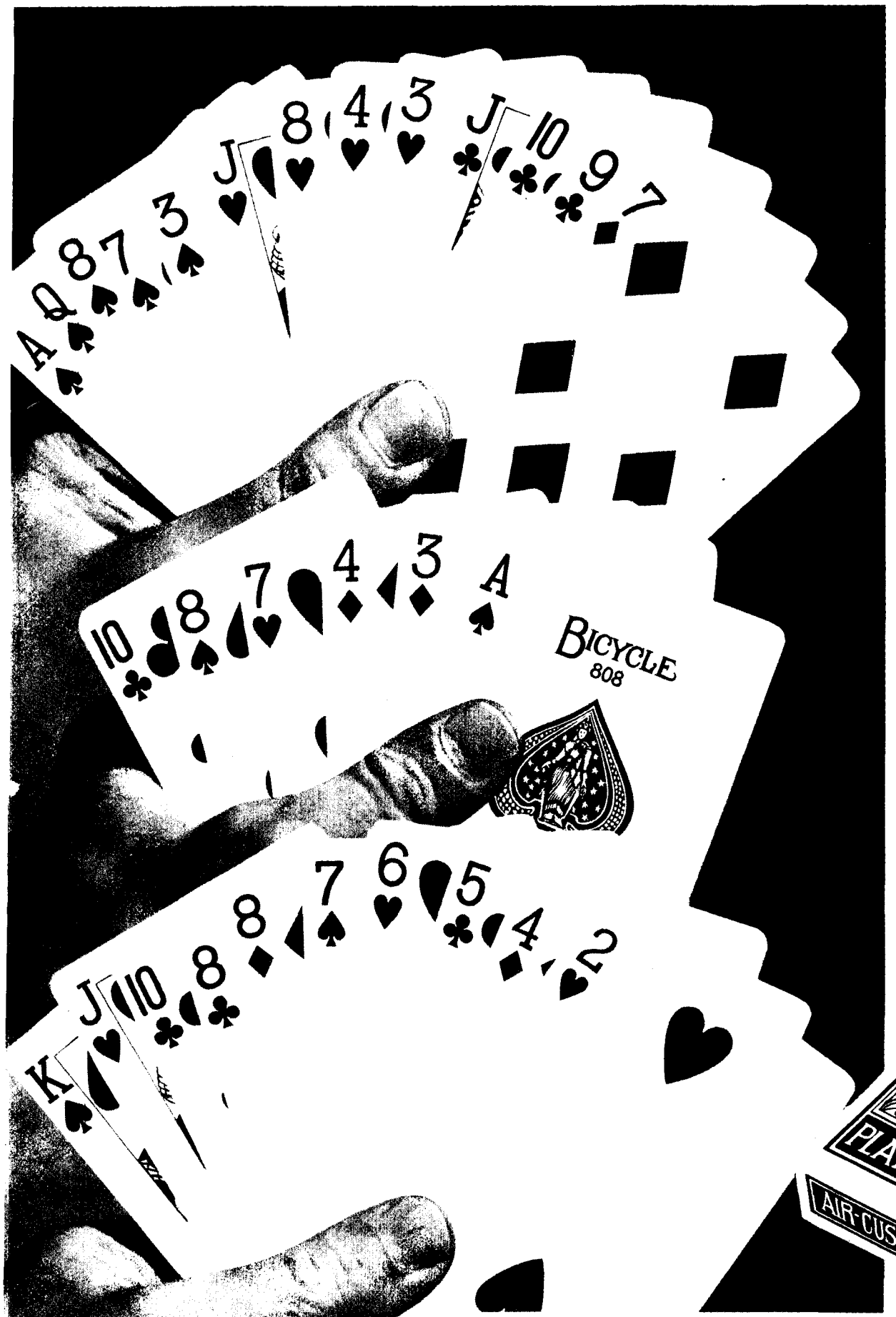
BICYCLE QUIZ no. 6

How would you play them?



1. Against an opening bid of 4 hearts, this Bridge hand should lead the..... of.....

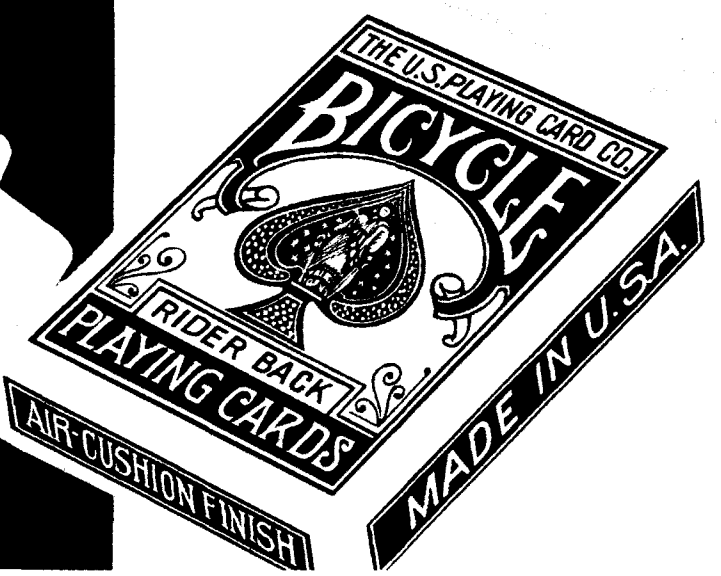
Not the singleton (you have a trump trick anyway). Not the Ace of spades, to force opponent's trumps (a pre-emptive suit can stand the forcing). Best: the Jack of clubs.

2. With this Cribbage hand, non-dealer should lay away the..... and....in the crib.

You have two fifteens if you lay away the Ace and 10. The Ace is useful for pegging, but here you have a better chance to improve by giving it up.

3. With this Gin Rummy hand, when upcard is club Ace, non-dealer should.....

This hand needs a lot of improvement before you think of reducing your count. *Refuse the Ace.* (With a poor hand, don't compel yourself to make a wholly blind discard.)



4. Whatever game you play, men who play cards agree...

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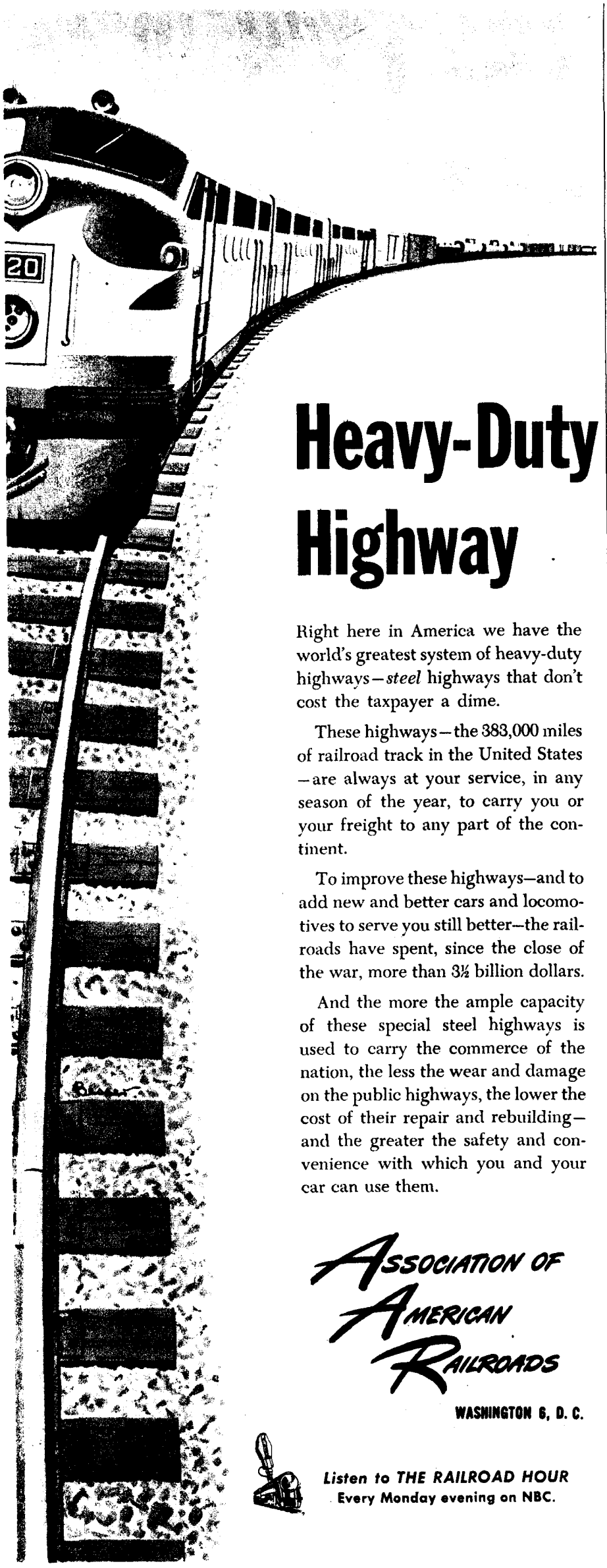

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My 4-Year War With the Reds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

usually stoic Russian when she knelt in front of the reviewing stand to take his picture.

The parade itself was rather impressive, and the Russians had arranged their customary surprise. Each nation had paraded its best troops, of course, but in the matter of vehicles the Western Powers were content to parade with light armored cars and other comparatively small equipment. And there the Russians had us.

With a dreadful clanking of steel treads against the concrete, 100 giant Russian tanks suddenly rumbled into view and rolled down the wide street past the reviewing stand. All Unter den Linden was dwarfed. As they passed in review, the shiny muzzles of their big guns pointing up toward the sky, General Patton watched them narrowly. Finally he turned to a British brigadier who was staring, fascinated, at the display of Soviet might.

"They look like good enough tanks, all right," Patton whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "but don't worry about it. If they start shooting, I'm on your side."

Unfortunately, the shooting had already started in Berlin. The cup of international friendship had been quickly drained. In the beginning, Russian soldiers invaded the American sector almost every night, revisiting old haunts they had known before we came in. The list of "incidents" was almost endless.

Before our arrival, the Russians had raped and looted and murdered almost at will. More than 230 young German girls had been treated in one day at a hospital in the American sector after having been raped by Russian soldiers. Even after our arrival the incidents continued. A German girl named Gertrude Gretz was shot in the heart by a Russian officer when she pleaded with him not to take her watch. The mother of one of my secretaries had to be wheeled to the hospital in a baby carriage after a dozen Russians had attacked her in their apartment. German girls deliberately made themselves as unattractive as possible, but still there was the dread summons, "*Komm, Frau.*"

More and more Russian soldiers were being shot by American soldiers. They were invariably shot when caught looting or raping or otherwise ravaging the American sector; but the fact that no American soldiers were getting shot in return baffled us.

Finally it dawned on us. The Russians were using their guns as "persuaders" with no intention of shooting. Nevertheless, they waved them around with considerable recklessness when challenged, and it was finally necessary for us to explain to Gorbatov that the list of dead Russians was growing only because an American soldier is inclined to shoot first and ask questions later when someone threatens him with a gun.

Gorbatov did not understand. Parks patiently explained that it was an American tradition growing out of frontier days that he who shoots first, lives. Gorbatov still did not understand. I then explained the theory of self-defense to him and for a few days I was under the impression that I had made my point. Gorbatov, however, suddenly confronted me with the case of a Russian officer who had been caught robbing a German home. He had pulled a gun on the American MP who had surprised him, and the MP had poured eight slugs from a tommy gun into the Russian's stomach.

"Do you call that self-defense?" Gorbatov asked.

"Certainly," I replied.

"One bullet, yes," Gorbatov said. "Eight bullets, no."

The British had a different system of dealing with misbehaving Russians, and General Barinov, the Russian deputy commandant, went out of his way to congratulate the British for not shooting any Russian soldiers. Someone pointed out to Barinov that the British simply preferred beating the hell out of the Russians instead of shooting them. I recalled that a British sergeant not long before had knocked a Russian's teeth out with the butt of his rifle when the Russian pulled a gun on him.

"Ah, yes," Barinov said. "That is all right. If you beat them up they wake up in the morning wiser. But if you shoot them, these Russian heroes who fought their way to Berlin only die at the hands of our Allies."

I had no comment.

We pleaded with Gorbatov to set up joint military police patrols, but Gorbatov suddenly refused until an incident at the Potsdamer S-bahn station. That convinced him.

It was in the early evening when I received a report that five Russians had stopped a train and had ordered the passengers out on the platform, where they were systematically stripping them at gun point of all their valuables. Captain Charles Leonetti, one of my public safety officers and a former F.B.I. man, was already on his way to the station with another officer.

Running toward the steps leading up to the platform, the two men got separated. Leonetti arrived first. As he ran toward the five Russian soldiers, he bellowed something at them and they turned and began firing, Leonetti fired a warning shot in the air, but they kept on shooting at him. Then Leonetti let them have it. With four shots he killed two Russians outright, wounded a third and put the others to flight.

As usual, Gorbatov protested vehemently. But he also agreed to set up joint patrols. He had had enough. The Russian soldiers also were beginning to see that a joy ride into the American sector was apt to turn into an ambulance ride home, and the incidents became

The News

Dear Mom and Dad: Excuse this scrawl.
The weather here is nice and sunny.
Our football team beat Ashley Hall.
I have no money.

The food they give us smells to heaven:
At lunch it's always hash, hash, hash.
In math I got an 87.
I'm short of cash.

Our physics prof's an awful dope.
Tell Susan not to starch my collars.
I get next week end off, I hope.
I need ten dollars.

That's all for now—I've got to study;
At 6:00 A.M. we hit the deck.
In haste, affectionately, Buddy.
P.S. Send check.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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fewer and fewer. Finally, peace came to Berlin.

Peace did not come to the Kommandatura, however. There was interminable bickering over almost everything as the months dragged wearily on. The tone of the British was generally conservative and cautious. The French often were the most logical. The Americans had not been *ordered* to get along with the Russians, as some have said, but it was implied by higher headquarters that we were expected to try, and so we were normally conciliatory. The Russians, of course, were blunt and aggressive and were backed with figures, however false, on everything. As one wag put it, national policies in Berlin were as follows: the Russians were dominated by greed, the British by fear, the French by national honor, and the Americans by the desire to go home.

We fought over a variety of battlegrounds. The Russians refused to increase the milk ration for the German children on the grounds that Russian children of the same age were not getting milk. Gorbatov seemed to think that was *our* fault. He challenged our right to issue postage stamps in the Western sectors, although we were *giving* them to the city government. By the time he discovered we were not selling them, he was so thoroughly committed to his objection that he would never withdraw it.

The Russians tried to pirate an excessive number of tramcars from Berlin to send to Warsaw, and we had to protest that. They never told us when their trains were coming into the city, and six of them arrived almost simultaneously one morning in the Tempelhof yards with the result that it took us four days and nights to get them unloaded. They continued to dismantle in their own sector for shipment to Russia and refused to return equipment they had stolen from our sector.

As though we didn't have enough trouble, it took us several weeks to straighten out the details for a track meet which was to be held in the Olympic Stadium, in the British sector. The French wanted the emphasis on distance races, the Americans preferred more sprints, the Russians wanted mostly weight-lifting events, and the British wanted tea served at four for sure. Finally everything was set for a Sunday. Late Saturday night the Russians, on orders from the unpredictable Zhukov, withdrew from the meet without explanation. The other three powers went ahead as scheduled, without the Russians. On Monday, after the meet was over, Gorbatov blandly announced the Russians now had permission to compete.

During the winter, the Russian personnel changed rapidly. Gorbatov, who couldn't tell the difference between a minor point and a major point, lost too many arguments in the Kommandatura and was replaced by Lieutenant General Smirnov, a deft, clever shadowboxer with broad experience. When Barinov had a run of bad luck in dealing with the Western deputy commandants, he was transferred suddenly and General Nasov was brought in.

Nasov then had the misfortune to agree with the American view on the disposition of a number of Polish Jews who were coming to Berlin, and that was the last we saw of Nasov. Colonel Dalada took his place.

It was the same with various Russian "experts." When we proved their fuel expert was wrong in his estimate of the amount of coal needed in Berlin, he disappeared and was replaced by another expert at the next meeting.

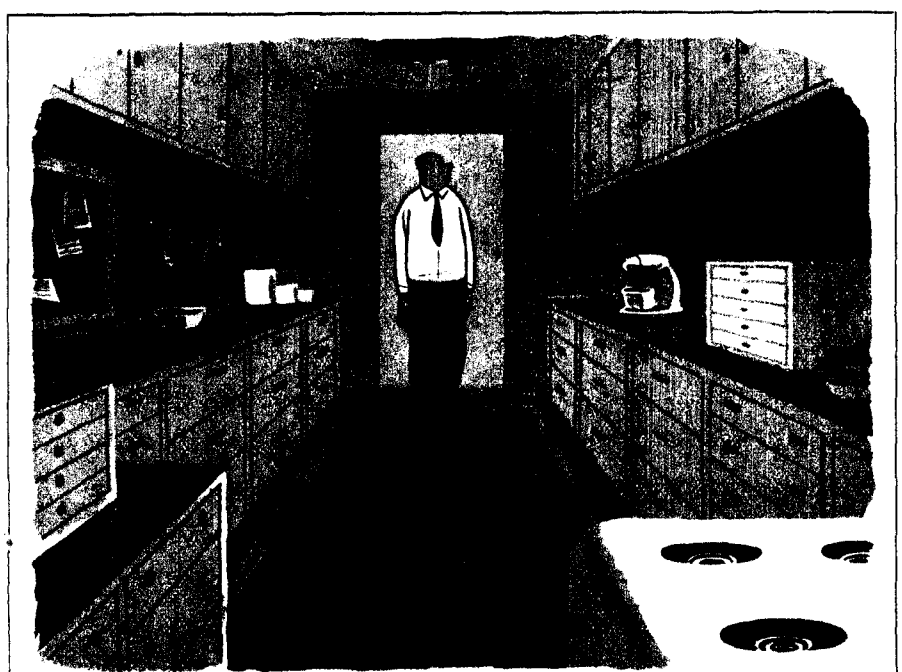
Language Troubles Multiply

The language problems continued to be formidable. Not only did each Russian statement have to be translated into French and English, but the translations were frequently inexact. This was less the fault of the interpreters than the difficulty in being precise in Russian. When we belatedly decided to draw up a constitution for the Kommandatura no one could agree from the Russian whether the Kommandatura was to be made up of "the" commandant of each sector or "a" commandant of each sector. Moreover, the Russians held that the commandants must be troop commanders, while we insisted they did not.

Finally we effected a curious compromise by agreeing to call the whole thing a "precedure" instead of a constitution, and for some reason everyone was satisfied. I must confess that I still get a little dizzy when I recall some of the weird corners we turned at the Kommandatura.

Berliners still had their loose collars and their nagging stomachs as we moved deeper into the winter, but no one was dying of starvation, even though the so-called Category V ration card provided only 1,248 calories a day for something like 1,000,000 persons in the battered city. Unfortunately, however, a visiting colonel from United States Forces European Theater headquarters dropped into Berlin, looked around for a few moments, and forthwith wrote a startling report that the people of Berlin were dropping like flies.

The report set off all kinds of explosions. USFET headquarters began to



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How many laws are you breaking?

1868 **Crime does** not pay in Hammond, Indiana! A law passed in the 10th year of Canadian renown for the name Corby's still carries a dreadful penalty for those who break it. Anyone who is caught throwing bread crumbs on the city's sidewalks shall be given *one dose of castor oil!* Uggghl

1908 **Law-abiding** motorists of Nebraska have led a lively life since the name Corby's passed its 49th birthday in Canada! They are actually required to fire off a rocket at the sight of a horse. If that fails to soothe the animal, they must dismantle their cars and *hide all the parts in the grass!*

1929 **Sailor beware!** According to a statute passed during the name Corby's 71st triumphant year in Canada, you are forbidden to operate a motorboat on the streets of Brewton, Alabama! Nothing is mentioned about the punishment for breaking it, however. Walking the plank, perhaps?

1949 **Are you** headed for the hoosegow? You are if you ride a horse in a hotel lobby in San Francisco. But, whatever you do, it's a cinch that you will violate some old, unrepealed law. However, there's one practical law of hospitality millions of people seldom break—*always serve Corby's, that light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name.* Practical price, too.

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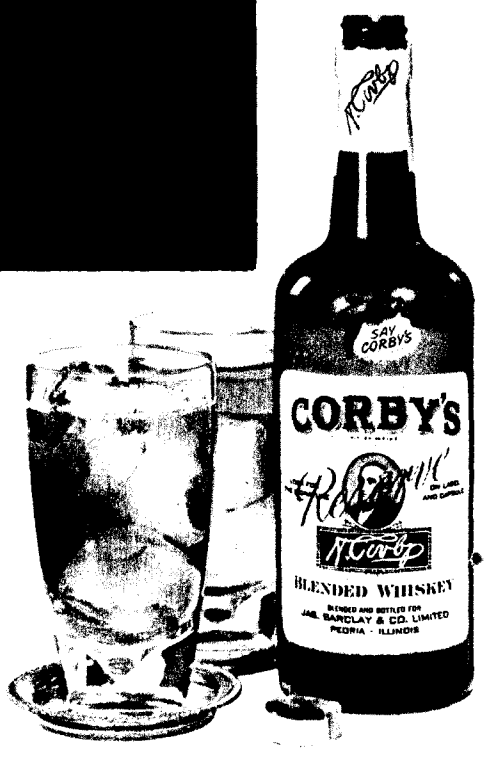
CORBY'S... a grand old name in Canada since 1859



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scream, and the British papers were not helping the situation any by releasing news stories saying that Berliners were digging their own graves in the *Tiergarten*. There was also a rumor that 65 per cent of the children in Berlin were doomed to die that winter. In my personal diary I listed the reports as "bushwa."

General Clay, however, called me almost immediately.

"Are the people of Berlin starving?" he asked.

"If you mean losing weight, yes," I said. "If you mean dying, no."

"How about the part of the report that says they are foraging for acorns?" Clay asked.

"Well," I said, "the people of France used acorns to make ersatz coffee during the occupation, and now the Germans have also learned how to make a fairly decent beverage out of acorns. That still doesn't mean anyone is starving."

The following day I was called to the office of General Draper, head of economics and supply. Various generals were bustling around preparing an answer, for Clay's signature, to the USFET colonel's report. Someone asked my advice and I repeated what I had told Clay.

"You mean people are not going to starve to death this winter?" someone else demanded.

"I am talking about right now," I said. "All I know is that nobody *is* dying of starvation. The city records show that. As for the future, only the doctors can poke pins into people to determine what is eventually going to happen to them."

Another Talk with Clay

I met with General Clay the next day, Sunday.

"If I had known of this low category with only 1,248 calories in it, I never would have approved it," Clay said rather surprisingly. Apparently he had agreed to the over-all ration plan for Berlin without going into its component parts. He thought a moment.

"I understood that the scale here was supposed to be the same as it is in Moscow," he said. "Nobody is starving in Moscow."

"The scale is the same," I told him. "Except that in Moscow there are free markets where unrationed food can be bought so as to supplement the rationed food."

"Well," Clay said, "present a request to the Kommandatura for the elimination of Category V."

At the Kommandatura there was the inevitable disagreement. We tried to get the Russians to agree to put everyone then in Category V into Category III (1,610 calories a day), but the Russians refused to go along with us. Apparently they wanted all the extra food they could get to portion out for political purposes instead of giving it to the people who really needed it. The issue finally got so hopelessly snarled that we had to refer it to the Allied Control Authority, where, after more argument, it was decided not to eliminate Category V but to boost it to 1,500 calories.

If nothing else, the food discussions in the Kommandatura had shed an interesting new light on Russian techniques. In talking over the food problem with Colonel Dalada, I had said, apropos of the hungry Berliners, "Well, anyway, we can't kick a lady when she's down."

Dalada smiled indulgently. "Why, my dear Colonel Howley," he said, "that is the best time."

"You mean that food is political," I snapped.

"Of course," Dalada said, still smiling.

"Is education political?" I asked.

"Of course," Dalada repeated.

"Is the police force political?"

"Naturally," Dalada said.

Remembering then that Sokolovsky had said the Red Army would not promote Communism in Germany, I wound up and threw my curve at Dalada. "Is the army political?" I asked.

Dalada saw it coming. "The conversation," he replied warily, "has lost its point."

I had naturally been operating on a basis quite apart from politics. Where the Russians parceled out extra bits of food in return for services rendered and general political loyalty, I distributed food to keep the Germans from starving to death on our hands. I was not, however, in favor of giving them American sirloin steaks every night. Perhaps I had been unnecessarily blunt in saying so but I had come to Berlin with the idea that the Germans were our enemies, and even though it was getting more and more evident that the Russians were our enemies instead, I still was not prepared to embrace the Germans as allies.

Unfortunately I had reiterated that proposition publicly. I had already received a hangman's noose dipped in red paint, the gift of a German crank. Now, when I repeated that I was not giving the Germans food because of my love for them someone in the United States wrote his senator. I was depicted as "the beast of Berlin." The senator, of course, got in touch with the War Department, and the War Department got in touch with me.

Washington gave me a gentle slap on the wrist by suggesting I had not been especially diplomatic, and requested a report on the incident. I confirmed everything the senator had said and I reiterated once again in a general way my attitude toward the Germans. I then sat down and waited for the rebuke supreme. It never came.

Having been submerged thus far in the mass of more pressing problems, the ugly head of politics began to bob up more and more as we struggled into 1946. The Russians, being international jugglers, always kept three balls in the air—political, military and economic—but the red ball of politics now seemed to be the one that came up most often.

At the meeting of January 11, 1946, for example, the formation of a political committee was discussed for the first time. The British especially were in favor of a committee to study petitions for the formation of new parties inasmuch as they were swamped with petitions from such mysterious organizations as the Democrat party, the Republican party, the Sons of Liberty party, and the Half-Jew party. The Russians, with an eye to the future of the Communist party in Berlin, opposed the formation of any committee which might recognize a potentially strong opposition party, and so the issue, as usual, was duly interred for the time being with no action being taken one way or another.

A short time later there was an interesting collision between the American and Russian delegations, who sideswiped each other by going after the same thing from different directions. The question was that of German self-government in Berlin. Reflecting General Clay's attitude, which he twice expressed to me verbally, I announced it was our policy to tell the Germans only what they could *not* do, not what they could do or how to do it. I also announced we were withdrawing our military government detachments from the various boroughs inasmuch as the local borough governments had demonstrated their ability to function according to the principles of democracy.

Somewhat vehemently the British announced they had no intention of withdrawing, since the Germans, so far as they were concerned, were a long way from self-government. The French accepted my announcement as information only. The Russians then expressed unbounded delight with it.

I was stunned momentarily to find the Russians agreeing with me. Upon recovering my wits, I realized why. We both wanted the same thing, but for different reasons. Our policy was to give the Germans self-government so that eventually we could withdraw from Europe. The Russians favored self-government for the Germans because they were sure they could control it successfully with German Communists.

The question of political parties came up once more in mid-February. Colonel Dalada had accused the British of encouraging a clandestine party, the *Bürgerpartei*, which was distributing literature attacking both the Socialists and the Communists and which was headed by a rabid economist, Herr Peshotka. To my acute embarrassment it developed that the *Bürgerpartei's* headquarters were smack in the middle of the American sector.

Dalada was joyfully smug over his discovery of the party which I hadn't known existed.

"The telephone number is 241311," he said, "and if I should ring that number, Herr Peshotka would answer."

I promised to investigate. I also promised that Herr Peshotka would be out of business that very afternoon if it turned out that he actually was operating in the American sector.

Sure enough, he was, although he had requested approval of his party from the British. I closed his office, disconnected his telephone, confiscated his literature and arrested him. Eventually I let him go with instructions on how to organize political parties legally.

General Smirnov, the Russian commandant, went out with the winter, and General Kotikov came in with the spring. No one knew whether this was the beginning or the end. Kotikov and I were destined to have an unending series of rousing battles for the next three years, but when he arrived I knew very little about him. He had been in charge of civil affairs in Saxony.

What Were Kotikov's Orders?

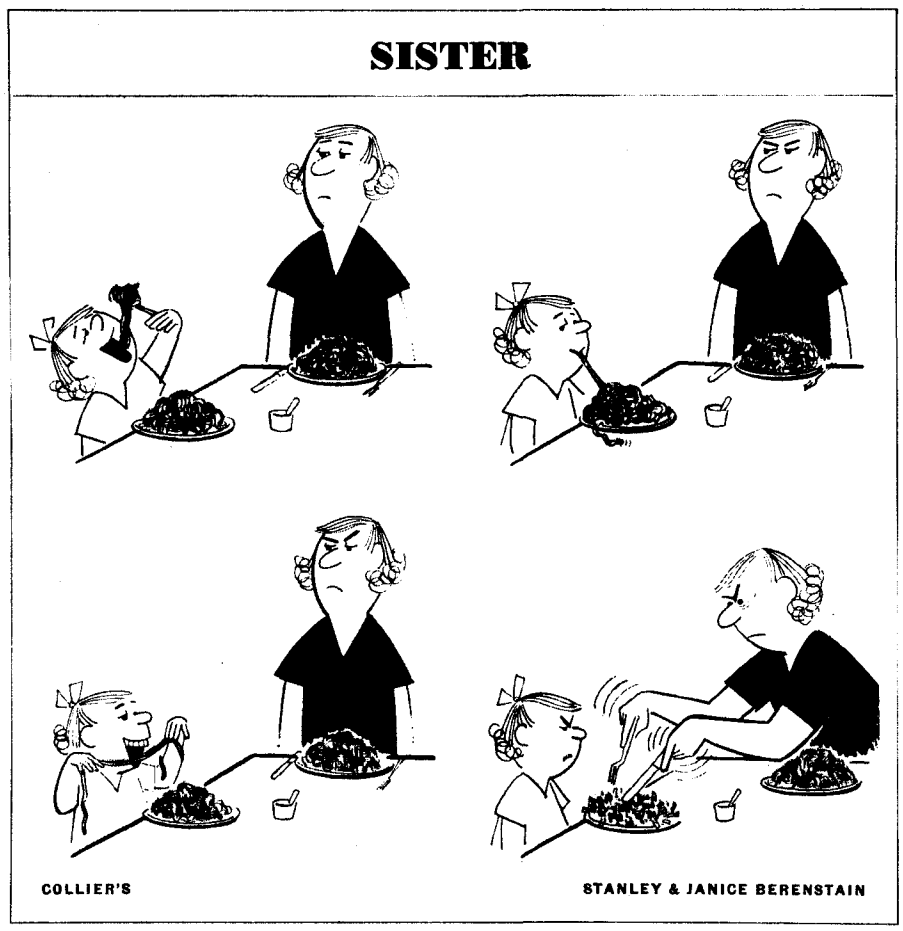
Kotikov had often been referred to in the newspapers as a "moderate" man. He was a political expert skilled in conference techniques, but there was some question as to just how rabid a Communist he was. His coming to Berlin raised an interesting question: Was the Russian policy toward the West going to be softened, or was Kotikov sent to Berlin with other instructions? The answer was not long in coming.

In April of 1946 the KPD party (Communist), the SPD (Socialist) and two other comparatively obscure parties were functioning in Berlin. They had been recognized by the Russian commander of Berlin before we ever got to the city. They had not been recognized by the Kommandatura, but in view of the fact that we had signed away most of our legacy in Berlin at the very outset by agreeing to recognize everything the Russians had put in effect before our arrival in Berlin, we had to concede their legality.

Even as General Kotikov was sliding easily into the Russian commandant's chair, one Herr Grotewohl and a small group of henchmen were working with the heads of the KPD (Communist party) to merge the KPD with the SPD (Socialist) to form the SED, the National Unity party, which was to be the single labor party for all Germany. Naturally, the SED would be the Communist party. The SPD would consequently disappear into the new party. Grotewohl (who, three years later, was to become Chancellor of the East German government) appeared to be in a good spot to effect the merger since he controlled the SPD central committee.

There were some unexpected developments, however. A number of SPD members had no desire whatever to hook up with the Communists and they howled Grotewohl down at a mass meeting when he proposed the merger. The splinter group then asked the Kommandatura for permission to hold a referendum to see just how many members of the SPD really wanted to join the new SED. Permission was granted, but the Russians were lying in wait. When the polls opened in the Russian sector, they were closed an hour later by Red Army troops on the grounds they had failed to comply with certain mysterious "regulations." Sensing certain defeat, Grotewohl even issued orders to SPD members to stay away from the polls.

The voting was held as scheduled in the other sectors, however, and the re-



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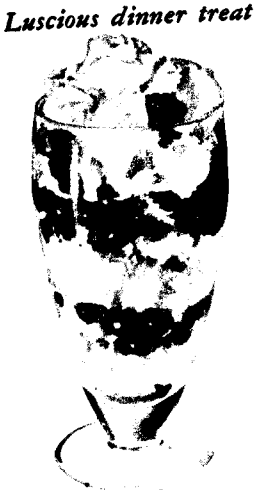
How to make

JUNE HAVOC'S

Luscious dinner treat... **CRANBERRY PARFAIT**



1 qt. vanilla or pistachio ice cream
½ lb. cranberries
¾ cup honey
¼ cup water

Cook cranberries, honey and water together until the berries start to burst (about 5 minutes). Chill until thoroughly cold. Serve alternating layers of cranberry sauce and ice cream in parfait glasses. Top with whipped cream if desired. Makes 6 servings.

JUNE HAVOC
Now appearing in
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SPECIALISTS IN SANITARY PACKAGES FOR FOOD PRODUCTS

sults were naturally disastrous to Grotewohl's Communist crowd, which lost by a ratio of something like 19 to 2. Even more important than the result of the voting was the degree of individuality expressed by the Germans themselves. The referendum was the first positive proof we had had that the Germans were not complete political sheep. It was heartening to see a group of individuals, who disagreed with their leadership, insist upon expressing themselves against what they considered the wrong policy.

Nevertheless, they were doomed. The Russians were not bound by ordinary codes and the battle was lost by a low punch. Kotikov blandly refused to discuss the problem in the Kommandatura. Exactly a week later Grotewohl's men held a phony "convention" in which certain selected KPD and SPD members went through the motions of voting for the merger. Thus the SED, a pure Communist party, was born in Berlin out of wedlock.

Even before his mission became obvious, I gathered from the volume of notes he carried and from his generally aggressive tone that Kotikov had arrived with definite orders to get the SED going and otherwise to harass the Western allies. His habit of nervously massaging each individual finger when things went badly for him in the Kommandatura suggested that Kotikov was haunted by the specter of failure. More and more frequently he read long prepared statements hysterically attacking the West, and it was almost impossible to pin him down on the simplest point.

We knew what they were doing, but nobody seemed to do much about it. The Russians were running us around in circles, and we were getting rubber-legged. Moreover, they did not intend to let us recover our balance. I had made it a rule never to trick the Russians, but when I was hurt I intended to holler, and holler I did on frequent occasions. It was the only thing that worked, yet the mere fact that I had to shout to get anywhere only pointed up the futility of trying to get along with the Russians.

I do not pretend to be a prophet, but in my diary there is an entry dated 26 April, 1946. It was entered following a long, unpleasant, ineffective meeting of the Kommandatura.

"If this type of conference is to continue," I noted, "we should now recognize the failure of the Kommandatura and find some other method of handling Berlin."

Unfortunately, that type of conference did continue. We were going downhill and we couldn't stop.

U.S. policy in Berlin favored appeasement of the Russians. General Howley, who was on the scene, knew the hopelessness of such position, and he often had to fight for his recommendations. In Collier's next week, his report details his struggle with the Russians on one hand and American officialdom on the other—in the stirring events of 1946 and 1947

Champion of Sonora

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

terms of employment, if such can be arranged, and if a place can be found for one of my poor talents."

He need not even have mentioned it. With a hundred and fifty pesos of Don Francisco's money in his pocket he could have stayed a year.

Don Francisco smiled. "There is always a place on Rancho Mi Cielo Azul for the master of a champion," he said grandly.

IT HAPPENED that the next morning Señor Roberto Conrado, owner of the adjoining property, Rancho La Cresta, rode over to see his neighbor, Don Francisco. A few minutes later Juanito, the stable boy, heard them talking in the corral.

"This?" Don Francisco was saying, "you do not know who this magnificent fellow is? Allow me to inform you, my friend, that this is El Supremo, champion of Sonora, of Mexico and, verily, the world. By the way, Señor Roberto, do you have any money with you this morning? I thought perhaps we might work up a small wager on the prowess of this fellow as against one of your choosing."

The two rancheros wandered out of hearing and Juanito, peeping out of the stable door, saw that they were putting El Supremo in the big washtub. Señor Roberto dug into his pocket and brought out a well-filled wallet. The two were joined by the stranger who added some money of his own to the wager. Then Señor Roberto went out into the sagebrush to hunt up a contender for the title.

He was back in a quarter of an hour and by that time most of the cowboys had mysteriously appeared from their duties around the ranch. Again their coins and small bills were going into the betting but this time it was all riding on the striped back of El Supremo. When they were through putting down their money Señor Roberto had close to five hundred pesos to cover.

He had chosen his fighter well; it was a big, vicious brute and a fast starter. It no sooner hit the bottom of the tub than it lit into El Supremo. But the fight lasted no longer than it had the day before and the result was the same. The men whooped and Don Francisco and the stranger slapped each other on the back, while Señor Roberto disgustedly mounted his horse and rode back to his ranch.

"It was practically a conspiracy," chortled Don Francisco. "El Supremo did it again, but I do not think that Señor Roberto will take this lying down. He'll be back for more."

He was expressing it mildly, actually. In the days that followed, Rancho Mi Cielo Azul was visited not only by Señor Roberto but by all the neighbors for miles around.

Don Francisco stopped worrying about his ranch and began seriously to study up on spiders.

He and El Extranjero held long conferences on the subject. Pancho Polanco, foreman of the rancho, was appointed to be trainer for El Supremo, which Pancho did not mind so long as he didn't have to give the furry little monster a rubdown. The pet of the rancho continued to take on all comers, sometimes as many as three or four a day, and the news of his victories spread over the countryside.

ONE day after a long talk with El Extranjero, Don Francisco took Pancho the trainer to one side.

"Pancho, my son," he said, "from now on I want you to guard El Supremo as well as train him. It is just possible that someone might wish to do him harm or, worse yet, steal him. This must not be allowed to happen as we have some very important contests coming up in the near future.

"I am going into town this afternoon," he continued, "in order that I may visit the bank—and the sheriff. Tomorrow will be payday but there will not be the usual time off. I plan on giving each of

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the men an advance to the extent of six months' wages and they may wager as they see fit, though I recommend our fellow, naturally."

Don Francisco departed and Pancho dumped El Supremo out of his galvanized gymnasium onto the ground. He picked up a light stick and tapped the big spider behind to get him started on his road work when El Extranjero cautioned:

"Be easy now, Pancho. Don't let Supremo work up too much of a sweat. He might develop a cold or bronchitis, or even pneumonia. But let him get some good exercise; we have to take care of his legs and wind, you know."

PANCHO started off down the road steering El Supremo before him. The champion darted here and there, trying to sneak off to those mysterious new places that all *arañas* seek when it comes time to settle down for the winter. While he guided the spider Pancho pondered upon Don Francisco's remark that he was going to visit the sheriff as well as the bank. The suspicion was beginning to form in Pancho's mind that perhaps Don Francisco, like the rest of them, was finally convinced that El Extranjero was, in truth, Juan Largo the bandit. With a startled glance he became aware that the subject of his dark thoughts had trailed him down the road.

The stranger drew alongside Pancho.

"This Señor Roberto of the Rancho La Cresta—does he have any money?" he inquired.

This question practically confirmed the suspicion in Pancho's mind. He again noticed the guns in the well-worn holsters but answered truthfully, "*Sí*, my friend, plenty. Herds of cattle, cash reserves, thousands of acres, and the best horses in the north of Mexico."

The stranger's eyes lighted up and he looked toward the hills that marked the boundary of the two ranches.

"And what about Don Francisco?" he asked.

"Not so good," answered Pancho, trying desperately to minimize the facts. "Some cash, yes; but I think sometimes he would gamble his wife, if he could find a taker—all due respects to the *señora*, of course. He has the mind of a burro when it comes to wagering, and he will die broke, that man."

"Oh, so? Well, my friend, did you ever hear of Juan Largo?"

That brought Pancho to an abrupt stop, the burning black eyes of the stranger boring through him. He thought again of Don Francisco going to see the sheriff, but as they had almost arrived back at the stable by this time, further conversation was cut off by the task of rounding up El Supremo and getting him back in his washtub.

Pancho was left to think out the problem as best his none too speedy brain could cope with it. . . .

Don Francisco rode in rather late that night and none of the hands saw him until early the next morning. When they answered the call of the breakfast gong they found the owner already in the cookshack, a pile of money on the table before him.

"Here is six months' salary for each of you," he announced. "And there is a good reason for this rather large advance. Yesterday—among other things I did—it was my pleasure to conclude negotiations with the man who also claims to have the champion fighting *araña* of Mexico. This man is from the neighborhood of Ciudad Tequila and his name is José Morales. His battling—ah—insect answers to the calling of Juan Dempsey. So, shortly after siesta time on next Sunday we will ride to the old cockfighting ring outside of town and there the championship battle will be held."

The announcement was met with mixed, albeit pleasurable, emotions. Each *vaquero* was trying to think of some other cowboy from whom he could borrow money to put on El Supremo, six months' salary being deemed hardly worthy of their gallant fighter.

THE problems involved in this complicated economic situation were relieved for a short time, toward the end of the week, when the sheriff rode out to Rancho Mi Cielo Azul.

Speculative remarks flew fast and free among the cow hands. Some, indeed, were curious enough to wander up close to the windows of the room that served Don Francisco as an office, but they reported, disappointedly, that the windows were closed and that all they were able to make out was much muffled talk, no small amount of argument, and even some laughter on the part of Don Francisco.

It wound up with the officer walking out to the stable and cornering El Extranjero. He sized him up for what seemed to be minutes and then started asking questions—lots of questions. But the stranger apparently won that round, because the sheriff finally came out and got on his horse and rode back into town.

As Sunday came nearer the excitement grew, and so did the crowd that came from miles around. Conservative estimates were that between twenty-five

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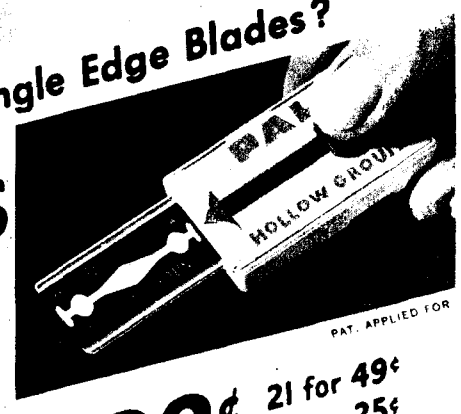

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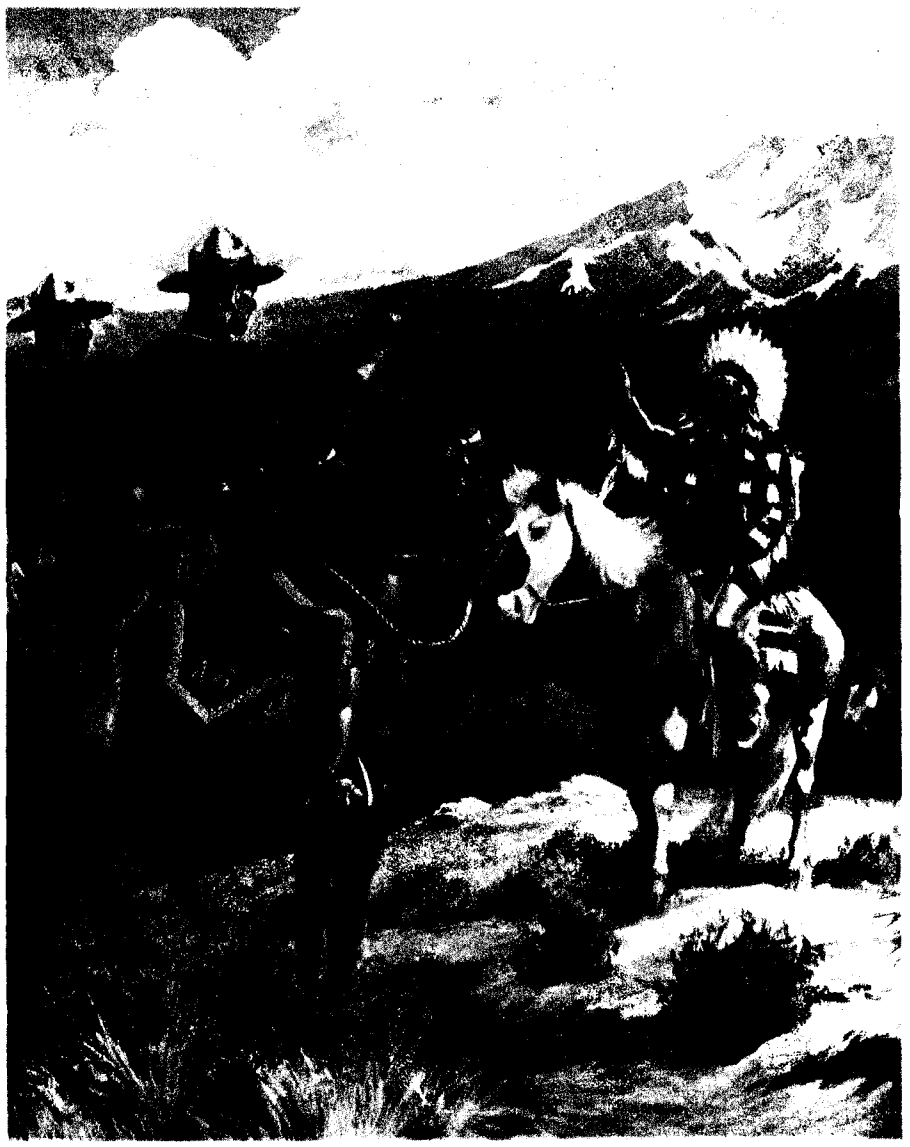

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to thirty thousand pesos would change hands as a result of the great battle. Don Francisco himself had a ten-thousand-peso bet with the owner of the contender, Juan Dempsey.

Though the time dragged, the big day eventually arrived. During the siesta after the midday meal, the cow hands of Rancho Mi Cielo Azul were worked up to such a pitch that they could scarcely sleep more than two hours. And so, an hour before the fight, El Supremo was packed in a large wooden box with a screen cover and, escorted by a cordon of riders, he was borne off to the championship fight, the honor of carrying him alternating between the proud arms of Don Francisco and those of El Extranjero.

UPON their arrival at the cockfighting ring they found that a good-sized crowd had already collected and tables had been set up to facilitate the handling of the money, the writing of tickets, and so on. Señor José Morales' challenger, Juan Dempsey, was on the scene, locked in a large metal box and being guarded by four of Morales' men.

By agreement of all concerned, all firearms were locked in a small shed off to one side of the ring. Don Francisco suggested it, since he thought that any excited and indiscriminate shooting during the fight might disturb the contestants.

The last of the betting money was put down and José Morales' spider was placed in the center of the large circle that the old stranger had drawn upon the ground with his stick. The hushed voices of the spectators dropped to a dead silence. Even the hawkers, with their cries of, *"Cerveza! Cigarros y cerillos!"* were quiet as they gazed in awe.

There was no doubt about it; the *araña* called Juan Dempsey was aptly named and looked perfectly capable of doing justice to the contest. He was of the same breed as El Supremo, a little lighter in color, perhaps, but much larger. Even Don Francisco looked slightly taken aback.

El Supremo was placed in the ring and El Extranjero waved his stick to get them started. It was an unnecessary move. Each fighter saw the other at the same instant and they closed in with a rapidity that baffled the eye. From that time on there was no telling which was which. The crowd yelled and rooted and then closed in to see better. There was a moment of tense silence.

"Put up your hands, all of you!" a voice suddenly shouted. "I shall not hesitate to shoot the first one that makes a sudden move! Up!"

It was a chill and harsh order, delivered in a voice that reminded one of a cyclone blowing across an iceberg. The spectators raised their hands and slowly turned toward the speaker, goose-pimples stampeding up and down their backs.

It was the bandit Juan Largo himself. It was not, however, El Extranjero. The bandit was behind a pair of revolvers that looked as large as fieldpieces to those at whom they were pointed, and he was backing toward the table that held all the betting money. He holstered one gun and awkwardly scooped the money into a large flour sack. In the sky-reaching and nervous crowd there were some dark thoughts directed at Don Francisco, who had suggested that all firearms be left in the shed outside the fight ring area.

It was all over in a few seconds. Juan Largo hit the saddle and swung his horse around. Then—

Nobody saw him do it, but it was El Extranjero. With his stick he switched down into the fighting *arañas* and flipped them toward Juan Largo's back. One of the big spiders caught on the bandit's neck and the other fell to the rump of his horse.

The like of it had never been seen before nor has it since. It was plain that Juan Largo had no affection for spiders. While he clutched at the back of his neck with both hands, the pony went up in the air as though a charge of explosive had been set off under it. Inside of two bucks Juan Largo was thrown and a dozen people were holding him down on the ground. The bronco was kicking his way across country as if his saddle were on fire.

Then the crowd saw something else: a man riding up to a skidding stop. It was the sheriff coming to perform his official duty, which he proceeded to carry out with the aid of his mail-order handcuffs. He then went over to talk to Don Francisco and El Extranjero, and every eye in the crowd followed him.

A FEW minutes later the people had the full facts. The whole thing had been planned except for one thing: that the sheriff should not have been late. He explained later that he had had a few—just a very few—glasses of tequila with his lunch, and as a consequence his siesta snooze was somewhat longer and sounder than he had anticipated. He and Don Francisco and El Extranjero had figured it out; since all the money in the vicinity was localized in that one spot, it was bound to draw Juan Largo. The disarming of everyone was an added inducement. The sheriff was supposed to be lingering in the crowd, awaiting the action.

But it worked out right, anyway. The ranchers and cow hands and townspeople were given back their money, and El Extranjero eventually collected the five-thousand-peso reward that had been on Juan Largo's head.

Oh, the fighting spiders, *señor?* Both El Supremo and Juan Dempsey had disappeared; apparently they picked up with their house hunting where it had been interrupted some weeks before. And so it never was determined which was the better man. · THE END

JACK DONOVAN

Inscription For A Dish Towel

When she says to everyone,
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Concur.
Take it from a husband, son,
Woman's work is never done—
By her.

—CHARLES McCORMACK

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The Schary Script

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

star for *bad* behavior. An old Hollywood saw says, "Every man must go to Metro once before he dies." Schary went *twice*.

He cut his teeth as a producer at M-G-M when he was put in charge of the B-picture unit in 1939. By 1943 some of the studio's low-budget films were beginning to outshine the epics. A modest commotion was caused by The War against Mrs. Hadley, a portrait of a female isolationist; Joe Smith, American, a realistic study of a war worker; Pilot Number Five, the first picture to talk about the American Fascists; and Bataan, one of the best early World War II pictures. Schary, encouraged by his success, hired novelist Sinclair Lewis and began work on a film called Storm over the West.

Storm was to be quite a picture. It proposed to tell the story of the rise of Fascism in terms of a "Western." But Schary's enthusiasm for it was not shared by the rest of the studio. Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M production chief at that time, tried to talk him out of it. Doré, however, was so in love with the idea that he refused to be budged. Rather than surrender he would leave the studio.

"Doré, please, I talk to you like a son," pleaded Mayer. "You are making a big mistake. If you leave Metro you'll never amount to anything."

Schary left the studio and in November, 1943, became an A-producer for Mayer's ex-son-in-law, David O. Selznick. For Selznick he made I'll Be Seeing You, and then was loaned to RKO in a profit-sharing deal. For them he made The Spiral Staircase, Til the End of Time, The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer, and The Farmer's Daughter, all great box-office successes. To date these five films, which cost $7,000,000 to make, have grossed over 20 million, a record of consistency seldom equaled.

A Discarded Idea Pays Off

RKO promptly made Schary its production head in the hope that he could continue to turn up such fat profits. Instead, he made Crossfire. This "inexpensive A picture" had its genesis in the minds of producer Adrian Scott and writer John Paxton before Schary arrived at the studio. The previous administration had considered it a bad risk and shelved it. The idea—a murder motivated by the killer's anti-Semitic prejudices—appealed to Schary and he caused it to be revised. The resulting picture was a huge success, not so much for the money it made as for the favorable notice it received.

Swelling with pride over this success, he walked into his office one day to discover that the prize-winning picture's producer, Adrian Scott, and director Edward Dmytryk, were members of the so-called "Unfriendly Ten" and that they were being investigated by Congressman J. Parnell Thomas of the Un-American Activities Committee. They were called to Washington to testify, and Schary, as their employer, was called along with them.

That mild, sunny Wednesday afternoon was one of the most fateful in Schary's life. Eight of the Unfriendly Ten, popeyed under the battery of newsreel cameras, had already declined to answer whether they were Communists. L. B. Mayer had testified several days previously that he thought rich screen writers who followed the party line must be "cracked." Now Schary took the stand.

Schary believed that the ten men, regardless of whether they were Communists, had a right to whatever they believed, and did not necessarily deserve to be thrown to the dogs if it served the best interests of the producers. This position was difficult to hold without seeming to be in league with his employees, Scott and Dmytryk, whose work he was too honest to say he did not admire. Chief investigator Robert Stripling, sensing this, kept boring in with questions designed to split him down the ideological middle:

Stripling: "Now, Mr. Schary, as an executive of RKO, what is the policy of your company in regard to the employment of . . . Communists?"

Schary: "That policy, I imagine, will have to be determined by the president, the board and myself. I can tell you personally what I feel. Up until the time it is proved that a Communist is a man dedicated to the overthrow of the government by force or violence, or by any illegal methods, I cannot make any determination of his employment on any basis other than whether he is qualified best to do the job I want him to do."

On the Producers' Black List

Schary returned to Hollywood feeling he had won an important victory. Then disaster struck. The producers (i.e., heads of parent companies) sent down word that the ten men were to be black-listed and let out of their contracts. There was nothing for Schary to do but sit by and allow Scott and Dmytryk to be fired. To add to his embarrassment Crossfire was being cited at will for awards (including one for the year's "outstanding contribution to good citizenship") and Schary, out of courtesy, had to collect them alone.

When he had to stand up before the closed meeting of the Screen Writers Guild on December 15, 1947, to try to explain his position in the matter, his mortification was complete. Today he says, "My feelings on the matter have never changed. I thought the committee acted irresponsibly, the ten men acted foolishly, and the producers acted hastily."

Schary remained on at RKO on the theory that a live colossus was a more effective fighter than an unemployed hero. Six months later Howard Hughes, the movie-making airplane manufacturer, bought a controlling interest in RKO. Hughes disapproved of Schary's ideas, and Schary walked out on a contract which had three and a half years to run and which paid him well in excess of a quarter of a million dollars a year. On August 17, 1948, Schary moved back into Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, hailed by Mayer as "the new Irving Thalberg" after Hollywood's original Wonder Boy.

Schary's rivals, in and out of the studio, were not impressed. They encouraged rumors of dissension at M-G-M. There was even a widespread story that Mayer and Schary were at each other's throats.

To fight this whispering campaign, the two men made a pact: Schary agreed to tell Mayer what he had heard, and Mayer agreed to do the same for Schary. "Both of us were slightly piqued about the gossip," admits Schary.

Anyway, Schary was the production boss and his 14-year contract attested to the fact. It took a while for the old-timers to get used to the idea—but they did, in time.

The key to Schary's acceptance by the old guard at Metro lies in the picture Battleground. Considering that Battleground is to be the studio's film-of-the-year, it was made inexpensively—for $1,700,000, or $800,000 less than Metro will spend on Annie Get Your Gun, a musical. But it is the film which more than any other bears the trade-mark of

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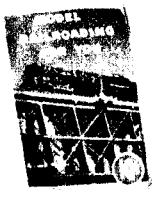

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a new kind of movie triumph. Its dedication sets the tone, by special dispensation of the Johnston office. "To the Battered Bastards of Bastogne," it says a little self-consciously.

The war which Battleground depicts is notably ugly and unglamorous. Its eight heroes are lonely, mud-spattered and afraid. It is the kind of film which M-G-M would not be expected to make, and it stands in sharp contrast to the big, brassy spectacle of The Big Parade, a Metro success of 20-odd years ago. It is bound to have considerable bearing on Schary's future. Certain M-G-M producers who opposed the film are now consuming their hats.

Political Future Prophesied

Some men read politics into Schary's liberalism. They predict that he'll someday run for governor. If he does, he'll come by the ambition naturally. His father was a handsome, trigger-tempered German with a rich but violent sense of humor and the deep-seated conviction that one day he would own the world. While Hugo Schary chased his dream of empire, Doré's mother, a strong-willed Russian immigrant girl who spoke seven languages, held the family together.

Belle Schary was a woman whose influence on her son was much greater than that of the average mother. She had a favorite story: Once she was down to her last five cents. With it she bought a herring and an onion. She made a bowl of chopped herring which she sold for 10 cents. And then she bought two onions and two herrings. "Six months later," Belle would say triumphantly, "I had a delicatessen."

When Doré was born in Newark, New Jersey, on August 31, 1905, the family was already large, there were an older boy and two girls, and the source of the next week's income was often unknown. Belle's delicatessen had been plowed under by her husband's attempts to expand it into a chain of delicatessens and she worked her culinary wizardry on a piecework basis.

A strong Jewish community emerged from the Russian immigration of 1900. Belle's wedding banquets, political receptions and *bar mizvahs* became understandably famous. By 1914 the Scharys were in business.

The big three-story house at 584 High Street, which later gave way to a still bigger one at 604, became known as "Schary Manor." Around it grew the social life of the community.

A slim, sensitive boy, Doré finished Morton Street Grammar School, and managed a year of Central High School, where he ran the half mile on the track team. But then the catering business temporarily fell off and he found it necessary to go to work as a necktie salesman, a printer's devil, and finally a proofreader on the Newark Sunday Call. At nineteen he worked on the Jewish Chronicle, where in addition to proofreading he was allowed to do a little writing.

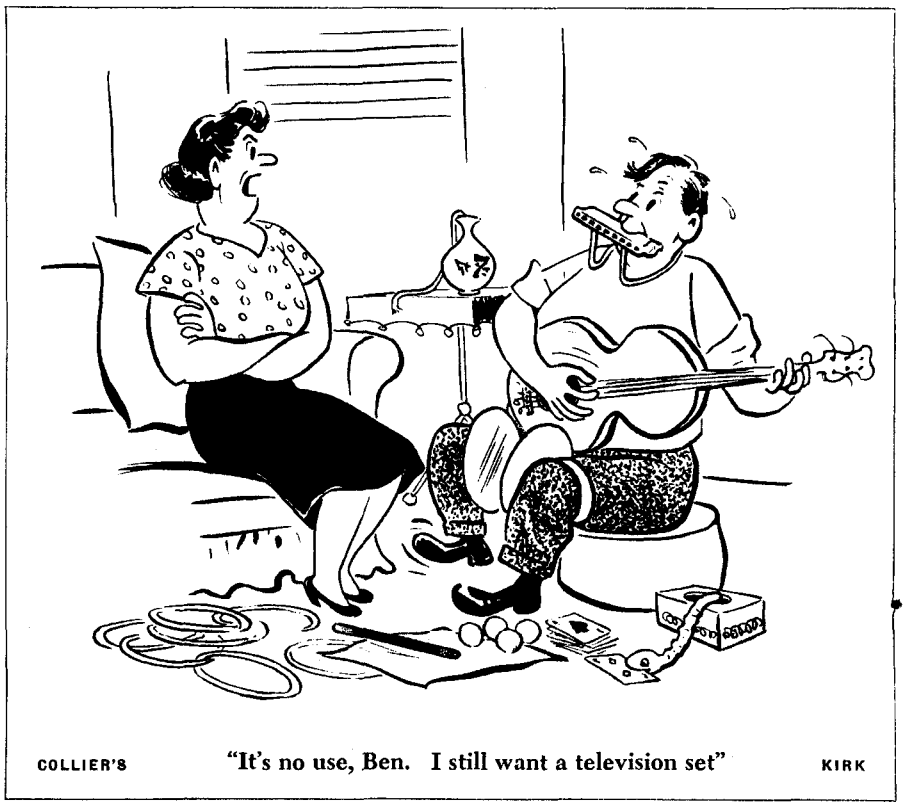
Aware of his lack of formal education, he went scurrying back to high school to finish his three remaining years in one. He now stepped hopefully forth to write his way to fame. The going was tougher than he expected, but when Admiral Byrd came to Newark to lecture, Schary landed a job handling the famous explorer's publicity.

In 1925 the senior Scharys had sold Schary Manor for a quarter of a million dollars on the likely-sounding theory that it was time to retire. Retirement, however, proved something to which they could not adjust themselves. Before long the restless Hugo, still thinking in terms of quick money, invested the $250,000 in a plush hotel in Pleasantdale, New Jersey. Its parquet floors, broadloom carpets and crystal chandeliers proved too rich a fare for small-town clientele, and the Scharys again lost everything.

Thus one day in 1928, Belle Schary and her son, Doré, left Pleasantdale with $90 and two suitcases, and returned to Newark. Belle took a job as a cook. Doré, who had had experience as a camp counselor, wound up at the Young Men's Hebrew Association as editor of the paper and assistant dramatic coach.

Two Birds of a Feather

The head dramatic coach and social director was a young man named Moss Hart. Schary and Hart had something in common: they were both embryo playwrights. Schary was working on a comedy about the stock market called One Every Minute, and Hart was halfway through a farce about Hollywood—a place he had never visited—called Once in a Lifetime. The two talked theater incessantly. In the fall of 1927, Schary quit to become a Broadway actor (a bit part with Paul Muni in a play called Four Walls), but he failed to impress. That summer he rejoined Hart at Flagler House, a prominent stop on the Borscht circuit.



COLLIER'S "It's no use, Ben. I still want a television set" KIRK

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The Borscht circuit is the name given to a group of Catskill summer resorts which customarily hire unemployed actors to keep the guests from growing bored and checking out. To forestall this dreaded happening Hart and Schary did everything short of burn themselves at the stake. They danced and sang, and clowned their way through organized games. They played practical jokes and danced with the wallflowers. They wrote, produced, directed and built sets for 40 skits and plays.

The following summer Schary had to let Hart go it alone on the Borscht circuit because he had landed another bit part on Broadway, this time with Spencer Tracy in The Last Mile. However, Schary was all set to join forces with Hart the following summer. But this never came to be, because by that time producer Max Gordon had decided to take a chance on Once in a Lifetime. It was a hit, and Hart never had to work on the Borscht circuit again.

Doré sold his play, too—to Herman Shumlin. It was never produced, but he kept on writing and playing the Borscht circuit. He was jerking sodas one day in the Newark Y.M.H.A. when he received a letter from Walter Wanger, the movie producer, addressed to "Miss Doré Schary." Wanger had read "her" play and was impressed with "her" ability, and would "she" come to New York to discuss the possibilities of going to Hollywood?

Schary hurried to New York to explain to Wanger that he was not a woman. Wanger hired him anyway.

Just six months previously Schary had acquired a wife. Her name was Miriam Svet, and her father ran the music conservatory on Newark's High Street. The young couple arrived in Hollywood in time to celebrate Christmas of 1932.

Doré's movie career began inauspiciously—at $100 a week. He felt very set up until he found that no one at Columbia Pictures paid the slightest attention to him. When he asked for something to do, the story department obliged with synopses of recently exhumed stories for him to "develop." Schary didn't know how to "develop" a story. Wanger, busy hiring $1,500-a-week writers, couldn't take the time to explain. And so after three months Schary's option was dropped with a sickening thud.

Slow Progress in Lean Years

Doré and Miriam nearly starved for several years. Doré worked on a day-to-day basis on what pictures he could get, a discouraging array of quick spy melodramas and jungle epics. Gradually, however, he began to find himself, and his name was emblazoned on an increasingly respectable number of pictures. Then, in 1936, he wrote, for Universal, a little picture called The Outcast. This film, which starred Warren William, was a thinly disguised comment on abortion, and the favorable notices it received gave its author a strong sense of satisfaction. But it did not "make" him.

Then one night Schary dined at a friend's house. Among the guests was that celebrated editor, critic, playwright and dissenter, Herman J. Mankiewicz, then producing pictures at M-G-M. During the course of the evening someone suggested a game of twenty-one questions. Schary, displaying his customary stage presence, proceeded to outdo everyone in the room including Mankiewicz. The latter, who admits to a weakness for bright minds, was bowled over. Mankiewicz resolved to rescue Schary forever from the horrors of being a junior writer.

That was the beginning of Schary's association with M-G-M, the blue serge of the industry, and it reached a suitably dramatic climax in 1938 when Schary won the Academy Award for the original story, Boys Town, a sentimental but polished account of life with the late Father Flanagan. He signed with Metro at $750 a week and proceeded to grind out equally slick screen plays with terrifying regularity. He was saved from getting into a rut, however. He became —a producer.

Doré's career in the Metro B unit marks the emergence of the qualities which were to distinguish his work. B pictures are made for a fixed price and, since they are sold at a flat rate, bring in a more or less fixed return. Why, Schary reasoned, did they necessarily have to be bad? Why couldn't they be used just as well for the unusual story, the grass-roots theme, the picture with a point of view?

Schary found that they could, and when he fell out with Mayer and went to Selznick to produce A pictures the experience proved valuable.

A Natural for Bergman?

Schary's bright ideas did not always meet with instant approval. For instance, Selznick owned the rights to an old Finnish play called Hulda, Daughter of Parliament. Schary hauled it out one day and immediately saw in it a comedy with a point of view. The story of a Swedish housemaid in politics served to remind the voter that whatever else his political attitude might be, it must not be passive. Schary switched the scene from Stockholm to Minnesota and changed the title to Katie for Congress. Feeling pleased with himself he showed the script to Ingrid Bergman.

Ingrid read the script with care. When she came to the scene in which she was supposed to give the hero a Swedish massage, her Scandinavian blood boiled. She thought Schary wanted her to play low comedy, and she turned him down flat. Suddenly Selznick, who had bought the property for Bergman in the first place, lost interest. In fact, no one liked the idea except Schary.

Still determined, Schary cast Loretta Young, who was not a Swede, had no Swedish accent and was neither blond nor robust. The unconventional casting lent the proceedings an unusual, unmovielike quality. The picture, whose title was now The Farmer's Daughter, won an Oscar for Miss Young, $4,000,000 for the studio, and increased prestige for Schary.

Today, Schary is busier than ever. A typical day in his big early-American suite of offices at M-G-M includes such items as 125 phone calls, a dozen conferences and interviews, lunch with visiting notables, a tour of the sets, as well as almost constant interim direct-wire phone conversations with his casting director, production department and executives. Nights are often taken up with a sneak preview (an average of two a week) in some neighboring community, or the running in the projection room at his home of one or two films made by a rival studio. A weekly story conference eats up four hours on Tuesday, and agents, old friends, job hunters, or even an occasional visiting Indian potentate take up the rest of his time.

The Scharys live in a large, rambling English country house in a fashionable section of Brentwood. Cast-iron effigies of gnomes, pixies and assorted domestic animals festoon the front lawn. To one side stands a flagpole. On the doorstep is the original Schary Manor door mat. In the back are a clover-shaped swimming pool, a pepper tree and a studio bearing the shingle, "M. Svet, Painter." Over all whoop a roving band of neighbor children, exuberantly led by three of the Scharys' own: Jill, a thirteen-year-old blonde; Joy, a solemn blue-eyed girl of eleven; and Jeb, a sandy-haired nine-year-old.

It's a very restful spot for the busiest man in Hollywood. THE END

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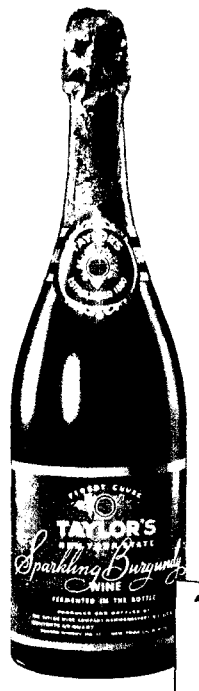

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So You Had a Virus?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

shots, they had another epidemic; and the virus diagnostic laboratory found it was caused by practically the same subtype A. If the school had been patient and continued to give the shots, but with the subtype A added, they probably could have avoided the second epidemic.

The United Nations, along with working to prevent wars, is also working to prevent flu. The World Health Organization, which is one of its subdivisions, has set up an influenza study program.

Flu travels from country to country, steadily but slowly. That subtype A, for instance, which first turned up at the boys' school in the U.S. in 1947, showed up in England in 1948; and it was then found to have been epidemic originally in Australia in 1946.

If all countries pool their influenza information from now on, any new type appearing, say in Australia, can be flown to England and America and all other co-operating nations and added to the stock of flu vaccines.

And don't think it's silly to worry about flu when there are potential wars to worry about. The flu epidemic of 1918 made the number of battle casualties seem small in comparison. What's more, the armed forces found, when the last war was all over, that it had lost more man-hours from virus and rickettsial diseases than from battle casualties.

The Navy brooding over those lost man-hours, provided the money to start that virus diagnostic lab at the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia. It is still supporting some of the virus research, though the state of Pennsylvania last year decided the work was of such importance to public health that it is now footing the bill for the diagnostic service.

Let's see what other fascinating afflictions hide behind that vague phrase "virus" or "virus infection." Not shingles or fever blisters—*herpes zoster* and *herpes simplex* to virologists. Anybody who has shingles will come right out and tell you he has shingles; and anybody who has fever blisters doesn't have to tell you—you can tell for yourself. Not hydrophobia, certainly, because he wouldn't be there to tell you. How about pneumonia—virus pneumonia?

You may have wondered where this virus pneumonia, which everybody seems to be having lately, has been all your life. Doctors are wondering, too; and none of them knows for sure whether it's a new disease or an old one that we're just learning to recognize.

Hard to Cure But Less Deadly

What happened was this: as first the sulfas and then penicillin cut down the death rate from pneumococcal pneumonia almost to zero, another kind of mild pneumonia began to stand out. It practically never killed you, but it didn't respond to penicillin either. Sometimes it lingered on for weeks. Doctors began running into more and more of it. In Army and Navy hospitals during the war there was more of this virus pneumonia than of all the bacterial kinds.

Virologists began concentrating on it and, as they studied it, they began to see double and then triple. It soon turned out that there were three or four viruses and rickettsiae. Rickettsiae are little germs much like viruses, only bigger—that can cause almost exactly the same mild pneumonia symptoms.

Your doctor, when you come down with these symptoms—which are only slightly different, but nonetheless *different* from bacterial pneumonia—is perfectly justified in telling you that you have "*virus* pneumonia" and letting it go at that. He can't wait for a virus diagnostic laboratory to tell him *which kind* of virus pneumonia you have. His first interest, luckily for you, is to get you well.

If you're sick enough, he'll probably start you on aureomycin. The cost of this drug has only recently come down to $1 a capsule and you'll need around eight capsules a day, but it seems to work in at least some kinds of virus pneumonia—the first drug that's been able to touch it.

If you get well within a few days, your doctor will assume those dollar capsules did the trick. If it takes you a few weeks, he'll suspect the disease simply ran its course. But as things stand today, neither you nor your doctor will ever know what really made you sick unless he sends samples of your blood serum to a virus diagnostic lab.

Their interest in your symptoms is quite different from your doctor's. They don't especially care how sick you are, except as a clue to help them find X, the unknown virus that made you that way.

Finding out what X was *after* you've recovered might make you feel very dramatic, or it might make you angry. Dramatic if your virus pneumonia was something exotic, like psittacosis. And that could be. Several cases of psittacosis—that's parrot fever—have turned up in Philadelphia during the last year or two, masquerading as a typical pneumonia.

A Waste of Costly Capsules

You might be angry, on the other hand, if your virus pneumonia turned out to be the result of a flu virus. Influenza often develops into pneumonia—virus pneumonia—but this kind doesn't usually respond to aureomycin, so all those dollar capsules you took would have been wasted.

But your doctor cannot be worried about saving your money when he is saving your life, and he shouldn't be. More and more doctors are using aureomycin for virus pneumonia—on the chance that the pneumonia is from a virus that aureomycin can lick.

There's always the chance, too, that your particular virus pneumonia might make medical history. This happened to a man in Philadelphia last year whose doctor thought he probably had influenzal pneumonia. The virus diagnostic lab tested for flu, both A and B. No flu. They did some other routine tests among them one for Q. fever.

It couldn't be Q. fever which is a cattle-borne disease found only in cattle country—like Australia, Texas, California and around Chicago's stockyards. The only way you could get it was from the ticks that infest some cattle. But the Q. fever tests came out positive.

Source of Infection Found

Obviously a mistake, they thought, so they did it again. Still positive. The man did have Q. fever. Unheard of. But not impossible when it turned out that he worked in a plant where raw wool was processed. Not at all impossible when it turned out that 37 other men in the plant had been out ill—most of them with Q. fever; and a good many others had a mild form of the disease but hadn't had to stop working. They had all been infected by inhaling bits of dried tick or tick excreta that had clung to the wool fibers.

And that is how new diseases get discovered in new places, and epidemics get uncovered and arrested.

But to report casually that a virus diagnostic laboratory conducts tests for Q. fever or influenza or mumps is almost as much of an understatement as to say that a nuclear physicist takes some uranium and starts a chain reaction. The test for that Q. fever, for instance, required these ingredients: some blood serum from the man who was sick, some standardized Q. fever rickettsia, some fertile hen's eggs too old to eat but too young to hatch, a little fresh guinea pig serum, some sheep's blood, and some blood serum from a rabbit who had been injected with sheep's blood. All this, plus unlimited quantities of careful, patient know-how.

Virologists take for granted that they'll never see most of the viruses they're testing for. Practically all their

BUTCH

"I think it would be kinda nice, Slug, if we made our own Christmas cards this year"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS

THE PRINCIPALS	THE INCREDIBLE OCCURRENCES
A Couple, Providence, R. I.	They wrote the United States Treasury to ask for "the $100 bonus given to parents of any child born on July 4th."
Housewife, Columbia, S. C.	She phoned the sheriff's office to report "three very strange animals on my lawn." They were cows.
Husband, Pine Valley, Ore.	He sent the county judge a letter requesting "a divorce by return mail."
Woman, Cincinnati, Ohio	She told a postal clerk she wanted to buy "a lot of air-mail stamps because the rate is going up tomorrow."
Mother, Ansonia, Conn.	She sent her young son to the polls on Election Day to cast her vote, because she was "too busy with housework."
Saleswoman, Hackensack, N. J.	When she received a summons for jury duty, she sent a letter explaining that she was "not interested. . . . I have a good paying job."
Elderly Lady, New York, N. Y.	When invited by mail to join the National Geographic Society, she wrote she was "too advanced in years to participate in expeditions."
Citizen, Kansas City	After renting a safe-deposit box in a bank, he demanded the right "to take it home when I wish."
Motorist, Huntington, Ind.	After his car hit a train at a crossing, he admitted seeing the red lights flashing, but said that he "didn't know what they meant."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

tests are based on one simple fact any freshman scientist knows: when a virus —or any other germ, for that matter— enters your body and makes you sick, your system will get to work and build special antibodies to fight that virus. These particular antibodies, as long as they stay in your blood, will always react to that particular virus but to no other. So if, for instance, a virus lab thinks you have flu, all they have to do is test a sample of your blood against some standardized flu type A virus and flu type B virus. If the reaction is positive to flu type A, but negative to flu type B, flu A is your virus.

The hitch is that they can't see most of these virus-antibody reactions either, and those chick embryos and the rabbit and sheep and guinea pig blood, and the serums represent separate steps necessary to build up a reaction strong enough so that they *can* see.

Mumps is the favorite virus of the diagnostic lab at the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia because they have evolved there a very fast test for the mumps virus. If mumps means nothing to you but a swollen jaw, you'll wonder who needs a fast test for anything that is so visible and painful.

Mumps Can Fool the Doctors

Mumps means a lot more than that to doctors and virologists. You can have mumps without ever having a swollen jaw at all. If the mumps virus gets at your nervous system, it can masquerade as polio or meningitis or even as a brain tumor and fool the wisest doctor.

A six-year-old named Johnny came into the Children's Hospital about a year ago with a stiff neck and a violent headache, and he couldn't stop vomiting. His parents and his doctor were scared to death. Johnny had all the symptoms of a brain tumor, and his mother remembered that a year ago he'd fallen out of a tree on his head.

Among the routine tests a blood sample was sent to the virus diagnostic laboratory, and eight hours later the report came back. Johnny had mumps meningitis—unpleasant, uncomfortable, but practically never fatal. All anybody could do was relax and wait till he got over it. Which saved considerable wear and tear on Johnny, and Johnny's father and mother, not to mention Johnny's doctor—and similar fast testing can save the same sort of wear and tear during the polio season.

Maybe He Wasn't a Virus Case

But we've moved awfully far away from your friend, whose virus infection may have been any number of things. It's perfectly possible, let's face it, that when the doctor told your friend he had "a virus infection," the physician just didn't know what was wrong. But it's also perfectly possible that no virus lab could have told him either. It might not even have been a virus infection at all.

Every virus diagnostic laboratory has thousands of undiagnosed serum specimens filed away on dry ice. The detailed records attached to each indicate that they came from people who did not have any *known* kind of virus. And those test tubes will stay there, frozen and catalogued, until they are used in tests on newly classified viruses.

Maybe the ailments responsible for those undiagnosed test tubes could be called simply "virus infections." But only maybe. Because until you know *what* virus, how do you know it's a virus at all? So next time a friend tells you he's had a virus infection, go ahead and ask him what virus. But be prepared to duck.

THE END

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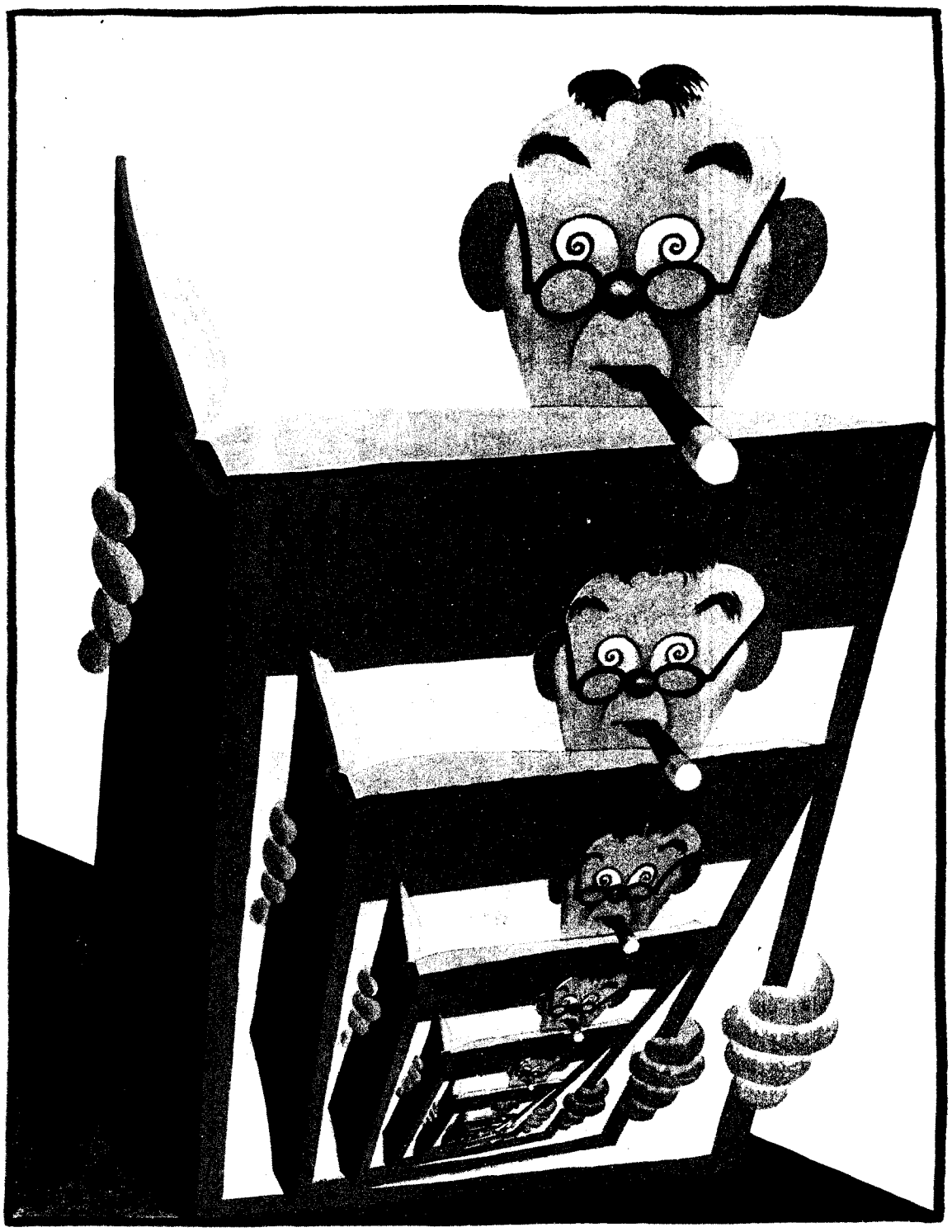

AL HIRSCHFELD

"Who WAS Mencken?"

THERE WAS A TIME, and not so long ago, when H. L. Mencken was the unquestioned spokesman of America's intellectual elite. His wry reflections were the perfect image of a prevalent state of mind which found it smart to be supercilious. But now, somehow, Mr. Mencken only seems to reflect himself.

Take, for example, his article titled War, which first appeared in the American Mercury 20 years ago. Its author apparently thought well of it, for he included it in a volume of out-of-print newspaper and magazine pieces and book chapters called A Mencken Chrestomathy, which was published this year. We have borrowed the gist of it as the text for an Armistice Day editorial, though not because we admire its sentiments.

"War naturally sucks in those who can be most profitably spared," Mr. Mencken began, "and lets go most of those whose talents are really useful. One hears, now and then, of promising young men cut down too soon, but the science of statistics scarcely justifies the accompanying mourning."

The author then turned his rather flexible "science of statistics" on the Civil War. By citing several eminent men who were of military age in the 1860s but who did not fight, he reached the remarkable conclusion that "the Civil War cost American *Kultur* exactly three fourths of a really valuable man."

Mr. Mencken also found that all generals, from Bonaparte on, were incredibly stupid. (This is not surprising; he usually found most people and things, with the exception of H. L. Mencken, incredibly stupid.) Yet if we understand him correctly, he seemed to consider that the extermination of a lot of imbeciles, led by bungling buffoons in gold-braided uniforms, was about what the doltish human race deserved.

Back in the twenties, as we have suggested, these words on war by the apostle of negativity were probably revered as gospel by many bright young people. No doubt they agreed with him that democracy was "incomparably idiotic, and hence incomparably amusing."

They likewise must have applauded his clear-headed realism which concluded that America should have fought the first World War on the side of the Germans. They must have regretted with him the sentimental error which made us cast our lot with the Allies. For otherwise "we'd have a free hand in the Pacific, and Germany would be running the whole Continent like a house of correction."

But today Mr. Mencken, for all his wit and scholarship and versatility, has lost his enraptured audience. The "booboisie," which he railed against so long, has triumphed. Today we honor the dead of two world wars, not as untalented expendables, but as the brave defenders of a democracy that is incomparably better than any house-of-correction government. And we mourn them without apology to the science of statistics.

For the scornful smart-aleckism of Mencken's era is gone and unregretted. The weapons of pessimism and ridicule, which the prophet of that era once wielded so brilliantly, have grown surprisingly dull.

Not long ago this writer, with a copy of A Mencken Chrestomathy in his hand, struck up a conversation with an intelligent and well-informed college student. The young man, a veteran, glanced at the book several times and finally asked, "Who *was* Mencken?"

That was not very flattering to the Wise Man of Baltimore. But it seemed an encouraging sign of a time when hope and humaneness are the price of man's survival, and Mr. Mencken's once-fashionable cynicism is a foolish extravagance that we can no longer afford.

Joe Sent Me

ON THE HEELS of Sir Stafford Cripps's devaluation of the pound came word that an English firm is making a "better mousetrap" which will be added to the list of entries in quest of the Yankee dollar. This announcement set us to thinking about Emerson's famous formula for low-pressure salesmanship. And it left us doubting that the sage of Concord was the best authority on manufacturing and merchandising.

It isn't enough to improve on a commonplace item like a mousetrap and expect the public to be automatically attracted to it. You've either got to advertise or else invest your product with the glamor of mystery or illegality.

We don't know how the English will go about selling their mousetraps over here. But if we had a better mousetrap and a low budget, and wanted the world to beat a path to our door, the first thing we would do would be to install a peephole in that door. Then just inside the door we'd station a man who would refuse to open up unless he was convinced that Joe had really sent the prospective customer.

This would almost certainly give our product an added and unwarranted desirability. And just to be on the safe side we'd also try to get the mousetrap banned in Boston.

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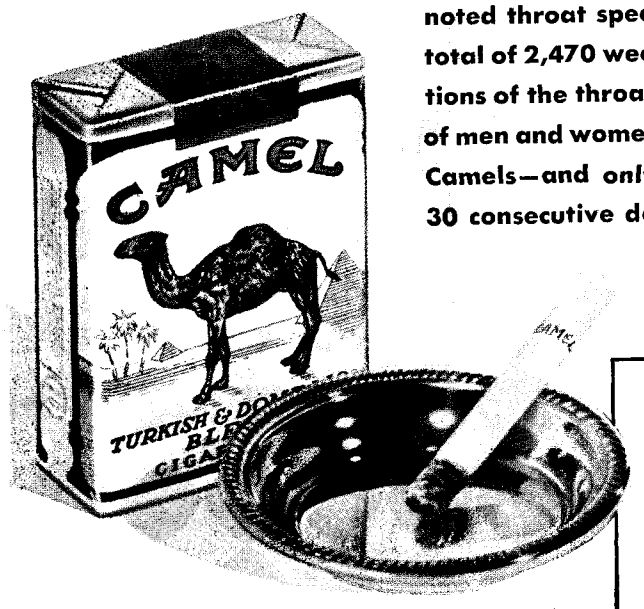

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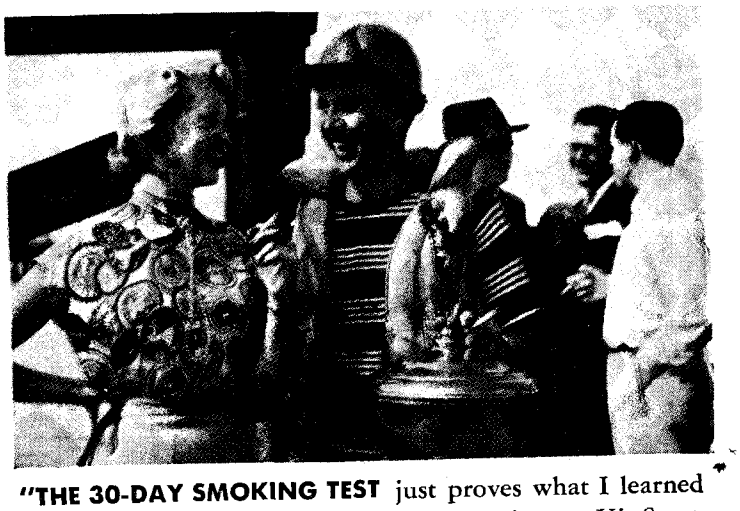

"THE 30-DAY SMOKING TEST just proves what I learned about Camels years ago!" says outboard-racing ace Vic Scott, two times winner of the classic Albany to New York Outboard Marathon. "Camels always agree with my throat and they certainly taste great! That good, rich Camel flavor really makes smoking a pleasure!"

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

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